CAMEOS OF LITERATURE

FROM STANDARD AUTHORS

Herbert Boyer. 1901.
(from H. A. Nash)

G. H. Ridley Aug. 1960

CAMEOS OF LITERATURE

Hannibal's Passage of the Alps.

CAMEOS OF LITERATURE

FROM STANDARD AUTHORS

SELECTED READINGS
FROM
THE FINEST MASTERPIECES
OF
OUR LITERATURE

COMPILED BY
THE EDITOR OF
"THE CHANDOS CLASSICS"

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PREFACE

In almost all ages since the birth of Literature anthologies have been popular as aids to study. As the years pass, leaving their enormous additions to the catalogue of the world's books, it becomes less and less possible for the mass of mankind to get a complete grasp of the literature of their own country and much time is often wasted in aimless, promiscuous reading. The aim of "Cameos of Literature" is not to do away with the necessity for reading the authors from whose works these have been selected, but to show the character of their writings, and to give a sample of their style, in the hope that the reader will use the examples as guides to indicate in which direction his deeper studies may be pursued.

It was felt that the value of this work would be greatly enhanced if, instead of producing it in large and heavy volumes for the bookshelf, it were made light and portable, so that a volume might be slipped into the pocket and utilised on the frequent short journeys necessitated by modern conditions of life.

Such use of these "Cameos" will repay the reader far more than the too common habit of relieving the tedium by the perusal of ephemeral and trashy periodicals.

The present work has been founded upon Charles Knight's "Half Hours with the Best Authors," but to the finest extracts contained in that collection have been added many examples of more recent work by living authors, whose courteous permission has been given for their inclusion. Many publishers have also sanctioned extracts from their copyright publications as "Cameos," enabling the editor to add specimens of the best literary art of the present to those from the master-minds of the past. In the brief biographical notices that precede the extracts will be found an enumeration of the chief works of the writer under consideration, and their titles will be sufficient to suggest a course of reading that will gradually embrace all that is best in English Literature.

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A BRIEF SKETCH

OF THE

PROGRESS OF ENGLISH LITERATURE

THE immortality of a nation depends greatly on its literature. Empires that did not possess one, as the Hittite, the Assyrian, and Babylonian, are but dim gigantic shadows in the past—the record of their existence preserved chiefly in Egyptian hieroglyphics and the writings of their former captives, the Israelites; while Greece and Rome live still in their glorious literature, and influence the world even when their language has ceased to find a voice and is called "dead," but is really mentally living.

The literature of most nations commences with ballads and fables, advancing gradually to prose (generally allegorical); and such undoubtedly was the beginning of that of France, Germany, and Britain. The best work of the Anglo-Saxons was a long poem named "Beowulf," after its hero, Beowulf, a famous Gothic champion, said to have slain in deadly conflict a monster, the supposed descendant

of Cain!—the Grendel. They had also ballads, but no prose, till the Great Alfred translated Boëthius and Bede's "Ecclesiastical History." They had some few learned men—Bede himself; Alcuin, the teacher of France under Charlemagne; and Duns Scotus or Erigena, who was a renowned student in Paris as well as England; Cædmon, the inspired rustic who versified the story of the Creation, was contemporary with Bede; but English literature, properly so called, dates only from the fourteenth century. The Normans had their Trouvères; the south of France its Troubadours; early chronicles, Anglo-Saxon and Norman, existed, and Geoffrey of Monmouth wrote his chronicle of the British kings, from which the story of the noble but mythical Arthur sprang, Layamon versifying the chronicle and enlarging the Arthurian legend. De Loris produced his "Romance of the Rose," which became the popular book of the period; Spain had her "Chronicle of the Cid," translated seven hundred years afterwards by Southey, and Belgium had produced "Reynard the Fox;" but English literature, as we have said, dates only from the fourteenth century, when William Langland produced his "Piers Plowman."

Italy at this time possessed Dante, whose great poem immortalised her language, while in England lived a little earlier our first great philosopher. And these two early writers strikingly represented the characteristic genius of their nations; Dante the theology of his age and country—Bacon the inventive and scientific faculty of the English. Roger Bacon was the son of parents who had

attached themselves to the Royalist cause during the Barons' Wars, and had been for a time exiled, and he seems to have had a considerable heritage, which he spent entirely on books and experiments, devoting himself to study. Dr. Whewell has said that his "Opus Majus" was at once the Encyclopedia and the Novum Organum of that century. He died a Franciscan Friar before Dante wrote his "Vita Nuova."

The reading public of that age was only a small and learned one. By the people, authors had to be heard—not read. Minstrels sang their poems or told their tales by the fireside of the noble or of the peasant, both generally alike ignorant.

The fourteenth century was visited by one of the most dreadful plagues on record; it was called the Black Death, and was by most people believed to be sent by God as a judgment on the sins of the nations.

The dreadful scenes he witnessed roused the pity and awoke the genius of William Langland, a pious English layman, and to teach, and perhaps reform, the English he wrote his "Piers Plowman," an allegory, in which the seven deadly sins are personified as repentant and earnest seekers after a better and holier life. Piers Plowman—the mystical representative of our Lord Himself—was supposed to bring heavenly pardon and aid to those who brought "forth fruits meet for repentance."

Wiclif the reformer was the contemporary of Langland, and has also a high place in our literature as one of our first prose writers, and as the first translator of the Bible, or parts of it, into English.

Gower followed Langland, and he wrote in Latin his "Vox Clamantis," and afterwards an English poem, "Confessio Amantis," in which the seven deadly sins have each a tale in verse, with an eighth "laie" on the virtue of loyalty. But the light of a great poet had even before that time arisen, whose beams would soon extinguish these lesser ones. Geoffrey Chaucer, poet, soldier, courtier, and architect, earlier known by divers sweet poems, at length produced the "Canterbury Tales." They gave utterance to the very spirit of the age, and pictured its people of all ranks and professions,—living beings whom we all know as well as our nearest neighbours. Keen observation, humour, pathos are all to be found in these poems, and in the smaller poems the tenderest appreciation of nature. Chaucer could speak of the daisy as graphically as of the two Knights and the good Parson. He is indeed a great poet, though his antiquated English is a hindrance to those who read without studying him, and his tales are sometimes very coarse. But great poets have sought to interpret him; Dryden has done much for him; Pope something; Wordsworth has modernised two of his poems. Chaucer himself, as a writer, owed a great deal to Boccaccio, whom it is believed he met at Avignon at Petrarch's house; some of Boccaccio's tales he repeated. Italy had, as we have seen, preceded England in literature. Dante had given her the "Divine Comedy;" Petrarch now published his exquisite poems and sonnets; Boccaccio, his prose tale "The Decameron;" and English writers were charmed and their genius awakened by the influence of

Italian genius which continued to rule English taste till the great Rebellion.

Chaucer passed away, and there came, not very long afterwards, the dreadful Wars of the Roses, when the sounds of deadly strife silenced the voice of the poet in unhappy England. Lydgate and Occleve did their best as writers during those dreadful days, a perfect picture of which has been left us in the "Paston Letters," the correspondence of a family living then, which has been happily preserved.

In Scotland, Blind Harry, succeeding Thomas the Rhymer, told the story of Wallace. Robert Henryson wrote the first pastoral poem soon after the Civil War had closed.

Yet at that very time, while still murder waited for innocent children, and Bosworth Field was not far off, the great promoter of literature had actually arrived at Westminster, and while Edward IV. sat on his blood-stained throne, and Rivers and Hastings wrote and studied, WILLIAM CAXTON set up his printing-press. A new world was dawning; Columbus had re-discovered the western world, found to no purpose by the Norsemen; and the Turks, by taking Constantinople, had caused the cultured Greeks to fly from the ancient city and to carry the glorious language and arts of Greece over Europe, especially to Italy.

The Middle Ages passed away in blood-stained gloom, and the Renaissance dawned. Two years after the fall of Constantinople the first complete book was printed by Faust and Gutenburgh, and Henry VII.'s great subject, afterwards Henry VIII.'s chancellor, Sir Thomas More, published about this

time his "Utopia," a fanciful romance of the laws and manners of a feigned island. He wrote it when dwelling under the same roof with Erasmus, the most learned Greek scholar of his age, and we may fancy how the friends discussed it, and laughed at the sly satire on the English government and on the manners of the people; for Erasmus was a clever satirist, and More was merry even on the scaffold, where he suffered, as did the best poet of Henry's reign, the gifted Earl of Surrey, to whom (and to his friend Sir Thomas Wyatt) we owe the introduction of the sonnet. To Surrey we are also indebted for the first blank verse, in which he rendered two books of Virgil's "Æneid" into English.

There was nothing but theological literature in the reign of little Edward VI., who, precociously learned and devout, delighted chiefly in sermons. Those of Latimer are quaint and earnest, but belong especially to his own time. The fires of Smithfield probably proved fatal to literary activity in Mary's reign, though she herself was highly educated; but in Elizabeth's days it was to rise triumphant, and English drama attained its greatest height in SHAKESPEARE. His predecessors and contemporaries were George Peele, Greene, Lodge, Kyd, and Marlowe, who used the blank verse introduced by Surrey with great power. "Marlowe's mighty line" was rhymeless. But all these writers were completely eclipsed by Shakespeare, one of the greatest dramatists and poets (if not the very greatest) the world has ever seen. Towards the close of Elizabeth's reign Ben Jonson appeared, Dekker, Marston, and Heywood. In the early years of James I., Beaumont and

Fletcher, Ford, and Massinger sustained the reputation of the English drama in a great measure. Other writers made the reign of the great queen immortal. Pre-eminent amongst them was Spenser. His splendid allegory of the "Faerie Queene" enchanted his contemporaries, and doubtless our Shakespeare also, whom Spenser calls his "pleasant Willie," was delighted with the "Red Cross Knight" and his "Una."

Shakespeare used the stories of Italy (or of the Middle Ages) as skeletons to which he gave flesh and soul and vivid life; Spenser was inspired by Tasso, from whose poem the "Gerusalemme Liberata" he (in one place) translates several verses.

Sir Philip Sidney was not only a hero "*sans peur et sans reproche*," but a writer of genius. We owe to him the best romance of his time and some exquisite sonnets, and we are also indebted to him for the first regular criticism in English in his "Defence of Poesy." There are some exquisite things in his romance the "Arcadia." Pamela's prayer in it is said to have been repeated by Charles I. just before his execution, and was singularly apt for the occasion. Sir Walter Raleigh was courtier, discoverer, warrior, and poet, and in the Tower, where James I. kept "this singing bird," he wrote his "History of the World." Prison books are living books in some instances. Not very long before Raleigh wrote the story of the "Revenge's" heroic combat with the Spaniards in his gloomy prison, Cervantes, also a prisoner, had written his immortal "Don Quixote," and a century later Bunyan wrote "The Pilgrim's Progress" in Bedford

jail. "Stone walls do not a prison make" to genius.

Fulke Greville and Dyer were minor poets of that day; some few of their poems remain.

Drayton's "Polyolbion" has ceased to interest as poetry, but his lyric of "Agincourt" has few equals, though "Hohenlinden" is perhaps as fine. The spirit-stirring "Such a King Harry!" thrills our English hearts even to-day. We are indeed rich in lyric poetry, those in the dramatists included; they are still read and known, while the dramas containing them are gone by. We may instance Ben Jonson's and Dryden's. Drayton's sonnets are also good.

In 1595 Daniel published "The Civil Wars of York and Lancaster." His style and language are singularly modern. Drayton also wrote "The Lamentable Civil War of Edward the Second and the Barons."

James I.'s reign began while Shakespeare was in the maturity of his genius, and a great prose writer, Francis Bacon, was writing the wonderful essays that still "come home to men's business and bosoms," full of worldly knowledge and wisdom; though in *no sense* do his writings equal those of the great dramatist. To Bacon, however, we owe the first history of literature in "The Advancement of Learning," in which every great writer known to him is mentioned—names many of which are so unknown now as to require notes to tell who they were. He was also an experimental philosopher of the first rank, to whom we owe much more than we are quite aware of; for it was he who woke the scien-

tific spirit in Englishmen and taught them the need of experimental research. His "Novum Organum" revealed this secret. Bacon was the first martyr of science. His death was caused by an experiment. He had divined the great fact which modern science has turned to such excellent use for New Zealand and Australian meat—he thought that freezing would prevent decomposition. To try if it would, he drove one snowy day to Highgate, alighted, bought a fowl at a cottage, and stuffed it with snow. The extreme cold chilled him, and he sought warmth and shelter at Lord Arundel's house; here he was put into a damp bed. Cold and fever closed his career a week afterwards. There is no doubt that all the advancement made in science since is due to the spirit roused and directed by Bacon; probably Lord Worcester would never have invented his steam-engines but for Bacon's initiative, though it has been said that Bacon's early namesake the Friar—might he have been an ancestor?—had declared that the greatest power of man would be gained by the union of enemies—*i.e.*, fire and water.

The sacred poets were remarkable also in the reigns of the two first Stuarts. The principal were Gascoigne, Crashaw, Vaughan, and above all George Herbert, whose poems are full of a divine charm that renders their very quaintness dear to us.

John Selden, a writer on political and legal subjects, was also an antiquary and most learned in the constitutional history of England; he wrote the "History of Tithes."

Dean Colet had founded St. Paul's School in 1510, and it had now a notable pupil amongst its boys, even

John Milton, who received his early education there, and went thence to Christ's College, Cambridge. His first works were the exquisite "Allegro" and "Penseroso," "Arcades," "Comus," and "Lycidas," all written while he dwelt in his father's house at Horton, in Bucks, in the reign of Charles I.

There lived also at this time a remarkable philosophical writer, Thomas Hobbes. He was born in Elizabeth's reign, was intimate with Bacon and Ben Jonson, and was a great Greek scholar and mathematician; he translated Thucydides and was acquainted with Galileo; for Italy still kept foremost in the race of literature. Hobbes was appointed tutor to Charles Prince of Wales. His best known work was the "Leviathan," a political study on "the matter, power, and form of a commonwealth." Hobbes upheld in it the almost despotic power of the sovereign. This work was thought dangerous, and even heretical and atheistic, by the Puritans.

Richard Baxter wrote his "Holy Commonwealth;" Jeremy Taylor was already known as a most eloquent divine and the author of "Holy Living and Dying."

The religious writers of the day were, in fact, of the very highest class, though on many points they were of different opinions. Milton was an Independent, if he belonged to any sect—Jeremy Taylor a Churchman. We must not forget the Cavalier poets, Montrose, Lovelace, &c.; the latter the most gallant of Cavaliers, whose immortal lines,

> "I could not love thee, dear, so much
> Loved I not honour more,"

are known to every one.

John Locke was a follower of Bacon and a political writer of great power; his chief work is his "Essay on the Human Understanding," in which he develops his theory that the mind at birth is quite vacant, has no intuitive ideas, but is formed by perception, sensation, and experiences. The scientific men were increasing in number and knowledge. Harvey proclaimed the circulation of the blood, and Sydenham wrote learnedly on medicines; Milton gave the nation "Paradise Lost" the year after the great fire of London, while he was himself blind and poor. The Cavaliers also found a poet and clever satirist in Butler, the author of "Hudibras," whom they afterwards treated with shameful ingratitude. Like Spenser, he is said to have died in absolute want. Waller and Herrick were pleasing minor poets of the time.

Clarendon was the historian of the Civil War, and his History is a work of great ability; his portraits of the illustrious men with whom he had lived are admirably drawn, principally from personal acquaintance. Thomas Fuller has left us a "Church History of Britain" and the "Worthies of England," a quaint work, but full of wit and shrewdness. Archbishop Leighton published an admirable work on St. Peter's Epistles; Bishop Ken is still loved for the charming "Morning and Evening Hymns," lisped ever since by the innocent lips of children. We believe that he and his wife were killed by lightning in his palace. Gilbert Burnet, made Bishop of Salisbury by William III., wrote the "History of the Reformation" and "The History of his Own Time." He was the friend

of Lord William Russell, and accompanied him to the scaffold. Dryden was the leader of the literary world in Charles II.'s and James II.'s reigns. We have a vivid picture of him presented to us as sitting in Will's Coffee-house in Covent Garden, in an especial armchair, placed in the window in summer and by the fireside in winter, surrounded by a little court of literary men and other admirers, who were honoured when "glorious John" spoke to them. Dryden's writings were keen and powerful satires, fine lyrics and songs, and prose of extraordinary excellence when he used it, as he did in his "Essay on Dramatic Poetry" and his prefaces to his poems; but his plays were coarse and immoral, and of course have passed away.

A sad change came over English poetry and the drama with the return of the Stuarts. Hitherto Italy had exerted a gracious influence on it; now the influence was French—John Bull being very impressionable both as to the fashion of his garments and of his literature. France had followed the classical in opposition to the romantic style in her poems and plays. Boileau had published his translation of Horace's "Art of Poetry," and French authors followed his lead, and set the fashion to England. But it did not fetter one great prose writer. Bunyan's genius was unfettered in his damp and dreary prison; nature and truth made the Inspired Tinker's allegory one of the great books of the world.

We have now reached that which has been called the Augustan Age of English literature, an infinitely more correct, and infinitely inferior, age to that

of Elizabeth as far as poetry is concerned. For Addison was much less a poet than a prose writer; but we owe to him and to Richard Steele our first periodical literature. Steele suggested the *Tatler*, in which Addison assisted him, following it by the celebrated *Spectator*. These papers are too well known to need description, and far surpass Cowley's essays and Sir William Temple's in variety, interest, and elegance. The *Guardian* closed this series of remarkable pictures of refinement blended with coarseness—of elegance and information united to frivolity. Swift, a remarkable figure in the reign of Anne, was the cousin of Dryden. His sad story is well known, as is his most celebrated work, "Gulliver's Travels," a bitter satire, but full of wit and imagination. Swift assisted Addison and Steele occasionally, but he was more especially the friend of Pope, who soon became the recognised successor of Dryden. Small, frail in health, somewhat impeded too by the intolerance of the age, for he was by birth—as Dryden had become by choice—a Roman Catholic, he showed precocious genius. At twenty-one years of age he published his "Essay on Criticism." His great literary work was a paraphrastic translation of Homer. His most original poem is "The Rape of the Lock," a fanciful story of a fashionable beauty's stolen curl and protecting sylphs. It is a charming poem, and is supposed to have been inspired by Boileau's "Lutria," but we do not believe it to have been thus suggested. The lost lock undoubtedly originated the playful "society" poem; the sylphs became needful for the story.

Pope wrote his philosophical "Essay on Man" to answer the doubts which were already becoming prevalent. Not long after, Joseph Butler took up the same subject, but argued for the truth very differently, in his noble work "The Analogy of Religion, Natural and Revealed, to the Constitution and Course of Nature." He was rewarded with a mitre.

Daniel Defoe comes into the Stuart age, a writer who has become remarkable by his "Robinson Crusoe." He was the author of several other extremely realistic novels, full of those minute details which give such an air of truth to a recital; but of all his works, only "Robinson Cruose" is read now. His "History of the Plague" is painfully graphic.

We have said nothing hitherto of the literature of Travels; they were nevertheless of importance. Marco Polo was the first whose travels survive, and about the same time the mythical Sir John Mandeville wrote his wild and improbable records. The great seamen of the age of Elizabeth have also left us animated records of their adventures on the Spanish Main.

Science also had a remarkable literature of its own. John Wallis, a Kentish man, the Savilian Professor of Geometry at Oxford, published in 1655 his great work on the method of dealing with the calculation of infinitesimal quantities, which showed the way to Newton of one of his great discoveries. John Ray was the great naturalist and botanist of Charles II.'s reign. But "the bright particular star" that now rose on the world was

Isaac Newton, born on Christmas day 1642. He was educated under Isaac Barrow, and in 1669 succeeded him as Lucasian Professor of Mathematics. His great work, the "Principia," was published in 1687, in which he demonstrated the wonderful law of gravitation that he had himself discovered.

As the eighteenth century progressed, the novel-writers became distinguished. Richardson wrote his "Pamela," "Sir Charles Grandison" and "Clarissa Harlowe," while Lady Mary Wortley Montague lived—and laughed at his ideas of high life, of which he knew nothing. Fielding took a far higher standing; meaning to burlesque "Pamela," he produced a great novel; but, like the age, his fictions were coarse. The gem of novels was that published by Goldsmith in George III.'s reign, the delightful "Vicar of Wakefield." Goldsmith was author also of charming poems, essays, and plays. Then came Miss Burney's stories to surprise the public of her day, and to show that a novel need not be indelicate to be interesting. Laurence Sterne published his "Tristram Shandy" in 1759—a coarse but witty book; his "Sentimental Journey" became at this time very popular. Tobias Smollett was also a clever and humorous but coarse novelist.

Gray has left a few highly polished gems in the shape of an Elegy and some Odes; and Thomson wrote of the "Seasons" in the reign of the first George. Burns, one of the greatest poets Scotland has produced, lived later, in George III.'s reign.

The first Hanoverian kings were not patrons of literature. George I. and II. had, nevertheless, a

few names of power (to them unknown) existing in their time. Epistolary literature boasted Lady Mary Wortley Montague; Pope continued to write; Walpole, as a letter-writer and chronicler of the fashions and habits of his time, did work that has lasted. Lord Chesterfield's Letters date somewhere near his time.

Pope's place in literature passed to that excellent conversationalist and worthy man, Dr. Johnson, whom we all still reverence and love; the more, perhaps, because we do not see his defects, but know him only through his unequalled biographer, Boswell. Johnson was perhaps the best read man of his time in general literature, and a good writer, though his earlier works are spoiled by his Latin style. This disappears in great measure in his "Lives of the Poets." He was a man whom no troubles could conquer; he held his own against disease, hunger, and neglect, till fortune changed, and the lexicographer who gave us the first good dictionary, the moralist who wrote "Rasselas" and the *Rambler*, became known to his countrymen and was honoured by all.

It was the fashion to give the title of "Pleasures" to didactic poems. Akenside wrote "Pleasures of Imagination;" Rogers followed with the "Pleasures of Memory," and Campbell auspiciously closed the century with the "Pleasures of Hope."

The political writers of the eighteenth century were remarkable. Bolingbroke, whom Lord Lytton aptly called the English Alcibiades, wrote admirably, and with considerable eloquence. His "Patriot King" is pronounced by Lord Lytton in his "Caxto-

niana" to be a masterpiece, and Burke is thought to have formed his style on that of his eloquent predecessor. Burke's work on the "Sublime and Beautiful" holds a high place in our literature. Junius's Letters were as clever as they were cruelly severe; the great Lord Chatham recommended their perusal to his son as models of English style.

Gilbert White's "Selborne" was the predecessor of the works of the many and great naturalists who have distinguished the following century.

In glancing back over the progress of literature during the eighteenth century, we are struck first by the gloom which seemed to oppress the later writers who followed Pope, Gray, Swift, &c. The poets wrote most dismally. Blair took the "Grave" for his subject in 1743; Young published in 1742–43 his "Night Thoughts on Life, Death, and Immortality," occasioned by the death of a married stepdaughter, and Gray chose an "Elegy in the Churchyard" as the subject of his finest poem. Insanity afflicted Collins the poet, the author of the "Ode on the Passions" and the charming "Ode to Evening," and the gloom of the waning century fell also on the sweet poet Cowper, who became the victim of mental disease.

Up to this time the Chronicles (of which Sir Roger de Coverley preferred Sir Richard Baker's) and annals of separate periods had alone occupied the place of History. Bacon had written a "History of the Reign of Henry VII.," a very partial view of the reign; Clarendon, that of the Great Rebellion, but there was no continuous history save in Shakespeare's historical plays.

It was an age of scepticism; the grand and vigorous faith of Elizabeth's days was gone, and the demons of doubt deadened men's intellects. David Hume, a sceptical writer, was made about the middle of the century Librarian of the Faculty of Advocates, Edinburgh; and thus possessing a good range of books, he published in 1745 a quarto volume of the reigns of Charles II. and James II. Going back by degrees, he finally wrote the whole history to the Revolution of 1688. It is an interesting and pleasant work, and when it was afterwards continued by Tobias Smollett, the novelist, it became extremely popular.

But Edward Gibbon was the most brilliant of the eighteenth century historical writers. Amongst the ruins of the Capitol in Rome, the thought had occurred to him of writing the story of the "Decline and Fall of the Empire." He carried it out with great learning and ability, though it is injured in some portions by the scepticism of the time and the writer. In fact, the demon of doubt at that dullest of times obscured the genius of England.

The evil spirit came from France, where the work of the Encyclopedists, of Voltaire and of Rousseau, had given it birth and fostered its growth. It produced, in conjunction with bad government and the vices of the *noblesse*, the French Revolution, which for a time shook England to its centre, and infected with its wild dreams the young writers, Southey, Coleridge, and Wordsworth.

A revival of religion took place, however, in England under Wesley, who roused the Church

from its apathy, while Cowper's charming poems aided the good cause.

The nineteenth century opened with a perfect star-shower of literature, the poets being especially remarkable. The times were stirring, and a totally different kind of literature arose, casting off the shackles of the Queen Anne period. Cowper had begun the revolt against the monotonous regularity of the eighteenth century by publishing delightful poems in much the same metres, but easy, natural, sweet, and thoughtful, and Scott early in the century gave a new charm to poetry by making it the medium of romantic fiction—a change from the didactic poems of the preceding period, the effect of which we can well understand. The "Lay of the Last Minstrel," "Marmion," and the "Lady of the Lake," excited popular enthusiasm. We read that at Waterloo a young distinguished officer read the "Lady of the Lake" to his delighted soldiers while they were lying down waiting for the order to charge. But a satirist arose soon in a youthful poet who was to dim the fame of the Scottish bard by his own subsequent writings. The "English Bards and Scotch Reviewers" appeared, and shortly afterwards the exquisite poem of "Childe Harold." But it was "The Corsair" that raised Byron to the pinnacle of poetical fame. It was well for English literature that it and the other Eastern tales eclipsed the poetry of Scott, since it drove him to use the long laid-by chapters of "Waverley," and gave England the greatest novelist in Europe. Miss Edgeworth's clever Irish novels suggested to Walter Scott his Scotch

ones, as he has himself told us; but they surpassed everything then written, and his fame became European; while Scotland, described by his pen, and the scene of his romances, became a place of literary pilgrimage to readers from all parts of the world.

Miss Austen followed Miss Edgeworth with domestic and social tales which have become classics; and both she and Scott have had many imitators but no rivals.

Then came Disraeli (Lord Beaconsfield) and Bulwer (Lord Lytton) as novelists of political and fashionable life. Of these two remarkable men, the latter was by far the more popular as a novelist, and he appears most likely to retain his place in our literature, for he had great versatility of genius, and gradually giving up his earlier style of novel, wrote some really fine historical romances, and, ever adapting himself to the tone and fashion of the day, took a new departure in "The Caxtons." He wrote, also, poems and dramas.

Lord Lytton's genius descended to his son Robert as a gift of song, and in poetry he certainly surpassed his father. The works of "Owen Meredith," the name under which the second Lord Lytton wrote, have taken a high place in our literature. His chief poems are "Clytemnestra," "The Wanderer," "Lucile," "Chronicles and Characters," &c., &c.

It is impossible in our limited space to even name all the writers who, since that time, have made the reign of Victoria worthy to be placed side by side with Elizabeth's. We can but mention those who

stand prominently forward as leaders in the literary world.

The advancing century gave us two novelists of original genius in Charles Dickens and Thackeray. Dickens painted for us an English Quixote and Sancho Panza in the costume of the nineteenth century, in Mr. Pickwick and Sam Weller, and introduced the readers of the age to a life previously unknown to them, with all its strange "humours," as Ben Jonson would have called them.

Thackeray brought a high culture and great knowledge of the world to his work, and a power of keen and polished satire. Becky Sharp will live while such women exist; but his best novel is probably "Esmond," a picture of Queen Anne's reign appropriately written by the author of the humorists of the period.

Charles Reade took up the historical novel in his "Cloister and Hearth," and is perhaps (especially in his shorter tales) worthy of a high place in our literature. Captain Marryat wrote clever and humorous sea-stories; Lever gave the age humorous Irish novels. George Eliot and Charlotte Brontë were the best female successors of Maria Edgeworth and Miss Austen. Harriet Martineau wrote Political Economy stories; Agnes Strickland sought out and told the events in the lives of our Queens; Miss Mitford painted rural life charmingly.

Of the poets, Byron and Shelley immediately followed Sir Walter Scott; and we were told by a friend whose memory went back to the early years of 1810 that Byron completely eclipsed Scott as a poet at the time. Shelley has had to wait longer

for his fame, which is now perhaps greater than Byron's. Keats was undoubtedly a wonderful genius who died too young. Thomas Moore, an Irish poet, gave the world a pretty Oriental romance in "Lalla Rookh," but will be remembered chiefly by his "Irish Melodies," polished and charming songs, set to Irish tunes. Wordsworth lived long enough to see the popularity of his poems, which slowly made their way to public favour, but were at last understood and appreciated. Hood wrote many humorous and two or three beautiful and pathetic poems. Coleridge left many lovely fragments and one perfect gem, "The Ancient Mariner." Mrs. Hemans was a writer of very sweet poems and some lyrics of a high order.

Robert Southey, who was Poet Laureate before Tennyson, must not be forgotten, though his poems no longer appeal to English taste; in fact, they relate to persons and circumstances rather beyond English sympathies, and though full of fancy and varied metres, have taken no permanent hold of the national mind. He will be chiefly remembered by his "Life of Nelson," and for the excellence of his unselfish character and his integrity.

The Brownings, husband and wife, took a high stand as poets. Robert Browning used poetry as an instrument for revealing deep thought, and it was this profound meaning in many of his poems that rendered him less popular than he ought to have been, and made his fame grow slowly. Mrs. Browning is undoubtedly the greatest poetess that England has produced. The "Cry of the Children" equals Hood's "Song of the Shirt," and those poems en-

sured the fame of both. Walter Savage Landor is less known as a poet than he deserves to be; he wrote his "Imaginary Conversations" in admirable prose. Lamb and Leigh Hunt were minor poets but great essayists. Proctor (Barry Cornwall) was a clever song-writer; his daughter Adelaide Proctor, and also Christina Rossetti, are poets of whom England may boast as most pure and holy writers, meet sisters of Herbert and of Keble.

Keble, himself as excellent a clergyman as George Herbert, wrote the most popular poems of the century, the endlessly reprinted "Christian Year."

We have omitted his pupil and friend, Charlotte Yonge, from the female novelists. Her novels are admirable, and have done much good, and she is also an historian at once graphic and fascinating, and a versatile miscellaneous writer.

Dante Gabriel Rossetti, artist and poet, has left some lovely sonnets and two splendid ballads.

We have come to Lord Tennyson, the late Laureate, a poet who seems to have imbibed the very spirit and culture of the century, through so long a period of which he lived. No writer more perfectly represents it than he does in his smaller poems, some of which are perfect gems, and some very fine lyrics. Milton had once thought of taking Arthur for the hero of his epic, but he left him, happily, for Tennyson, whose idylls give us a vivid picture of the noblest man that ever poet dreamed of, and yet are in perfect keeping with the great traditionary character of the hero. Lord Tennyson's variety of metres may be mentioned also, and the great

beauty of his blank verse with its wonderfully telling pauses.

Carlyle, writing in a style most original, but requiring use to be pleasant to the reader, was a philosopher, an historian, and a writer of great weight and power in his day. His "Life of Frederick the Great" and the "History of the French Revolution" are standard works. The historians of the century are, in fact, surpassingly good. Hallam, the author of our first "Constitutional History," was the first of a brilliant band of historians. Sir Archibald Alison completed his "History of Europe" in 1842; George Grote wrote a masterly "History of Greece;" and Green a "History of the English People." Macaulay and Froude are brilliant picturesque writers, and have made the study of history as delightful as fiction, while Professor Freeman's greater accuracy and research have given certainty to the study. We have still left with us another great historian, Mr. Lecky, but neither space nor the period will permit us to name all the great living writers who are sure to be immortalised in our literature. Sir Francis Palgrave was an antiquarian as well as a delightful historian. From two Churchmen literature has received also historical works of importance. Dean Milman has given us a "History of the Jews," and a "History of Christianity," and Dean Merivale a "History of the Romans under the Empire."

Dr. Milman was also a poet and dramatist. He was made Professor of Poetry at Oxford in 1821, having three years previously published his "Samor, Lord of the Bright City," and in 1820 his "Fall of

Jerusalem," a dramatic poem. As Professor of Poetry at Oxford he wrote the "Martyr of Antioch" and "Belshazzar." His last play was "Anne Boleyn." Of Keble's "Christian Year" we have already spoken. He, like Milman, was appointed Professor of Poetry at Oxford. Dr. Whately, Archbishop of Dublin, was also a distinguished author. With pleasant irony he ridiculed the doubts of the period by publishing "Historic Doubts Relative to Napoleon." Dr. Whately wrote also "Elements of Logic" and "Elements of Rhetoric," and edited Bacon and Paley. Archbishop Trench, also Primate of Ireland, was a minor poet, and a good writer in prose. His "Explanations of the Parables and Miracles," and his book on the "Study of Words," are all in their way excellent. Dean Alford was also a pleasant minor poet. Dr. Arnold wrote a portion of "Roman History," which was in the style of the times when Niebuhr disturbed men's minds with doubts of the delightful and heroic myths of Livy, but he did not live to complete the subject he had chosen. He was, perhaps, the most famous of modern schoolmasters, having an especial gift of teaching and influencing the young.

Samuel Wilberforce, Bishop of Oxford, published "Short Parables for Children." The brothers Hare wrote "Guesses at Truth," a valuable book for thinkers. Sydney Smith was a distinguished wit and conversationalist, but is best known by his connection with the *Edinburgh Review*. His friend, the Rev. Richard Barham, was a humorous poet of great talent, with a singular command of English rhymes and metres.

Cardinal Newman gave us "The Vision of Gerontius" and one of the most lovely of our hymns; also his interesting "Apologia."

Of the scientific writers of this century the reputation is exceedingly high. Sir John Herschell, Sir David Brewster, are names well known; Sir Roderick Murchison and Sir Charles Lyell were eminent geologists. With Professor Sedgwick, Sir Roderick (he had been a Captain in the 6th Dragoons) visited the Highlands and studied the older strata. These explorations he continued in England and Wales, and finally published his great work "On the Silurian System," thus named because the ancient deposits that he had first classified were found in Siluria, the country of Caractacus and of the Silures. Murchison told the English Government of the existence of gold in Australia long before any search was made for it, and his prevision proved true. He had already made a geological survey of the Ural Mountains for the Czar Nicholas. Sir Charles Lyell was attracted to the study of geology by the lectures of Dr. Buckland, Dean of Westminster, a great geologist and naturalist, and published "Principles of Geology," "Travels in North America," and the "Antiquity of Man," influenced in this last work by Darwin's book on the "Origin of Species by means of Natural Selection."

Sir Humphry Davy and Faraday, his assistant, were the greatest chemists we had yet had. Charles Darwin's name is too well known as the author of many valuable works, as well as the one on "Natural Selection," for us to do more than mention it. He was also a traveller and a naturalist.

In astronomy immense progress has been made by the scientific men still living, and by those who have gone from us; assisted by improved telescopes and the growth of scientific knowledge, Professor Huxley and Sir Robert Ball are worthy successors of the scientists and astronomers who preceded them. There is not space in this brief sketch to speak more fully of these great writers and their works.

We have still to mention the important class of literature which became especially noticeable and powerful in this century, *i.e.*, the reviews and magazines. The founders of them were undoubtedly Francis Jeffrey, Sydney Smith, John Wilson (Christopher North), and Thomas De Quincey. The two former set up the *Edinburgh Review* at the suggestion of Sydney Smith. It was a political as well as a literary review, and on the Whig side in politics. Walter Scott was a contributor to it in its literary aspect, but he was displeased at a review in it of "Marmion;" and grumbling about it at a dinner-party where John Murray (1st) was present, the young publisher at once suggested a *Tory Review* to match the *Edinburgh*. Thus the famous *Quarterly* was started. Its first editor was Gifford, a man of ability, risen from the people; its second, Lockhart, the son-in-law and afterwards biographer of Scott. Meantime, *Blackwood's Magazine* contested the power of the *Edinburgh* in the Scottish capital with great success, its editor being John Wilson, famous as Christopher North, and one of its chief contributors De Quincey, a friend of Wordsworth's. Wilson's wit and humour, and his poetic sense of nature, made the entire

success of *Blackwood*. To be a writer in it was a sort of certificate of literary merit. *Blackwood* still survives, in no way inferior to its early fame. The power of these reviews was great; they influenced public opinion strongly, though in many cases the critics were greatly mistaken, as was proved in the case of Byron and Keats, in Wordsworth's and the (so-called) Lake school.

The *Times* began its successful course in 1785. It was founded by Mr. Walter. The high literary character of the paper made a good review in it a step forward in a writer's career, and caused it probably to survive its early contemporaries. Only the best writers were employed on its columns, and its critics were clever and impartial.

In 1808 John and Leigh Hunt set up the *Examiner*, a literary newspaper in the best sense, for much literature appeared in its columns. Amongst its first followers was Charles Knight the printer, a person who was destined to be of great importance to the literature of his country, by educating and forming a reading public capable of appreciating it. In the first half of the century books and newspapers were very expensive. There was a duty on paper, and though Constable had called himself the Napoleon of literature, because he brought out books at a somewhat lower rate, they were still beyond the pockets of the masses, who could then only read through the medium of the small circulating libraries, which chiefly supplied old novels. Knight had published in 1820 and 1821, at Windsor, the *Etonian*, a magazine supported by Winthrop Praed and other boys, as it had been by Frere and Canning.

In 1823 Praed, being then at Cambridge, suggested to Knight that they should start a magazine written by himself and other young Cambridge men. Knight acceded to his wishes, and *Knight's Quarterly Magazine* was started in June 1823. The chief writers in it were Praed, who signed himself either Peregrine Courtney or Vyvyan Joyeuse; Thomas Babington Macaulay, who called himself Tristram Merton; John Moultrie, who signed himself Gerard Montgomery; Derwent Coleridge, Henry Nelson Coleridge, William S. Walker, and Henry Malden—a goodly company, whose real names were to be held hereafter in honour. Praed, who afterwards held office under Sir Robert Peel as Secretary to the Board of Control, died comparatively young. He was a graceful and playful writer of *vers de société*. Moultrie has left three or four short but touching poems. He took orders, and was Rector of Rugby. The brothers Coleridge were the son and nephew of the great poet. But chief of these young writers was Macaulay. Endowed with a marvellous memory, he soon found occupation for his pen, and a use for the knowledge he had accumulated, and became a writer in the *Quarterly* and in the *Edinburgh Review*, in which his first article, "On Milton," at once gave him a literary reputation. He wrote in it his best Essays, and after a time became still better known as the author of a "History of England," which at once became popular, and of the "Lays of Ancient Rome," brilliant and spirit-stirring poems.

From naturalists our literature has received much valuable matter. Edward Jesse, following the ex-

ample of Gilbert White, has given us information on the subject of natural history in England. C. Waterton, beginning in the preceding century, is one of our best naturalists, fascinating in style and correct scientifically; Darwin has secured a certain degree of immortality, even if future science should set aside his theories; Mr. Wallace is a clever naturalist and delightful writer; Mr. Sibree (a clergyman) has told us all about the singular birds, fauna, and flora of Madagascar; Richard Jefferies, a prose poet as well as a naturalist, has painted English scenery with the eye of an artist; Bishop Stanley and Mr. Jones have given us pleasant volumes about the birds here and beyond seas. Richard Owen was superintendent of the Natural History Department in the British Museum, and published a "History of British Fossil Mammals and Birds" in 1846.

In the literature of travel we are also rich. Our discoverers and explorers have found much to tell us. Livingstone and Stanley have made the dark continent familiar to us, and our seamen have told us all about their explorations in the Arctic Seas. Near the middle of the century, Kinglake wrote his famous "Eothen," and Eliot Warburton his "Crescent and the Cross;" but since then Palestine has been trodden by footsteps seeking the places hallowed by biblical tradition. Canon Tristram, Major Conder, and Mr. Harper have written delightfully of the Holy Land, which has now an absolutely separate literature of its own in the admirable works of the "Palestine Exploration Fund."

Of miscellaneous writers, the list is a long one.

John Foster wrote many valuable books, among which are the "Statesmen of the Commonwealth," the "Life of Oliver Goldsmith," a charming biography, and the "Life of Dickens." John Stuart Mill published "A System of Logic" and the "Principles of Political Economy."

William Hepworth Dixon, formerly editor of the *Athenæum*, has given us some delightful works, "Her Majesty's Tower," "Royal Windsor," &c., &c., books written in a fascinating style, so graphic that they bring the dead past vividly before us. John Ruskin is an original writer on art, an able critic and delightful author. Matthew Arnold was a first-class essayist and a charming poet. Professor Aytoun and Sir Theodore Martin together translated Goethe's works, and wrote conjointly the "Bon Gaultier Ballads." Professor Aytoun merits a high place amongst the poets of the latter part of the century. His "Lays of the Scottish Cavaliers" are very inspiring, and his "Funeral March of Dundee" is beautiful and pathetic. We are indebted to Sir Theodore Martin for a fine and spirited translation of Horace, and for many other admirable translations and biographical works, one a life of the Prince Consort. Francis Patrick Tytler is perhaps better remembered by his "Scottish Worthies" than by his "History of Scotland," which has been superseded by John Hill Burton's "History of Scotland," a very animated and excellent one. Both, however, must have a place with our historians; as Sir Arthur Helps should perhaps as the historian of the "Spanish Conquests in South America," though he is better known by his "Friends in Council."

Nor have our statesmen been less literary than Bolingbroke or Burke. We have already mentioned Lord Beaconsfield as a novelist. Mr. Gladstone's literary work is of a different kind.

His first publication was "The State in its Relation to the Church," and some pamphlets. In 1858 he published "Studies in Homer," and in 1869 his "Juventus Mundi, the Gods and Men of the Heroic Age;" he has published several other important works.

Philip Henry Stanhope, Earl Stanhope, has published "A History of England from the Peace of Utrecht," "A History of the Reign of Queen Anne," "Historical Essays," &c., &c.

Sir George Cornewall Lewis was a critic and miscellaneous writer.

Of the living or recently deceased authors we can merely mention a few names, many of them represented by selections in the work, and it must remain a matter of uncertainty as to which names posterity will accept as most worthily representing English Literature of the nineteenth and twentieth centuries. Sir Edwin Arnold, who has written many works in prose and verse, among them "The Light of Asia," and "The Light of the World;" Alfred Austin, though appointed Poet Laureate on the death of Tennyson, is best known by his prose works, "The Garden that I Love," and "In Veronica's Garden." Among other poets of the time may be mentioned Austin Dobson, F. Locker-Lampson, George Macdonald, Lewis Morris, William Morris, Algernon C. Swinburne, and William Watson. The Rev. Sabine Baring-Gould, besides writing a

number of novels, has published many books on religious and antiquarian topics, his works comprising over fourscore of volumes. J. M. Barrie in his "Auld Licht Idylls," and "A Window in Thrums," set the fashion of what has been termed the Kailyard Novel, characterised by an abundance of North British dialect, in which he has been followed by S. R. Crockett, "Ian Maclaren" (John Watson), and others. Sir Walter Besant, at first collaborating with the late James Rice, has produced excellent novels, as well as biographies and historical studies. Other novelists of the same period include William Black, who has made the reading world familiar with the people and scenery of the Hebrides and the West Coast of Scotland; Richard Blackmore, whose "Lorna Doone" will always be his best-known novel, has also contributed some volumes of poetry and classical translations; Miss Braddon (Mrs. Maxwell); F. Hodgson Burnett, whose "De Willoughby Claim" is one of the most powerful of modern novels; T. Hall Caine, who has largely laid the Isle of Man under contribution; Thos. Hardy has remained true to his native Wessex, whose towns and hamlets and people he has faithfully depicted in his stories; Rudyard Kipling, though starting with India and the military life, has conquered the world and all its occupations; George Meredith, whose special style can be appreciated only by the cultured few. Many another novelist is there still doing good work among us, but the names we have given stand out more prominently at present.

There are still some in other branches of litera-

ture whose names must be mentioned. Henry Drummond, the brilliant Scots professor and traveller, whose "Natural Law in the Spiritual World" was an attempt to apply the laws of organic evolution to spiritual things; Dr. Augustus Jessopp, who has written much on historical subjects, especially in connection with East Anglia; Sir John Lubbock (afterwards Lord Avebury), writing chiefly upon insects and primitive man. Among American writers whose names have become as familiar to Britons as though they had been born here, occur those of R. W. Emerson, the essay-writer; H. W. Longfellow and J. R. Lowell, the poets; Nathaniel Hawthorne, the story writer; Oliver Wendell Holmes; H. D. Thoreau and John Burroughs, with their graphic descriptions of nature; Bret Harte, the novelist of the mining camp; Henry James, author of "The Portrait of a Lady," &c.; "Mark Twain" (S. L. Clemens), the humorist; C. D. Warner, "My Summer in a Garden," &c.; F. R. Stockton, "Rudder Grange"; and many others.

CAMEOS OF LITERATURE

THE ANGELIC LIFE THE MODEL OF THE CHRISTIAN LIFE.

The Very Rev. Dean Goulburn.

[The Very Rev. Edward Meyrick Goulburn, D.D., Dean of Norwich, was born in 1818. He was educated at Eton and Baliol College, Oxford, and was elected a Fellow of Merton College in 1841. In 1850 he succeeded Dr. Tait, afterwards Archbishop of Canterbury, in the headmastership of Rugby School, from which he retired in 1858. In the same year he was appointed Prebendary of St. Paul's, and minister of Quebec Chapel. In 1859 he was incumbent of St. John's, Paddington, and one of the chaplains in-ordinary to the Queen, and in 1866 he became Dean of Norwich. He resigned the Deanery in 1889. Dean Goulburn, an extremely eloquent preacher, has also as an author been of great service to the Church. His "Thoughts on Personal Religion," an admirable and eloquent work, has been deservedly popular. His other works are "The Doctrine of the Resurrection of the Body as taught in Holy Scripture," in eight sermons, 1851; "Rudimentary Treatise on the Philosophy of Grammar, with especial reference to the Doctrine of the Cases," 1852; "Introduction to the Devotional Study of the Holy Scripture," 1854, 3rd Edition, 1860; "The Idle World," short religious essays on the gift of speech and its employment in conversation; "The Inspiration of the Holy Scriptures;" "The Pur-

suit of Holiness;" "The Holy Catholic Church," &c., &c. The following reading is taken, by the Dean's courteous permission, from the "Thoughts on Personal Religion."]

We are taught by our Lord Himself to pray that God's will may be done "upon earth, as it is in heaven." The persons by whom it is done in heaven are, of course, the holy angels. Our Lord, therefore, in bidding us offer this petition, proposes to us the angelic life as the model of the Christian life. And this throws us back upon the inquiry what the life of angels is; for manifestly we cannot form our life upon their model unless we have some sufficient idea of their pursuits and occupations. Accordingly, the Scripture furnishes such an idea. The veil is drawn aside by the Prophet Isaiah, and a glimpse is given us of the life of Seraphim, or "burning ones" (for such is the meaning of the Hebrew word), an order of angels who in all probability take their name from the fervent zeal and burning love with which they are animated. The prophet sees in a vision these shining creatures standing above the throne of Christ (for it was He, St. John informs us, whose glory Isaiah saw on this occasion), and their occupations were twofold: first, contemplative devotion; secondly, quick and active service. "Each one had six wings; with twain he covered his face, and with twain he covered his feet;"—this is the Seraphim's life of devotion. "And with twain he did fly;"—this is his life of active service. If, then, God's will is to be done by His people on earth, as it is by His angels in heaven, there must enter into the spiritual life upon earth two great elements—devotion towards God, and work for God. We will take a general

view of each of these. Subsequent chapters will prosecute the subject in detail under these two heads.

I. The spiritual or angelic life upon earth consists not only of devotion. To suppose that the spiritual life is devotion, and nothing else, is the mistake of the recluse, the ascetic, and the monk. One round of religious service, one long peal of the organ from matins to evensong, one prayer unbroken, except by the actual necessities of the body, and by these as little as may be,—this is the idea of conventual life, though it may be an idea never realised to the full extent. And quite apart from the conventual system, wherever there are multiplied religious services (a great help, of course, if used in a certain way), and leisure and the will to attend on them, there is always a tendency, against which the devout man must be on his guard, to wrap up the whole of religion in attendance upon the means of grace. But the Seraph himself, though indeed the spirit of adoration is upon him always, is not always engaged in direct acts of praise. "With twain of his wings he doth fly,"—speed forth, like lightning, upon the errands on which God sends him. Gabriel, who stands in the presence of God, must come down to the earth, and enter beneath a humble roof in Nazareth, to salute a pure maiden as mother of the Son of God. Another angel has it in charge to descend periodically into the pool of Bethesda, and impart to the waters a healing efficacy, sufficient for one patient. Another is sent to roll back the stone from the Holy Sepulchre, and sit upon it, inspiring the Roman guard with terror, and the holy women

with an assurance of the Resurrection. Another must pass into St. Peter's prison-house, and lead him out through bolt, and bar, and iron grating, "to freedom and cool moonlight air." Another must shoot down, like a falling star, into the cabin of a ship tossed with the waves of the stormy Adriatic, and announce to St. Paul that, despite all the fury of the elements, he and all the crew, of which he formed a part, were safe in life and limb; while another is commissioned to salute by name a praying centurion of the Italian band, and to assure him that his prayers and his alms had come up as a memorial before God. Thus one and all of them are not merely adoring spirits, but also "ministering spirits, sent forth to minister for those who shall be heirs of salvation." Praise is not their only occupation; they have active work to do for God.

Reader, there is a deep-seated necessity for work in the constitution of our nature. In the absence of regular and active occupation, the mind is apt to grow morbid, stagnant, and, what is worse than either—selfish. One of the greatest thinkers of antiquity defined happiness to be "*an energy* of the soul." And is it not true? Only watch the avidity with which men, even in extreme old age, when one would think that the interests of this life were on the wane for them, catch at some exciting pursuit, like politics. The lesson which as Christians we should draw from this observation is, that most unquestionably God has made man for activity, as well as for contemplation. The reason why the activity fails in numberless instances to secure happiness is that it is separated from God, that it is not in His service

and interests. This being the case, it too often engrosses, hampers, entangles, impedes,—is as a dead weight to the soul, instead of, as it might be, a wing and a means of furtherance.

Let every one, therefore, who studies Personal Religion, seriously consider, first, in what quarter lies the work which God has given him to do; and next, how he may execute that work in a happy and a holy frame of mind. I need not say that the services on which God condescends to employ men are almost infinitely various. Each one of us has a stewardship somewhere in the great social system, and some gift qualifying him for it; and if he will but consult faithfully the intimations of God's providence, he will not be long before he discovers what it is. It may be that we are called to very humble duties, duties very low down in the social scale. Still even they are held from God, and constitute a stewardship; and the one talent which qualifies us for them will have to be accounted for as much as if it were ten talents. To regard the business attaching to any station of life as insignificant is as unreasonable as it is unscriptural. St. Paul says of the human body, that God has "given honour to those members which lacked." The same may be said of society. Its whole fabric and framework is built up of humble duties accurately fulfilled by persons in humble stations. What would become of society, and how could its well-being and progress be secured, if all the subordinates in every department of life, all those who have to play the more mechanical parts, were to throw up their callings on the excuse that they were not sufficiently

dignified? How would it fare with the plans of the architect if the builders and masons throughout the country were to suspend their labours? But we need not reason upon the subject, where the Word of God has spoken so explicitly. The Scripture, with that wonderful penetration into the thoughts of man which characterises its every page, has taken care to set the seal of dignity and sacredness upon those callings and employments which are lowest in the social scale. Our Blessed Lord, when learning of the doctors in the Temple, and through their instruction growing in wisdom, teaches us that to be engaged thus in childhood is to be about our Father's business. We naturally look down upon a child learning a lesson, and think that it is no great matter whether the lesson be learned or not. Christ opens a widely different view of the subject, when he connects even a child's growth in wisdom with his relation to God: "Wist ye not that I must be in the things of my Father?" (*ἐν τοῖς τοῦ πατρός μου*).

But still more remarkable, perhaps, in its bearing on our present subject, is the treatment of the duties of servants in the New Testament. These servants were slaves, and mostly slaves to heathen masters. If ever duty took a degrading form, it must have done so frequently in their case. If ever of any calling one might say, "There is no divine stewardship in it," this might have been said surely of slavery among the heathens. Yet it is recognised in the strongest way that even the slave's duties may be sanctified by importing into them a Christian motive, and that when such a motive is im-

ported into them, the service is really done not to the human master, but (marvellous condescension!) to the great Head of the Church Himself. "Servants, obey in all things your masters according to the flesh: not with eye-service, as men-pleasers; but in singleness of heart, fearing God: and whatsoever ye do, do it heartily, as to the Lord, and not unto men; knowing that of the Lord ye shall receive the reward of the inheritance: *for ye serve the Lord Christ.*" No less truly, then, than quaintly did good George Herbert sing—

> "All may of Thee partake:
> Nothing can be so mean,
> Which with this tincture (for Thy sake)
> Will not grow bright and clean.
>
> A servant with this clause
> Makes drudgery divine.
> Who sweeps a room, as for Thy laws,
> Makes that and the action fine."

Now if both a child's education and a slave's drudgery find their place in the vast system of God's service, what lawful calling can we suppose to be excluded from a place in that system?

II. But we remark, secondly, that there is a contemplative element in the service of the Seraphim, —that their activity is fed from the springs of their devotion. There are two chief passages of Holy Scripture (one in the Old and one in the New Testament) in which we obtain a glimpse of angels engaged in worship. One is that before us, in which the prophet sees the Seraphim, with veiled faces and feet, crying one to another before the throne, "Holy, holy, holy, is the Lord of hosts;

the whole earth is full of His glory." This was a heavenly scene. It was enacted in the Temple, which represented heaven. But in the New Testament we find the Seraphim domesticating themselves upon earth, in the outlying field of a village where cattle were penned. When the Lord of Heaven, laying aside the robe of light and the tiara of the rainbow, appeared among us in the form of an infant cradled in a manger, He drew an escort of the Seraphim after Him: "And suddenly there was with the angel a multitude of the heavenly host, praising God and saying, Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, good will toward men."

The ministry of angels then is only half their life. The other half, which indeed makes their ministry glow with zeal, is their worship. And so it must be with God's human servants.

The activity which flows from ambition, the diligence which is purely mechanical and the result of habit, is not angelic diligence and activity. To attempt to lead the spiritual life without devotion is even a greater mistake than to go apart from our duties in order to lead it. Our flying on God's errands will be an unhallowed flight if we do not first secretly adore Him in our hearts. A prayerless day of hard work, consecrated by no holy meditation, oh! what a dull, plodding, tramping day is it! How do we spend money in such a day for that which is not bread, and our labour for that which satisfieth not! How does God in such a day deal with us, as with the Egyptians of old, taking off the chariot-wheels from our work, so that we drive

it heavily! How, if we turn our mind to better things in the stillness of the night, does the Lord seem to stand over the bed, and reprove all that godless toil and turmoil, which in a spiritual point of view has run to waste, with this loving irony: "It is but lost labour that ye haste to rise up early, and so late take rest, and eat the bread of carefulness; for so He giveth His beloved sleep!" And in these times in this country, the danger of the vast majority of men—your danger, perchance, reader—lies in this direction. Activity is now, if it ever was, the order of the day with all classes. Competition, and the cry for qualified persons in every department of industry, are driving all drones out of the social hive. No one has a moment to spare. The strain and stress of occupation frequently proves too great for feeble bodies and sensitive minds. And with those who are physically and intellectually equal to cope with the pressure of multiplied and urgent business, the mind too often burrows and is buried in its work, and scarcely ever comes out to sun itself in the light of heaven. With a fatal facility we dispense ourselves from prayer, and meditation, and self-examination, on the ground of fatigue, or pressing avocations, or necessity of refreshment. Yet secret devotion is the source, not of strength only, but of comfort, and even of success, in any high acceptation of the word. Success is no success if it makes not a happy mind; and the mind which is not holy cannot be happy. A good author, writing before the invention of the compass, says, "Even when your affairs be of such importance as to require your

whole attention, you should look mentally towards God from time to time, as mariners do, who, to arrive at the port for which they are bound, look more up towards heaven than down on the sea on which they sail: thus will God work with you, in you, and for you, and all your labour shall be accompanied with consolation."

Hitherto we have been founding our remarks on a passage of Holy Scripture which represents to us the employment of angels. And it may be thought by some that the nature of angels being probably exempt from those infirmities which beset ours, and not exposed to the pressure of weariness or the urgencies of appetite, they are in truth no suitable model for us, or at all events a model which, from the disparity of their circumstances, can only put us out of heart. But have we no instance of a life, both eminently practical and eminently devout, led in the flesh, and under the constant pressure of physical infirmities? Has man never yet attained to live the angelic life upon earth? Indeed he has done so; and the record of his having done so is in the Gospels. There was One "tempted in all points like as we are, yet without sin," who followed up days of active benevolence, in which He spent and was spent for the people, by nights of prayer. Consider only that touching passage of His history in which, after receiving the announcement of the Baptist's death, our Lord expresses a natural desire for privacy and repose. The multitudes, however, track Him to His place of retirement, and throng around Him there with the clamour of their necessities, as heretofore. Fallen human nature could

hardly have done otherwise than vent a slight irritability at having its purpose thus rudely crossed; but from the depths of that most pure and loving heart there struggled up no other feeling than that of compassion, as He looked forth upon the sea of human heads. Human misery called the Good Shepherd, and He at once responded to the call. He healed all the sick whom they had brought, and "began to teach them many things," until the day wore away. Having fed their minds with Divine truth, He proceeded to feed their bodies miraculously before He dismissed them, "lest they should faint by the way." And this being done, one might have thought that at the close of so laborious a day He would at length have sought repose. But He does not so. The pouring out of His soul before the Father has been delayed, but it shall not be precluded. That His solitude might be entire, He compels His disciples to get into the ship, and go before unto the other side, while He Himself upon the mountain offers His evening orison late into the night. And though, of course, no fallen creature has ever maintained the same nicely-adjusted balance between devotion and active service which is observable in the mind and life of Christ,—though some saints have been (like St. John) characterised rather by devout contemplativeness, and others (like St. Paul) by zealous activity,—yet all His true people have preserved in different proportions the twofold character; all have been men of service, and all have been likewise men of prayer.

ON THE RELATION OF ANTS TO FLOWERS.

SIR JOHN LUBBOCK, BART., M.P., F.R.S.
(LORD AVEBURY.)

[Sir John Lubbock was born at 29 Eaton Place, London, April 30, 1834. He was the son and heir of Sir John William Lubbock of Mitcham Grove, Surrey, and High Elms, Down, Kent. His mother was Harriet, daughter of Lieutenant-Colonel George Hotham of York. The baronetcy was created in 1806 in favour of the great-great-uncle of the present Baronet. Sir John was educated at Eton, but when only fourteen was taken into his father's bank in Lombard Street on account of the illness of several of the partners. He became a partner himself in 1856, and introduced some striking improvements in banking. So high was his professional reputation, that he was chosen Honorary Secretary to the Association of London Bankers and first President of the Institute of Bankers. Sir John was nominated by the Crown to serve on the International Coinage Commission. He was also a member of the Public School Commission and of the Advancement of Science Commission. He was elevated to the peerage as Baron Avebury, 1900. He has written "Prehistoric Times," 1865, 4th Edition, 1878; "The Origin of Civilisation and the Primitive Condition of Man," 1870. These works have been translated into all the principal European languages. In 1874 he published "The Origin and Metamorphoses of Insects;" "On British Wild Flowers, considered in Relation to Insects," in 1875; "Monograph of the Thysanura and Collembola;" two volumes of Lectures and Addresses; a work on "Ants, Bees, and Wasps," which is a perfect wonder of patient research and observation, and which went through five editions in less than a year. We have not space here to give a complete list of all Sir John's works on Natural History and Archæology. The following extract from his celebrated work, "Ants, Bees, and Wasps," is here given by courteous permission of the author and of his publishers, Messrs. Kegan Paul, Trench & Co.]

IT is now generally admitted that the form and colour, the scent and honey of flowers, are mainly

due to the unconscious agency of insects, and especially of bees. Ants have not exercised so great an influence over the vegetable kingdom, nevertheless they have by no means been without effect.

The great object of the beauty, scent, and honey of flowers is to secure cross-fertilisation; but for this purpose winged insects are almost necessary, because they fly readily from one plant to another, and generally confine themselves for a certain time to the same species. Creeping insects, on the other hand, naturally would pass from one flower to another on the same plant; and, as Mr. Darwin has shown, it is desirable that the pollen should be brought from a different plant altogether. Moreover, when ants quit a plant, they naturally creep up another close by, without any regard to species. Hence, even to small flowers, such as many Crucifers, Composites, Saxifrages, &c., which, as far as size is concerned, might well be fertilised by ants, the visits of flying insects are much more advantageous. Moreover, if larger flowers were visited by ants, not only would they deprive the flowers of their honey without fulfilling any useful function in return, but they would probably prevent the really useful visits of bees. If you touch an ant with a needle or a bristle, she is almost sure to seize it in her jaws; and if bees, when visiting any particular plant, were liable to have the delicate tip of their proboscis seized on by the horny jaws of an ant, we may be sure that such a species of plant would soon cease to be visited. On the other hand, we know how fond ants are of honey, and how zealously and unremittingly they search for food. How is it then

that they do not anticipate the bees, and secure the honey for themselves? This is guarded against in several ways.

Belt[1] appears to have been the first naturalist to call attention to this interesting subject.

"Many flowers," he says, "have contrivances for preventing useless insects from obtaining access to the nectaries. . . . Great attention has of late years been paid by naturalists to the wonderful contrivances amongst flowers to secure cross-fertilisation; but the structure of many cannot, I believe, be understood unless we take into consideration not only the beautiful adaptations for securing the services of the proper insect or bird, but also the contrivances for preventing insects that would not be useful from obtaining access to the nectar. Thus the immense length of the *Angræcum sesquipedale* of Madagascar might perhaps have been more easily explained by Mr. Wallace if this important purpose had been taken into account."

Kerner has since published a very interesting work[2] especially devoted to the subject, which has been translated into English by Dr. Ogle.

In aquatic plants, of course, the access of ants is precluded by the isolation in water; nay, even many land plants have secured to themselves the same advantage, the leaves forming a cup round the stem. Some species have such a leaf-cup at each joint; in others there is only a single basin, formed

[1] "The Naturalist in Nicaragua," by Thomas Belt, F.G.S., pp. 131–133.

[2] Kerner, "Flowers and their Unbidden Guests."

by the rosette of radical leaves. In these receptacles rain and dew not only collect, but are retained for a considerable time. In our own country *Dipsacus sylvestris* (the common teazle) is the best marked instance of this mode of protection, though it is possible that these cups serve another purpose, and form, as suggested by Francis Darwin, traps in which insects are caught, and in which they are dissolved by the contained fluid, so as to serve as food for the plant. However this may be, the basins are generally found to contain water, even if no rain has fallen for some days, and must therefore serve to prevent the access of ants.

The next means of protection is by means of slippery surfaces. In this case also the leaves often form a collar round the stem, with curved surfaces over which ants cannot climb. "I have assured myself," says Kerner, "not only by observation, but by experiment, that wingless insects, and notably ants, find it impossible to mount upwards over such leaves as these. The little creatures run up the stem, and may even not unfrequently traverse the under-surface of the leaves, if not too smooth; but the reflexed and slippery margin is more than the best climbers among them can get over, and if they attempt it, they invariably fall to the ground. There is no necessity for the lamina of the leaf to be very broad; even narrow leaves, as, for instance, those of *Gentiana firma*, are enough for the purpose, supposing, of course, that the margin is bent backwards in the way described."

Of this mode of protection the Cyclamen and Snowdrop offer familiar examples. In vain do

the ants attempt to obtain access to such flowers; the curved surfaces baffle them; when they come to the cup, they inevitably drop off to the ground again. In fact, these pendulous flowers protect the honey as effectually from the access of ants, as the hanging nests of the weaver and other birds protect their eggs and young from the attacks of reptiles.

In a third series of plants the access of creeping insects is impeded or altogether prevented by certain parts of the flower being crowded together, so as to leave either a very narrow passage or none at all. Thus *Antirrhinum* or Snapdragon is completely closed, and only a somewhat powerful insect can force its way in. The flower is, in fact, a strong box, of which the humble-bee only has the key. The Linarias are another case of this kind. The Campanulas, again, are open flowers, but the stamens are swollen at the base, and in close contact with one another, so that they form the lid of a hollow box in which the honey is secreted. In some species the same object is effected by the flowers being crowded together, as in some of the white ranunculuses of the Alps. In other cases, the flower forms a narrow tube, still further protected by the presence of hairs, sometimes scattered, sometimes, as in the white dead nettle, forming a row.

In others, as in some species of Narcissus, Primula, Pedicularis, &c., the tube itself is so narrow that even an ant could not force its way down.

In others, again, as in some of the Gentians, the opening of the tube is protected by the swollen head of the pistil.

In others, as in clover, lotus, and many other Leguminosæ, the ovary and the stamens, which cling round the ovary in a closely fitting tube, fill up almost the whole space between the petals, leaving only a very narrow tube.

Lastly, in some, as in *Geranium robertianum*, *Linum Catharticum*, &c., the main tube is divided by ridges into several secondary ones.

In still more numerous species the access of ants and other creeping insects is prevented by the presence of spines or hairs, which constitute a veritable *chevaux de frise*. Often these hairs are placed on the flowers themselves, as in some Verbenas and Gentians. Sometimes the whole plant is more or less hairy, and it will be observed that the hairs of plants have a great tendency to point downwards, which of course constitutes them a more efficacious barrier.

In another class of cases access to the flowers is prevented by viscid secretions. Everybody who has any acquaintance with botany knows how many species bear the specific name of "Viscosa" or "Glutinosa." We have, for instance, *Bartsia viscosa*, *Robinia viscosa*, *Linum viscosum*, *Euphrasia viscosa*, *Silene viscosa*, *Dianthus viscidus*, *Senecio viscosus*, *Holosteum glutinosum*, &c. Even those who have never opened a botanical work must have noticed how many plants are more or less sticky. Why is this? What do the plants gain by this peculiarity? The answer probably is, at any rate in most cases, that creeping insects are thus kept from the flowers. The viscid substance is found most frequently and abundantly on the peduncles immedi-

ately below the blossoms, or even on the blossoms themselves. In *Epimedium alpinum*, for instance, the leaves and lower part of the stem are smooth, while the peduncles are covered with glandular viscid hairs. The number of small insects which are limed and perish on such plants is very considerable. Kerner counted sixty-four small insects on one inflorescence of *Lychnis viscosa*. In other species the flower is viscid; as, for instance, in the gooseberry, *Linnæa borealis*, *Plumbago Europæa*, &c.

Polygonum amphibium is a very interesting case. The small rosy flowers are richly supplied with honey; but, from the structure of the flowers, it would not be fertilized by creeping insects. As its name indicates, this plant grows sometimes on land, sometimes in water. Those individuals, however, which grow on dry land are covered by innumerable glandular viscid hairs, which constitute an effectual protection. On the other hand, the individuals which grow in water are protected by their situation. To them the glandular hairs would be useless, and, in fact, on such specimens they are not developed.

In most of the cases hitherto mentioned the viscid substance is secreted by glandular hairs, but in others it is discharged by the ordinary cells of the surface. Kerner is of opinion that the milky juice of certain plants—for instance, of some species of *Lactuca* (lettuce)—answers the same purpose. He placed several kinds of ants on these plants, and was surprised to find that their sharp claws cut through the delicate epidermis; while through the minute clefts thus made the milky juice quickly exuded, by which the ants were soon glued down. Kerner is

even disposed to suggest that the nectaries which occur on certain leaves are a means of protection against the unwelcome, because unprofitable, visits of creeping insects, by diverting them from the flowers.

Thus, then, though ants do not influence the present condition of the vegetable kingdom to the same extent as bees, they have also had a considerable effect upon it in various ways.

Our European ants do not strip plants of their leaves. In the tropics, on the contrary, some species do much damage in this manner.

Bates considers that the leaves are used "to thatch the domes which cover the entrances to their subterranean dwellings, thereby protecting them from the rains." Belt, on the other hand, maintains that they are torn up into minute fragments, so as to form a flocculent mass, which serves as a bed for mushrooms; the ants are, in fact, he says, "mushroom growers and eaters."

Some trees are protected by one species of ants from others. A species of Acacia described by Belt bears hollow thorns, while each leaflet produces honey in a crater-formed gland at the base, as well as a small, sweet, pear-shaped body at the tip.

In consequence it is inhabited by myriads of a small ant, which nests in the hollow thorns, and thus finds meat, drink, and lodging all provided for it. These ants are continually roaming over the plant, and constitute a most efficient body-guard, not only driving off the leaf-cutting ants, but, in Belt's opinion, rendering the leaves less liable to be eaten by herbivorous mammalia. Delpino mentions

that on one occasion he was gathering a flower of *Clerodendrum fragrans*, when he was himself "suddenly attacked by a whole army of small ants."

Moseley has also called attention to the relations which have grown up between ants and two curious epiphytes, *Myrmecodia armata* and *Hydnophytum formicarum*. Both plants are associated in their growth with certain species of ants. As soon as the young plants develop a stem, the ants gnaw at the base of this, and the irritation causes the stem to swell; the ants continuing to irritate and excavate the swelling, it assumes a globular form, and may become even larger than a man's head.

"The globular mass contains within a labyrinth of chambers and passages, which are occupied by the ants as their nests; the walls of these chambers and the whole mass of the inflated stem retain their vitality and thrive, continuing to increase in size with growth. From the surface of the rounded mass are given off small twigs, bearing the leaves and flowers.

"It appears that this curious gall-like tumour on the stem has become a normal condition of the plants, which cannot thrive without the ants. In *Myrmecodia armata* the globular mass is covered with spine-like excrescences. The trees I referred to at Amboina had these curious spine-covered masses perched in every fork, and with them also smooth-surfaced masses of a species of *Hydnophytum*."

There are, of course, many cases in which the action of ants is very beneficial to plants. They kill off a great number of small caterpillars and other

insects. Forel found in one large nest that more than twenty-eight dead insects were brought in per minute; which would give during the period of greatest energy more than 100,000 insects destroyed in a day by the inhabitants of one nest alone.

HOMERIC VIEW OF A FUTURE STATE.

Right Hon. William Ewart Gladstone, M.P.

[Mr. Gladstone was the fourth son of Sir John Gladstone, Bart., of Fasque, county Kincardine, N.B. He was born at Liverpool, December 29, 1809, and was educated at Eton and Christchurch, Oxford, where he took a double first-class in 1831. He was returned a member of Parliament in the Conservative interest in 1832, and was appointed, by Sir Robert Peel, a Junior Lord of the Treasury and Under Secretary for Colonial Affairs, 1834. But he separated himself from the Conservatives in 1851. He was four times Prime Minister; but it is as a literary man, not as a great statesman, that we must speak of him here. He has won a foremost place in literature as a profound thinker and eloquent writer on an immense number of subjects (more than our space will permit us to mention). His "Studies on Homer and the Homeric Age," 1858, and his "Juventus Mundi, the Gods and Men of the Heroic Ages," 1869, are justly celebrated. It is from the latter work that the following extract is taken, by the late author's courteous permission. He died May 19, 1898.]

The picture of the future state of man in Homer is eminently truthful as a representation of a creed which had probably fallen into dilapidation, and of the feelings which clustered about it; and it is perhaps unrivalled in the perfectly natural, but penetrating force, with which it conveys the effect of dreariness and gloom. It does not appear to be in all respects coherent and symmetrical; and,

while nothing betokens that this defect is owing to the diversity of the sources from which the traditions are drawn, it is such as might be due to the waste wrought by time and change on a belief which had at an earlier date been self-consistent.

The future life, however, is in Homer used with solemnity and force as a sanction of the moral laws, especially in so far as the crime of perjury is concerned.[1]

The Erinnes dwell in the Underworld, and punish perjurers. As the Erinnes are invoked with reference to other offences, we may therefore presume them also to have been punishable in the Underworld.

The world to come is exhibited to us by Homer in three divisions.

First, there is the Elysian plain, apparently under the government of Rhadamanthus, to which Menelaos will be conducted, or rather perhaps translated, in order to die there; not for his virtues, however, but because he is the husband of Helen, and so the son-in-law of Zeus. The main characteristic of this abode seems to be easy and abundant subsistence, with an atmosphere free from the violence of winter and from rain and snow. Okeanos freshens it with Zephyrus; it is therefore apparently on the western border of the world.[2] Mr. Max Müller conjectures that Elysium (ἦλυθον) may be a name simply expressing the future.[3]

The whole conception, however, may be deemed

[1] Il. iii. 297; xix. 259.
[2] Od. iv. 561, 569.
[3] Lectures on Languages, ii. 562.

more or less ambiguous, inasmuch as the Elysian state is antecedent to death.

2. Next comes the Underworld proper, the general receptacle of human spirits. It nowhere receives a territorial name in Homer, but is called the abode of Aïdes, or of Aïdes and Persephone. Its character is chill, drear, and dark; the very gods abhor it.[1] Better to serve for hire even a needy master, says the shade of Achilles, than to be lord over all the dead.[2] It reaches, however, under the crust of the earth; for, in the Theomachy, Aïdoneus dreads lest the earthquake of Poseidon should lay open his domain to gods and men.[3]

Minos administers justice among the dead as a king would on earth, but they are in general under no penal infliction. Three cases only are mentioned as cases of suffering: those of Tituos, Tantalos, and Sisuphos.[4] The offence is only named in the case of Tituos; it was violence offered to the goddess Leto. Heracles suffers a strange discerption of individuality; for his eidolon or shade moves and speaks here, while "he himself is at the banquets of the immortals."[5] Again, Castor and Pollux are here, and are alive on alternate days, while they enjoy on earth the honours of deities.[6]

Here, then, somewhat conflicting conditions seem to be combined.

Within the dreary region seems to be a palace,

[1] Il. xx. 65 *n.* [2] Od. xi. 489.
[3] Il. xx. 1. Comp. Od. xi. 302.
[4] Od. xi. 576, 582, 593.
[5] Od. xi. 601, 627. [6] Od. xi. 300, 304.

which is in a more special sense the residence of its rulers.[1]

The access to the Underworld is in the far East, by the Ocean river, at a full day's sail from the Euxine, in the country of the cloud-wrapt Kimmerioi.[2] From this point the way lies, for an indefinite distance, up the stream, to a point where the beach is narrow, and where Persephone is worshipped in her groves of poplar and of willow.[3]

3. There is also the region of Tartaros, as far below that of Aïdes as Aïdes is below the earth. Here dwell Iapetos and Kronos, far from the solar ray.[4] Kronos has a band of gods around him, who have in another place the epithet of sub-Tartarean, and the name of Titans.[5] It does not appear whether these are at all identified with the deposed dynasty of the Nature Powers, whose dwelling is in the Underworld,[6] and with whom the human dead had communication, for Achilles charges the shade of Patroclos with a commission to the river Spercheios.[7]

The line, therefore, between the realm of Aïdes and the dark Tartaros is obscurely drawn; but in general we may say that, while the former was for men, the latter was for deposed or condemned Immortals. We hear of the offences of Eurumedon and the Giants with their ruler,[8] and, though their place is not named, we may presume them, as well as Otos and Ephialtes, to be in Tartaros, in addi-

1 Od. xi. 627, 635.
2 Od. xi. 9–14.
3 Od. x. 506–512.
4 Il. viii. 16, 479.
5 Il. xix. 274, 279.
6 Il. iii. 278.
7 Il. xxiii. 144–153.
8 Od vii. 60.

tion to the deities already named.[1] Hither it is that Zeus threatens to hurl down refractory divinities of the Olympian Court.[2]

The threefold division of the unseen world is in some kind of correspondence with the Christian, and with what may have been the patriarchal tradition; as is the retributive character of the future state, however imperfectly developed, and the continuance there of the habits and propensities acquired on earth.

The Olympian System and its Results.

The history of the race of Adam before the Advent is the history of a long and varied but incessant preparation for the Advent. It is commonly perceived that Greece contributed a language and an intellectual discipline, Rome a political organisation, to the apparatus which was put in readiness to assist the propagation of the Gospel; and that each of these, in its kind, was the most perfect that the world had produced. I have endeavoured elsewhere to show with some fulness what was the place of Greece in the Providential order of the world,[3] and likewise what was the relation of Homer to the Greeks and to their part of the Divine plan, as compared with the relation of the Sacred Scriptures to the chosen people of God.[4] I cannot now enter on that field at large, yet neither can I part

[1] Od. xi. 318. Il. v. 385, 407.
[2] Il. v. 897, 898; viii. 10; xvii. 401-406.
[3] Address to the University of Edinburgh, 1865.
[4] Studies on Homer, vol. ii., Olympos, sect. x.

without a word from the subject of the Olympian religion.

In the works of Homer, this design is projected with such extraordinary grandeur, that the representation of it, altogether apart from the general merits of the poems, deserves to be considered as one of the topmost achievements of the human mind. Yet its character, as it was first and best set forth in its entirety from the brain of the finisher and the maker, is not more wonderful than its subsequent influence and duration in actual life. For during twelve or fourteen hundred years it was the religion of the most thoughtful, the most fruitful, the most energetic portions of the human family. It yielded to Christianity alone; and to the Church it yielded with reluctance, summoning up strength in its extreme old age, and only giving way after an intellectual as well as a civil battle, obstinately fought and lasting for generations. For the greater part of a century after the fall of Constantinople, in the chief centres of a Christian civilisation in many respects degenerated, and an ecclesiastical power too little faithful to its trust, Greek letters and Greek thought once again asserted their strength over the most cultivated minds of Italy, in a manner which testified to the force and to the magic charm with which they were imperishably endowed. Even within what may be called our own time, the Olympian religion has exercised a fascination altogether extraordinary over the mind of Goethe, who must be regarded as standing in the very first rank of the great minds of the latest centuries.

The Olympian religion, however, owes perhaps as

large a share of its triumphs to its depraved accommodations as to its excellences. Yet an instrument so durable, potent, and elastic must certainly have had a purpose to serve. Let us consider for a moment what it might have been.

We have seen how closely, and in how many ways, it bound humanity and deity together. As regarded matter of duty and virtue, not to speak of that highest form of virtue which is called holiness, this union was effected mainly by lowering the divine element. But as regarded all other functions of our nature, outside the domain of the life to Godward, all those functions which are summed up in what St. Paul calls the flesh and the mind, the psychic and the bodily life, the tendency of the system was to exalt the human element, by proposing a model of beauty, strength, and wisdom, in all their combinations, so elevated, that the efforts to attain them required a continued upward strain. It made divinity attainable; and thus it effectually directed the thought and aims of man

"Along the line of limitless desires."

Such a scheme of religion, though failing grossly in the government of the passions and in upholding the standard of moral duties, tended powerfully to produce a lofty self-respect, and a large, free, and varied conception of humanity. It incorporated itself in schemes of notable discipline for mind and body, indeed of a lifelong education; and these habits of mind and action had their marked results (to omit many other greatnesses) in a philosophy, litera-

ture, and art which remain to this day unrivalled or unsurpassed.

The sacred fire, indeed, that was to touch the mind and heart of man from above was in preparation elsewhere. Within the shelter of the hills that stand about Jerusalem, the great Archetype of the spiritual excellence and purification of man was to be produced and matured; but a body, as it were, was to be made ready for this angelic soul. And as when some splendid edifice is to be reared, its diversified materials are brought from this quarter and from that, according as nature and man favour their production, so did the wisdom of God, with slow but ever sure device, cause to ripen amidst the several races best adapted for the work the several component parts of the noble fabric of a Christian manhood and a Christian civilisation. "The kings of Tharsis and of the isles shall give presents; the kings of Arabia and Saba shall bring gifts." Every worker was, with or without his knowledge and his will, to contribute to the work. And among them an appropriate part was thus assigned both to the Greek people, and to what I have termed the Olympian religion.

Character of Achilles.

The character of Achilles, as I view it, differs from that of all other heroes of poetry and romance in these respects: it is more intense; it is more colossal in scale; it ranges over a wider compass, from the borders of savagery to the most tender emotions and the most delicate refinements. Yet

all its parts are so accurately graduated and so nicely interwoven, that the whole tissue is perfectly consistent with itself.

The self-government of such a character is, indeed, very partial. But any degree of self-government is a wonder when we consider over what volcanic forces it is exercised. It is a constantly recurring effort at rule over a constantly recurring rebellion; and there is a noble contrast between the strain put upon his strength in order to suppress his own passion, and the masterful ease with which he prostrates all his enemies in the field. The command, always in danger, is never wholly lost. It is commonly re-established by a supreme and desperate struggle; and sometimes, as in the first assembly after the intervention of Athenè,[1] we see the tide of passion flowing to a point at which it resembles a horse that has gained its utmost speed, yet remains under the full control of its rider.

Ferocity is an element in his character, but it is not its base. It is always grounded in, and springing from, some deeper sentiment of which it is the manifestation. His ferocity towards the Greeks grows out of the intensity of his indignation at the foul wrong done, with every heightening circumstance of outward insult, not merely to him, but in his person to every principle of honour, right, and justice in the matter of Briseis; as well as to the real attachment he felt for her. His ferocity towards Hector is the counterpart and recoil of the intensity of his passionate love for the dead Patroclos.

[1] Il. i. 219–346.

Magnitude, grandeur, majesty, form the framework on which Homer has projected the character of Achilles. And these are in their truest forms; those forms which contract to touch the smaller, as they expand to grasp the greater things. The scope of this character is like the sweep of an organ over the whole gamut, from the lowest bass to the highest treble, with all its diversities of tone and force as well as pitch. From the fury of the first assembly, he calms down to receive with courtesy the pursuivants who demand Briseis. From the gentle pleasure of the lyre, he kindles into the stern excitement of the magnificent debate of the Ninth Book. From his terrible vengeance against the torn limbs of Hector he melts into tears at the view and the discourse of Priam. The sea, that home of marvels, presents no wider, no grander contrast, nor offers us an image more perfect according to its kind in each of its varying moods. Foils, too, are employed with skill to exalt the hero. The half-animated bulk and strength of Ajax (who was also greatly beautiful[1]) exhibit to us the mere clay of Achilles, without the vivifying fire. The beauty of Nireus,[2] wedded to effeminacy, sets off the transcendent, and yet manful and heroic, beauty of Achilles; and the very ornaments of gold, which in Nastes the Carian[3] only suggest Asiatic luxury and relaxation, when they are borne on the person of the great Achaian hero, seem but a new form of tribute to his glorious manhood.

[1] Od. xi. 469. [2] Il. ii. 671.
[3] Il. ii. 872.

A GLANCE AT THE "WITENAGEMOT" IN THE REIGN OF EDWARD THE CONFESSOR.

Sir Francis Palgrave.

[Sir Francis Palgrave was born in London in 1788, the son of Jewish parents named Cohen. He practised as a barrister in pedigree cases before the House of Lords. In 1832 he published his "Rise and Progress of the English Commonwealth," and in the same year received knighthood in recognition of his contributions to constitutional and parliamentary history. In 1838 he was made Deputy-Keeper of Her Majesty's Records, an office which he held till his death. Sir Francis was a great antiquarian. His "Merchant and Friar" is a well-known work, as well as his "History of England and Normandy." From his "History of the Anglo-Saxons" the following extract is taken. Sir Francis died in 1861. He left two sons, both gifted with great literary talents.]

We will suppose ourselves placed in the hall of Edward the Confessor, he who, like his predecessors, held the state of "King of the English"—Basileus of Britain—Emperor and ruler of all the sovereigns and nations who inhabit the island—Lord Paramount of the sceptres of the Cumbrians, the Scots, and the Britons—and suppose yourself to be Haco, a Norwegian stranger, introduced by an Anglo-Saxon friend, and listening to his explanations of the assembly which you behold.

"Those persons who are sitting and standing nearest to the king are his chief officers of state. That tall, thin, rough-looking man is Algar, the *Stallere*, whom the Franks call the Constable of the Host; and, great as he is, I assure you, Haco, that not one of the king's horses is sent to grass without

his special order. The portly nobleman with the huge knife and wooden trencher is Æthelmar, the *Dish Thane;* he carves the meat for royalty. Hugoline, that cautious, sly-looking clerk, is the *Bower Thane* or Chamberlain; he keeps the key of the king's *Hoard.* You would be astonished to see the heaps of treasure in the low, vaulted chamber; and yet there is not quite so much in the Hoard as there used to be. After we had driven out your countryman, the usurper Hardicanute, and restored our darling King Edward, the true and legitimate heir of the right royal line of Cerdic, the *Huscarls* of the Palace still continued to collect the Danegeld as rigidly as before; and many an honest husbandman had his house and land sold over his head, within three days after the tax became due, to pay the arrears which he had incurred. Not that our worthy king was ever a penny the better for the Danegeld. Good man, he never troubles himself about money; he leaves all that charge to Hugoline. If you were to empty King Edward's purse before his face, he would not bid you stay your hand; he would only say, 'Take care, friend, that you are not found out by Hugoline.' Though the king was so little benefited by these taxes, I suppose that others fared better; and the Danegeld was levied as rigidly as ever, until one day the king rose from his bed, asked Hugoline for the key, and went alone into the Hoard. And when he came out again, he told us all, with looks of the utmost horror, that he had seen the foul Fiend dancing upon the money-bags containing the gold which had been wrung from his suffering people, and grinning

with delight. Whether the king had really seen anything, or whether we inconsiderately took as a fact what he intended merely as a parable, denoting his opinion of the iniquity of the taxation, I cannot tell, but from that day the Danegeld was levied no more.

"Those quiet shrewd-looking men with shaven crowns are Osbern, Peter, Robert, Gyso, and the rest of the Clerks of the King's Chapel. He who sits at the head of the bench is Reinbaldus, the Chancellor. These venerable persons have been gradually gaining more and more influence in the Witenagemot; though anciently they were only appointed for the purpose of celebrating Mass and singing in the King's Chapel; and Reinbaldus, the Chancellor, holds merely the place of the Archchaplain of the French kings; he is a kind of Dean, the king's confessor, who takes care of the king's conscience, and imposes very hard penances upon him when he has sinned. But for some time past, our kings have been accustomed to turn their chaplains really to good use, by employing them constantly as their writing clerks. In this capacity the most important matters of public business must pass through their hands. Hence they have much power and a power which was totally unknown to our ancestors; and in this innovating age, their influence has been greatly increased by a fashion which our good King Edward has brought from France. He has caused a great seal to be made, on which you may see his effigy in his imperial robes; and to all the *writs* or written letters which issue in his name an impression from that seal is appended.

"It is by such writs that our king signifies his commands. If a question of great importance is to be decided before the Thanes of the Shire in a manner out of the ordinary course, it is heard before certain clerks and others, named by the king's writ. If a clerk is promoted to a bishopric, he must have a writ before he can be placed on his chair or throne. If you wish to obtain the king's protection, or his 'peace,' you had best obtain a writ, by which this favour is testified. For this purpose you must apply to the Clerks of the Chapel. Whether issued by the king's special direction or not, the writ is often a long time in making its appearance, and suitors find that a golden cup placed in the king's wardrobe, or a bay stallion sent to the royal stable, has a great effect in driving the Chaplain's quill.

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"So much for those about the king. With respect to the Witenagemot itself, you will observe that it is divided into three Orders or Estates. The mitres and cowls of those who are nearest the king sufficiently point out that the 'Lewed Folk,' or laymen, have yielded the place of honour to the clergy. The Prelates, however, have a double right to be present, not only as teachers of the people, but as landlords. Our government, Haco, is founded upon the principle that in all matters concerning the commonwealth the king ought to take the advice and opinion of the principal owners of the soil. We allow only two qualifications for a seat in this assembly; either such a station as in itself is an undeniable voucher for the character and respectability of the individual, or such a share of real property as may be considered

a permanent security for his good behaviour. Noble birth alone, much as we respect ancient lineage, tells for nothing whatever in our English Witenagemot, if unaccompanied by the qualification of clerkship or property.

"You see that near the Bishops and Abbots are many clergy of inferior degree. Every Bishop brings with him a certain number of priests elected or selected from his own diocese; learned clerks have told me that this is in compliance with the canon of an ancient council; and they believe that this deputation from the dioceses has in some measure contributed to shape our temporal legislature. Others think that some such councils as the Witenagemots were held even when the Romans governed this island, and built those stately towns and palaces of which you have seen the ruins. If Bishop Aldhelm, he who was so well read in the old Roman law-books, still lived, perhaps he could give you fuller explanations.

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"Beneath the clergy sit the lay peers and other rulers, who are bound by homage to the Crown. That vacant seat belongs to Malcolm, King of the Scots, or, as some begin to call him, the King of Scotland. The wicked usurper Macbeth had possession of his throne, and of those dominions in Lothian in respect of which the homage of the King of Scots is more particularly rendered. Malcolm, the vassal of our King Edward, had a full right to claim the aid of his superior, and it was granted right nobly. By King Edward's command the stout Earl Siward marched all his forces across the Tweed, with

a mighty army. Macbeth had called the Northmen, —your countrymen, Haco—to his aid; but his resistance was hopeless; he was expelled, and Malcolm, as King Edward had commanded, was restored to the inheritance of his ancestors. Malcolm ought to be here in person. When he comes up, he is escorted from shire to shire by Earls and Bishops; and at convenient distances, mansions and townships have been assigned to him, where he and his attendants may abide and rest; yet with all these aids, the journey is most tedious, and not unfrequently accompanied by danger; besides which, it is not altogether safe for Malcolm to leave the wild Scots, his turbulent subjects, uncontrolled during the very long space of time—seldom so little as half a year—which he must pass upon the road. Watling Street is much out of repair; it has not had a stone laid upon it since the arrival of Hengist and Horsa, and the top of the Roman fosse-way is worse than the bottom of a ditch, and therefore the attendance of the King of Scots is generally excused.

"The King of Cumbria, and the kings or underkings of the Welsh, sit nigh unto the King of Scots. The two latter, Blethyn and Rhivallon, have just now sworn oaths to King Edward, and given hostages that they will be faithful to him in all things, and everywhere ready to serve him by sea and land, and that they will perform all such obligations, in respect of the country, as ever their predecessors had done to his predecessors. But the Welsh are an unfaithful nation, untrue even to themselves. Griffith, the brother of the Welsh kings to whom they succeed, was slain by his own men, and his

bloody head was sent by Earl Harold to King Edward at London. The Welsh are constantly rebelling against us; but we keep a firm hold upon them, and compel them, upon every needful occasion, to acknowledge our supremacy. To do them justice, though they rebel they are truth-tellers, and never deny the fact of their legal subjection. In their triads, as well as in their laws, they commemorate the sum paid by Wales when their kings received the seizin or possession of their country from the King of London.

"And in the very register-book of their Cathedral of Landaff, have they recorded how Howell the Good submitted to the judgment of the Witenagemot held by Edward the Elder, the son of the Great Alfred, and was compelled to restore to Morganhên and his son Owen the rich commots or lordships of Ystradwy and Ewyas, which he had appropriated to himself, contrary to conscience and equity.

"On the same bench with these vassal kings sit the great Earls of the realm, distinguished by the golden collars and caps of maintenance which they wear. These marks of honour have, however, long belonged to them; for it is thus that the effigy of the venerable Aylwine of East Anglia is adorned, as you may see upon his tomb at Ramsey Minster. He who looks so fell and grim is Siward, the son of Beorn, Earl of Northumbria. The good people in the North, who give credit to all the Sagas, or lying tales of your Scalds, actually believe that Siward's grandfather was a bear in the forests of Norway, and that when his father Beorn lifted up his un-

combed locks, the two pointed shaggy ears, which he had inherited from the bear, testified the nature of his sire. Siward himself takes no pains to contradict this story. On the contrary, I rather think that he considers it as a piece of good policy to encourage any report which may add to the terror inspired by his name. He has declared that he will never die except in full armour.

"Earl Leofric of Mercia, as you see, keeps at a distance from Earl Godwin of Wessex. These noblemen are always opposed to each other; and I dread the consequences of such dissensions. Some Earls rule only single shires. They ought more properly to be called aldermen; but our old English name is becoming unfashionable; it has given way to the Danish appellation, introduced under Canute, who, as I need scarcely tell you, Haco, really and truly conquered England.

"The Earls thus constitute the second order of the Witan. The third and lowest order in rank, yet by no means the least in importance, is composed of the Thanes, who serve the king in time of war with the swords by which they are girt, and who are therefore called the king's ministers. The Thanes are all landholders, and no individual, however noble he may be, can sit amongst them unless he is entitled to land. An East Anglian Thane used to be required to possess a qualification of forty hydes, each containing from a hundred to a hundred and twenty acres. In Wessex, I believe, five hydes are sufficient; but I am not sure, for our customs vary in almost every shire. We have no books in which they are set forth, and the wisest clerk in

Hampshire would be often puzzled if you asked him what goes for law on the other side of the Avon.

"When the Witenagemot was last held at Oxford, I recollect conversing with some Thanes who came from the Danish burghs, and here also may be others from the great cities of this kingdom. I understand that in many of our ancient cities, the aldermen, the law-men, and other magistrates, exercise their authority by virtue of the lands to which their offices are annexed. I dare say they are all in the house, but the place is so dark, that at this distance I really cannot distinguish their faces. As to that mixed multitude by whom the farther part of the hall is crowded, and who can be just seen behind the Thanes, they consist, as far as I can judge, of the class of folks who come together in vast crowds at the meetings of our hundreds and our shires. It is usual in these assemblies that four good men and the Reeve should appear from every upland or rural township; their office being to give testimony, and to perform other acts relating to the administration of justice, and also to receive the commands of their superiors. In the Witenagemot, I believe, they are seldom or never called upon to act; but they attend from ancient custom deduced perhaps from the old time when our kings were merely the aldermen of a single shire, and when the court in which they presided was merely the moot of their own little territory, and whatever the rights or privileges of these churls might be in days of yore, I am tolerably sure of what they are *not* in these modern times. They have no weight or influence in the

enactment of any law; voices indeed they may have, but only for the purpose of crying out, *Yea, Yea*, when the Doom enacted by advice of the Witan is proclaimed.

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"Yet you must not suppose that these rustics are excluded by any perpetual bar. It was whilome the old English law, that if a merchant crossed the sea three times at his own risk, he obtained the rank of Thane. Five hydes of land possessed by the churl for three generations, if held by him, his son, and his son's son, placed the family in the class of those who were gentle by birth and blood—'Sithcundmen,' as such families were then called before King Alfred's day; and though such laws are connected with usages and doctrines which have become obsolete, still we retain all the spirit of our ancient lessons of freedom; and if qualified by station and property, there is no man between the Channel and the Water of Scotland who may not acquire a share in the government of our Empire.

"Haco, you well know how we call this assembly?—A '*Micel getheaht*,' or *Great thought*—a *Witena-gemot*, or 'Meeting of the Wise'—and at present it well deserves its name. Our *Redes-men* or Counsellors, the members of the legislature, ponder much before they come together, say little, and write less. All the Dooms or Statutes which have been enacted since the days of King Ethelbert, would not fill four-and-twenty leaves of that brass-bound missal which Thorold the Acolyte has dropped amongst the rushes on the floor. Hence, our common people know the laws and respect

them; and, what is of much greater importance, they respect the law-makers. Long may they continue to deserve respect. But I am not without apprehensions for the future. We are strangely fond of novelty. Since the days of King Egbert, we have been accustomed to consider the French as the very patterns of good government and civilisation. And although we have seen king after king expelled, there are numbers amongst us, including some very estimable personages, who continue firm in this delusion. I hear that, amongst the French, they designate such legislative assemblies as ours by the name of a '*colloquium*,' or, as we should say, a *talk*—which they render in their corrupted Romance jargon by the word *Parlement;* and should our *Witenagemot*, our *Micel getheaht*, ever cease to be a *Meeting of the Wise*, or *Great thought*, and become a *Parlement*, or *Great-talk*, it will be worse for England than if a myriad of your Northern Pirates were to ravage the land from sea to sea.

"Haco, mark my words—if our Witan ever enter into long debates, consequences most ruinous to the state must inevitably ensue—they will begin by contradicting one another, and end by contradicting themselves. Constantly raising expectations which they never can fulfil; each party systematically decrying the acts of the other; the Socmen and Churls, who compose the great body of the people, will at last fancy that the *Witan* are no wiser than the rest of the community. They will suppose that the art of government requires neither skill nor practice; that it is accessible to the meanest capacity; and that it requires nothing but *Parlement*, or *Great*

talk ; leaving their ploughs and their harrows, armed with their flails and pitchforks, they will rush into the Hall. They will demolish the throne, and seizing the sceptre and the sword, they will involve the whole state in unutterable confusion and misery."

Allowing for a few anachronisms in the grouping of the individual characters, which do not alter the general truth of the picture, such was the aspect of the "Witenagemot," as far as it can be gathered from the documents which now exist.

THE BEST ENGLISH PEOPLE.

William Makepeace Thackeray.

[This great novelist was born in Calcutta in 1811, was educated at the Charter House, and subsequently at Cambridge. He studied art at Rome, desiring to become an artist by profession; but circumstances threw him into the world of letters and journalism, and he gained some distinction as a writer in *Fraser's Magazine*, under the pseudonym of Michael Angelo Titmarsh, under which name he also published several works. He wrote frequently also for *Punch*, and established his reputation as a social satirist. But the publication of "Vanity Fair" placed him amongst the first novelists of the day. It was followed by "Pendennis," "The Newcomes" and "The Virginians," and his historical novel "Esmond," one of the finest of his works. His "Adventures of Philip on his Way through the World" was his last great novel. At the time of his death he was proceeding with another in the *Cornhill Magazine*, which promised to have a new interest in its sketches of the smuggling traffic that was carried on in the days of high duties and protection. Thackeray died on Christmas Eve, 1863.]

Before long, Beckey received not only "the best" foreigners (as the phrase is in our noble and admirable society slang), but some of the best English

people too. I don't mean the most virtuous, or indeed the least virtuous, or the cleverest, or the stupidest, or the richest, or the best born, but "the best,"—in a word, people about whom there is no question—such as the great Lady Fitz-Willis, that patron saint of Almack's, the great Lady Slowbore, the great Lady Grizzel Macbeth (she was Lady G. Glowry, daughter of Lord Grey of Glowry), and the like. When the Countess of Fitz-Willis (her ladyship is of the King Street family, see Debrett and Burke) takes up a person, he or she is safe. There is no question about them any more. Not that my Lady Fitz-Willis is any better than anybody else, being, on the contrary, a faded person, fifty-seven years of age, and neither handsome, nor wealthy, nor entertaining; but it is agreed on all sides that she is of the "best people." Those who go to her are of the best; and from an old grudge, probably to Lady Steyne (for whose coronet her ladyship, then the youthful Georgina Frederica, daughter of the Prince of Wales's favourite, the Earl of Portansherry, had once tried), this great and famous leader of the fashion chose to acknowledge Mrs. Rawdon Crawley: made her a most marked curtsey at the assembly over which she presided, and not only encouraged her son, St. Kitt's (his lordship got his place through Lord Steyne's interest), to frequent Mr. Crawley's house, but asked her to her own mansion, and spoke to her twice in the most public and condescending manner during dinner. The important fact was known all over London that night. People who had been crying fie about Mrs. Crawley were silent. Wenham, the wit and lawyer,

Lord Steyne's right-hand man, went about everywhere praising her: some who had hesitated, came forward at once and welcomed her. Little Tom Toady, who had warned Southdown about visiting such an abandoned woman, now besought to be introduced to her. In a word, she was admitted to be among the "best" people. Ah! my beloved readers and brethren, do not envy poor Beckey prematurely—glory like this is said to be fugitive. It is currently reported that even in the very inmost circles they are no happier than the poor wanderers outside the zone; and Beckey, who penetrated into the very centre of fashion, and saw the great George IV. face to face, has owned since that there too was vanity.

We must be brief in descanting upon this part of her career. As I cannot describe the mysteries of Freemasonry, although I have a shrewd idea that it is a humbug; so an uninitiated man cannot take upon himself to portray the great world accurately, and had best keep his opinions to himself, whatever they are.

Beckey has often spoken in subsequent years of this season of her life, when she moved among the very greatest circles of the London fashion. Her success excited, elated, and then bored her. At first no occupation was more pleasant than to invent and procure (the latter a work of no small trouble and ingenuity, by the way, in a person of Mrs. Rawdon Crawley's very narrow means)—to procure, we say, the prettiest new dresses and ornaments; to drive to fine dinner-parties, where she was welcomed by great people: and from the fine dinner-

parties to fine assemblies, whither the same people came with whom she had been dining, whom she had met the night before, and would see on the morrow—the young men faultlessly appointed, handsomely cravatted, with the neatest glossy boots and white gloves—the elders portly, brass buttoned, noble-looking, polite, and prosy—the young ladies blonde, timid, and in pink—the mothers grand, beautiful, sumptuous, solemn, and in diamonds. They talked in English, not in bad French, as they do in the novels. They talked about each other's houses, and characters, and families, just as the Joneses do about the Smiths. Beckey's former acquaintances hated and envied her: the poor woman herself was yawning in spirit. "I wish I were out of it," she said to herself. "I would rather be a parson's wife, and teach a Sunday-school, than this; or a sergeant's lady, and ride in the regimental waggon, or, oh! how much gayer it would be to wear spangles and trousers, and dance before a booth at a fair."

"You would do it very well," said Lord Steyne, laughing. She used to tell the great man her ennuis and perplexities in her artless way—they amused him.

"Rawdon would make a very good Ecuyer—master of the ceremonies—what do you call him—the man in the large boots and the uniform, who goes round the ring cracking the whip? He is large, heavy, and of a military figure. I recollect," Beckey continued pensively, "my father took me to see a show at Brook Green Fair, when I was a child, and when we came home I made myself

a pair of stilts, and danced in the studio, to the wonder of all the pupils."

"I should have liked to see it," said Lord Steyne.

"I should like to do it now," Beckey continued. "How Lady Blinkey would open her eyes, and Lady Grizzel Macbeth would stare! Hush, silence! there is Pasta beginning to sing." Beckey always made a point of being conspicuously polite to the professional ladies and gentlemen who attended at these aristocratic parties—of following them into the corners where they sat in silence, and shaking hands with them, and smiling in the view of all persons. She was an artist herself, as she said very truly. There was a frankness and humility in the manner in which she acknowledged her origin, which provoked, or disarmed, or amused lookers-on, as the case might be. "How cool that woman is," said one; "what airs of independence she assumes, where she ought to sit still, and be thankful if anybody speaks to her." "What an honest and good-natured soul she is," said another. "What an artful little minx," said a third. They were all right, very likely; but Beckey went her own way, and so fascinated the professional personages, that they would leave off their sore throats in order to sing at her parties, and give her lessons for nothing.

Yes, she gave parties in the little house in Curzon Street. Many scores of carriages, with blazing lamps, blocked up the street, to the disgust of No. 100, who could not rest for the thunder of the knocking, and of 102, who could not sleep for envy. The gigantic footmen who accompanied the vehicles were too big to be contained in Beckey's

little hall, and were billeted off in the neighbouring public-houses, whence, when they were wanted, call-boys summoned them from their beer. Some of the great dandies of London squeezed and trod on each other on the little stairs, laughing to find themselves there; and many spotless and severe ladies of *ton* were seated in a little drawing-room, listening to the professional singers, who were singing according to their wont, and as if they wished to blow the windows down. And the day after there appeared, among the fashionable reunions in the *Morning Post*, a paragraph to the following effect:—

"Yesterday, Colonel and Mrs. Crawley entertained a select party at dinner at their house in May Fair. Their Excellencies the Prince and Princess of Peterwarachin, H.E., Papoosh Pasha, the Turkish Ambassador (attended by Kibob Bey, dragoman of the Mission), the Marquess of Steyne, Earl of Southdown, Mr. Pitt, and Lady Jane Crawley, Mr. Wag, &c. After dinner Mrs. Crawley had an assembly, which was attended by the Duchess (Dowager) of Stilton, Duc de la Gruyère, Marchioness of Cheshire, Marchese Alessandro Strachino, Comte de Brie, Baron Schapzuger, Chevalier Tasti, Countess of Slingstone, and Lady F. Macadam, Major-General and Lady G. Macbeth, and (2) Misses Macbeth, Viscount Paddington, Sir Horace Fogey, Hon. Sands Bedwin, Bobbachy Bahawder," and an &c., which the reader may fill at his pleasure through a dozen close lines of small type.

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How the Crawleys got the money which was spent upon the entertainments with which they treated the polite world was a mystery which gave rise to some conversation at the time, and probably added zest to these little festivities. Some persons averred that Sir Pitt Crawley gave his brother a handsome allowance; if he did, Beckey's power over the baronet must have been extraordinary indeed, and his character greatly changed in his advanced age. Other parties hinted that it was Beckey's habit to levy contributions on all her husband's friends: going to this one in tears with an account that there was an execution in the house; falling on her knees to that one, and declaring that the whole family must go to gaol, or commit suicide, unless such and such a bill could be paid. Lord Southdown, it was said, had been induced to give many hundreds through these pathetic representations. Young Feltham of the —th Dragoons (and son of the firm of Tiler and Feltham, hatters and army accoutrement makers), and whom the Crawleys introduced into fashionable life, was also cited as one of Beckey's victims in the pecuniary way. People declared that she got money from various simply disposed persons, under pretence of getting them confidential appointments under Government. Who knows what stories were or were not told of our dear and innocent friend? Certain it is, that if she had had all the money which she was said to have begged or borrowed or stolen, she might have capitalised, and been honest for life, whereas—but this is advancing matters.

The truth is, that by economy and good manage-

ment—by a sparing use of ready money, and by paying scarcely anybody—people can manage, for a time at least, to make a great show with very little means: and it is our belief that Beckey's much-talked-of parties, which were not, after all was said, very numerous, cost this lady very little more than the wax candles which lighted the walls. Stillbrook and Queen's Crawley supplied her with game and fruit in abundance. Lord Steyne's cellars were at her disposal, and that excellent nobleman's famous cook presided over her little kitchen, or sent by my lord's order the rarest delicacies from their own. I protest it is quite shameful in the world to abuse a simple creature, as people of her time abused Beckey, and I warn the public against believing one tenth of the stories against her. If every person is to be banished from society who runs into debt and cannot pay—if we are to be peering into everybody's private life, speculating upon their income, and cutting them if we don't approve of their expenditure—why, what a howling wilderness and intolerable dwelling Vanity Fair would be. Every man's hand would be against his neighbour in this case, my dear sir, and the benefits of civilisation would be done away with. We should be quarrelling, abusing, avoiding one another. Our houses would become caverns: and we should go in rags because we cared for nobody. Rents would go down. Parties wouldn't be given any more. All the tradesmen of the town would be bankrupt. Wine, wax-lights, comestibles, rouge, crinoline petticoats, diamonds, wigs, Louis-quatorze gim-cracks, and old china, park hacks, and splendid

high-stepping carriage horses—all the delights of life, I say, would go to the deuce, if people did but act upon their silly principles, and avoid those whom they dislike and abuse. Whereas, by a little charity and mutual forbearance, things are made to go on pleasantly enough: we may abuse a man as much as we like, and call him the greatest rascal unhung—but do we wish to hang him therefore? No; we shake hands when we meet. If his cook is good, we forgive him, and go and dine with him; and we expect he will do the same by us. Thus trade flourishes — civilisation advances; peace is kept; new dresses are wanted for new assemblies every week, and the last year's vintage of Lafitte will remunerate the honest proprietor who reared it.

HINTS ON MENTAL CULTURE.

LORD LYTTON.

[Lord Lytton was not only a great novelist, he was also an essayist; and when we remember the wonderful manner in which he kept up to the age in his last novels—the marked improvement in "The Caxtons"—we shall be inclined to believe that no one could give us better hints on mental culture. The following extract is from his "Caxtoniana;" volumes which ought to be read by every student, and it is inserted by courteous permission of Messrs. Blackwood.]

IN the high-wrought state of civilisation at which we are arrived, few complaints are more common than that of a brain overworked. This complaint is not confined to authors and students; it extends to all who strive for name and fortune against eager

and numerous competitors. The politician, the professional man, the merchant, the speculator—all must experience that strain of special faculties in the direction towards special objects, out of which comes nervous exhaustion, with the maladies consequent on over-stimulus and prolonged fatigue. Horace is a sound pathologist when he tells us that, after Prometheus had stolen fire from heaven, a cohort of fevers, unknown before, encamped themselves on earth. In our audacious age we are always stealing new fire and swelling the cohort of fevers with new recruits. The weary descendant of Iapetus droops at last—the stolen fire begins to burn low—the watchful cohort pounces on its prey. The doctor is summoned, hears the case, notes the symptoms, and prescribes—repose.

But repose is not always possible. The patient cannot stop in the midst of his career—in the thick of his schemes. Or, supposing that he rush off to snatch a nominal holiday from toil, he cannot leave Thought behind him. Thought, like Care, mounts the steed and climbs the bark.

A brain habitually active will not be ordered to rest. It is not like the inanimate glebe of a farm, which, when exhausted, you restore by the simple precept, "Let it lie fallow." A mind once cultivated will not lie fallow for half-an-hour. If a patient, habituated to reflection, has nothing else to meditate, his intellect and fancy will muse exclusively over his own ailments:—muse over a finger-ache and engender a gangrene. What, then, should be done? Change the occupation, vary the culture, call new organs into play; restore the

equilibrium deranged in overweighting one scale by weights thrown into another.

In therapeutic gymnastics we strengthen one set of muscles, hitherto little called into play, in order to correct the tendencies to a malady which the fatigue of another set of muscles has induced. What is thus good for the bodily health, I hold to be yet more good for the whole mental development of man. Mrs. Somerville has written a charming and popular book "On the Connection of the Sciences," but it is not only the sciences which have a family kinship; all the faculties and all the acquisitions of the human intellect are relations to each other. The true chief of a clan never disowns remote affinities; the wider his clanship the greater his power: so it is with a true genius; the more numerous its clansmen, the higher its dignity of chief. If there be some one specialty in art, literature, science, active life, in which we can best succeed, that specialty is improved and enriched by all the contributions obtainable from other departments of study. Read the treatise on Oratory, and you stand aghast at the wondrous amount of information which the critical authorities assure you is necessary for the accomplishment of a perfect orator. But you may say that, according to the proverb, the orator is made, the poet is born. Read then the works of any really first-rate poet, and you will acknowledge that there was never a more delusive lie than that which the proverb distils into the credulous ears of poetasters. It is the astonishing accumulation of ideas, certainly not inborn, but acquired alone through experience and study, which

make the most prominent characteristic of a first-rate poet. His knowledge of things, apart from the mere form of poetry, strikes you more than his melodies as a poet. Surely it is so with Homer, Lucretius, Virgil, Homer, Dante, Shakespeare, Milton, Goethe, Scott. Certainly it need not always with the poet be knowledge of books, but it is knowledge of man or of nature, only to be obtained by exerting organs of mind wholly distinct from those which are required to fabricate a rhythm and invent an expression. Whatever our intellectual calling, no kind of knowledge is antagonistic to it. All varieties of knowledge blend with, harmonise, enrich the kind of knowledge to which we attach our reputation.

Frequently we meet with a writer who achieves one remarkable book, and whatever other books he writes are comparative failures,—echoes of the same thought, repetitions of the same creation. The reason of that stint of invention is obvious; the author has embodied certain ideas long meditated, and if his book be really great, all the best of these ideas are poured into it. In the interval between that book and the next, he has not paused to ponder new studies and gather from them new ideas, and the succeeding books comprise but the leavings of the old ideas.

A man of genius is inexhaustible only in proportion as he is always re-nourishing his genius. Both in mind and body where nourishment ceases vitality fails.

To sail round the world, you must put in at many harbours, if not for rest, at least for supplies.

We are not sent here to do merely one thing, which we can scarcely suppose that we shall be required to do again, when, crossing the Styx, we find ourselves in eternity. Whether I am a painter, a sculptor, a poet, a romance writer, an essayist, a politician, a lawyer, a merchant, a hatter, a tailor, a mechanic at a factory or loom—it is certainly much for me in this life to do the one thing I profess to do as well as I can. But when I have done that, and that thing alone, nothing more, where is my profit in the world to come? I do not believe that I shall be asked to paint pictures, carve statues, write odes, trade at Exchange, make hats or coats, or manufacture pins and cotton-prints when I am in the Empyrean. Whether I be the grandest genius on earth in a single thing, and that single thing earthy, or the poor peasant who beside his plough whistles for want of thought, I strongly suspect that it will be all one when I pass to the Competitive Examination—yonder. On the other side of the grave a Raffaelle's occupation may be gone as well as a ploughman's. This world is a school for the education not of a faculty, but of a man. Just as in the body, if I resolve to be a rower, and only a rower, the chances are that I shall have strong arms but weak legs, and be stricken with blindness from the glare of the water; so in the mind, if I care but for one exercise, and do not consult the health of the mind altogether, I may, like George Morland, be a wonderful painter of pigs and pigsties, but in all else, as a human being, be below contempt—an ignoramus and a drunkard.

We men are not fragments, we are wholes; we

are not types of simple qualities—we are realities of mixed, various, countless combinations. Therefore I say to each man, "As far as you can—partly for excellence in your special mental calling, principally for completing your end in existence—strive, while improving your one talent, to enrich your whole capital as Man. It is in this way that you will escape from that wretched narrow-mindedness which is the characteristic of every one who cultivates his specialty alone. Take any specialty; dine with a distinguished Member of Parliament—the other guests all Members of Parliament except yourself. You go away shrugging your shoulders. All the talk has been that of men who seem to think that there is nothing in life worth talking about but the party squabbles and jealousies of the House of Commons. Go and dine next day with an eminent author; all the guests authors except yourself. As the wine circulates the talk narrows to the last publications, with now and then on the part of the least successful author present a refining eulogium on some dead writer, in implied disparagement of some living rival. He wants to depreciate Dickens, and therefore he extols Fielding. If Fielding were alive and Dickens dead, how he would extol Dickens! Go the third day; dine with a trader—all the other guests being gentlemen on the Stock Exchange. A new specialty is before you; all the world seems circumscribed to scrip and the budget. In fine, whatever the calling, let men only cultivate that calling, and they are as narrow-minded as the Chinese when they place on the map of the world the Celestial Empire, with all its Tartaric villages

in full detail, and out of that limit make dots and lines with the superscription, "Deserts unknown, inhabited by barbarians."

Nevertheless you are not wise if, dining with any such hosts, you do not carry away from the talk you have heard something of value that you could not otherwise have gained. The circle of life is cut up into segments. The lines are equal if they are drawn from the centre and reach the circumference.

Every man of sound brain that you meet knows something worth knowing better than yourself. A man on the whole is a better preceptor than a book. But what scholar does not allow that the dullest book can suggest to him a new and a sound idea? Take a dull man and a dull book; if you have any brains of your own, the dull man is more instructive than the dull book. Take a great book and its great author; how immeasurably above his book is the author, if you can coax him to confide his mind to you and to let it out.

What would you not give to have an hour's frank talk with Shakespeare—if Shakespeare were now living? You cannot think of yourself so poorly as not to feel sure that, at the end of the hour, you would have got something out of him which fifty years' study would not suffice to let you get out of his plays. Goldsmith was said by Garrick to "write like a angel and talk like poor Poll." But what does that prove?—Nothing more than this, that the player could not fathom the poet. A man who writes like an angel cannot always talk like poor Poll. That Goldsmith in his peach-coloured coat, awed by a Johnson, bullied by a Boswell, talked

very foolishly, I can quite understand; but let any gentle reader of human brains and human hearts have got Goldsmith all to himself over a bottle of madeira in Goldsmith's own lodging—talked to Goldsmith lovingly and reverentially about "The Traveller" and "The Vicar of Wakefield," and I am sure that he would have gone away with the conviction that there was something in the well-spring of so much genius more marvellous than its diamond-like spray—something in poor Oliver Goldsmith immeasurably greater than those faint and fragmentary expressions of the man which yet survive in the exquisite poem, in the incomparable novel.

I remember being told by a personage who was both a very popular writer and a very brilliant converser, that the poet Campbell reminded him of Goldsmith—his conversation was so inferior to his fame. I could not deny it, for I had often met Campbell in general society, and his talk had disappointed me. Three days afterwards Campbell asked me to come and sup with him *tête-à-tête*. I did so. I went at ten o'clock. I stayed till dawn; and all my recollections of the most sparkling talk I have ever heard in drawing-rooms afforded nothing to equal the riotous affluence of wit, of humour, of fancy, of genius, that the great lyrist poured forth in his wondrous monologue. Monologue it was; he had it all to himself.

If the whole be greater than a part, a whole man must be greater than that part of him which is found in a book.

THE DIVER: A BALLAD.

J. C. F. SCHILLER.

[Schiller, one of the greatest of German poets, was born in 1759. He was a surgeon in a marching regiment when he wrote "The Robbers," which at once established his fame as a dramatist. Amongst his greatest dramas are "Wallenstein," "Marie Stuart," "Joan of Arc," and "William Tell." The beautiful ballad we give below was translated from his poems by the first Lord Lytton. Coleridge translated "Wallenstein." Schiller died in 1805.

The original of the story on which Schiller has founded this ballad, matchless perhaps for the power and grandeur of its descriptions, is to be found in Kircher. According to the true principles of imitative art, Schiller has preserved all that is striking in the legend, and ennobled all that is commonplace. The name of the diver was Nicholas, surnamed the Fish. The king appears, according to Hoffmeister's probable conjectures, to have been either Frederic I. or Frederic II. of Sicily. Date from 1295 to 1377.]

"OH, where is the knight or the squire so bold,
As to dive to the howling charybdis below?—
I cast in the whirlpool a goblet of gold,
And o'er it already the dark waters flow;
Whoever to me may the goblet bring,
Shall have for his guerdon that gift of his king."

He spoke, and the cup from the terrible steep,
That, rugged and hoary, hung over the verge
Of the endless and measureless world of the deep,
Swirled into the maëlstrom that maddened the surge,
"And where is the diver so stout to go—
I ask ye again—to the deep below?"

And the knights and the squires that gathered around
Stood silent, and fixed on the ocean their eyes;
They looked on the dismal and savage Profound,
And the peril chilled back every thought of the prize.
And thrice spoke the monarch—"The cup to win,
Is there never a wight who will venture in?"

And all, as before, heard in silence the king,—
Till a youth with an aspect unfearing but gentle,
'Mid the tremulous squires—stept out from the ring
Unbuckling his girdle, and doffing his mantle;
And the murmuring crowd, as they parted asunder,
On the stately boy cast their looks of wonder.

As he strode to the marge of the summit, and gave
One glance on the gulf of that merciless main,
Lo! the wave that for ever devours the wave,
Casts roaringly up the charybdis again;
And as with the swell of the far thunder-boom,
Rushes foamingly forth from the heart of the gloom.

And it bubbles and seethes, and it hisses and roars,
As when fire is with water commixed and contending,
And the spray of its wrath to the welkin up-soars,
And flood upon flood hurries on, never ending.
And it never *will* rest, nor from travail be free,
Like a sea that is labouring the birth of a sea.

Yet at length comes a lull o'er the mighty commotion,
As the whirlpool sucks into black smoothness the swell
Of the white-foaming breakers, and cleaves thro' the ocean
A path that seems winding in darkness to hell.

Round and round whirled the waves—deep and deeper still driven,
Like a gorge thro' the mountainous main thunder-riven!

The youth gave his trust to his Maker! Before
That path through the riven abyss closed again—
Hark! a shriek from the crowd rang aloft from the shore,
And behold! he is whirled in the grasp of the main!
And o'er him the breakers mysteriously rolled.
And the giant mouth closed on the swimmer so bold.

O'er the surface grim silence lay dark; but the crowd
Heard the wail from the deep murmur hollow and fell;
They harken and shudder, lamenting aloud—
"Gallant youth—noble heart—fare-thee-well, fare-thee-well!"
More hollow and more wails the deep on the ear—
More dread and more dread grows suspense in its fear.

If thou shouldst in those waters thy diadem fling,
And cry, "Who may find it shall win it and wear;"
God wot, though the prize were the crown of a king,
A crown at such hazard were valued too dear.
For never shall lips of the living reveal
What the deeps that howl yonder in terror conceal.

Oh, many a bark, to that breast grappled fast,
Has gone down to the fearful and fathomless grave;
Again crashed together the keel and the mast,
To be seen tossed aloft in the glee of the wave.—
Like the growth of a storm ever louder and clearer,
Grows the roar of the gulf rising nearer and nearer.

And it bubbles and seethes, and it hisses and roars,
As when fire is with water commixed and contending;
And the spray of its wrath to the welkin up-soars,
And flood upon flood hurries on, never ending;
And as with the swell of the far thunder-boom,
Rushes roaringly forth from the heart of the gloom.

And lo! from the heart of that far floating gloom,
What gleams on the darkness so swanlike and white?
Lo! an arm and a neck, glancing up from the tomb!—
They battle—The Man's with the Element's might.
It is he—it is he! in his left hand behold,
As a sign—as a joy!—shines the goblet of gold!

And he breathèd deep, and he breathèd long,
And he greeted the heavenly delight of the day.
They gaze on each other—they shout, as they throng—
"He lives—lo! the ocean has rendered its prey!
And safe from the whirlpool and free from the grave,
Comes back to the daylight the soul of the brave!"

And he comes, with the crowd in their clamour and glee,
And the goblet his daring has won from the water
He lifts to the king as he sinks on his knee;—
And the king from her maidens has beckoned his daughter—
She pours to the boy the bright wine which they bring,
And thus spake the Diver—"Long life to the king!

"Happy they whom the rose-hues of daylight rejoice,
The air and the sky that to mortals are given!
May the horror below never more find a voice—
Nor Man stretch too far the wide mercy of Heaven;

Never more—never more may he lift from the sight
The veil which is woven with Terror and Night!

"Quick-brightening like lightning—it tore me along!
Down, down, till the gush of a torrent, at play
In the rocks of its wilderness, caught me—and, strong
As the wings of an eagle, it whirled me away.
Vain, vain was my struggle—the circle had won me,
Round and round in its dance, the wild element
spun me.

"And I called on my God, and my God heard my
prayer,
In the strength of my need, in the gasp of my
breath,
And showed me a crag that rose up from the lair,
And I clung to it nimbly—and baffled the death!
And, safe in the perils around me, behold
On the spikes of the coral the goblet of gold.

"Below, at the foot of that precipice drear,
Spread the gloomy, and purple, and pathless
Obscure!
A silence of Horror that slept on the ear,
That the eye more appalled might the Horror
endure!
Salamander — snake — dragon — vast reptiles that
dwell
In the deep, coiled about the grim jaws of their hell,

"Dark-crawled, glided dark the unspeakable swarms,
Clumped together in masses, misshapen and vast—
Here clung and here bristled the fashionless forms—
Here the dark-moving bulk of the Hammer-fish
passed—

And with teeth grinning white, and a menacing motion,
Went the terrible Shark—the Hyæna of Ocean.

"There I hung, and the awe gathered icily o'er me,
So far from the earth, where man's help there was none!
The One Human Thing, with the Goblins before me—
Alone—in a loneness so ghastly—ALONE!
Fathom-deep from man's eye in the speechless profound,
With the death of the Main and the Monsters around.

"Methought, as I gazed through the darkness, that now
It * saw—the dread hundred-limbed creature—its prey!
And darted—O God! from the far flaming-bough
Of the coral, I swept on the horrible way;
And it seized me, the wave with its wrath and its roar,
It seized me to save—King, the danger is o'er!"

On the youth gazed the monarch, and marvelled; quoth he,
"Bold Diver, the goblet I promised is thine,
And this ring will I give, a fresh guerdon to thee,
Never jewels more precious shone up from the mine;
If thou'lt bring me fresh tidings, and venture again,
To say what lies hid in the *innermost* main?"

* The *It* in the original has been greatly admired. The poet thus vaguely represents the fabulous misshapen monster, the Polypus of the ancients.

Then outspake the daughter in tender emotion :
"Ah! father, my father, what more can there rest?
Enough of this sport with the pitiless ocean—
He has served thee as none would, thyself hast confest.
If nothing can slake thy wild thirst of desire,
Let thy knights put to shame the exploit of the squire!"

The king seized the goblet—he swung it on high,
And whirling, it fell in the roar of the tide :
"But bring back that goblet again to my eye,
And I'll hold thee the dearest that rides by my side ;
And thine arms shall embrace, as thy bride, I decree,
The maiden whose pity now pleadeth for thee."

In his heart, as he listened, there leapt the wild joy,
And the hope and the love through his eyes spoke in fire,
On that bloom, on that blush, gazed delighted the boy ;
The maiden—she faints at the feet of her sire!
Here the guerdon divine, there the danger beneath ;
He resolves!—to the strife with the life and the death!

They hear the loud surges sweep back in their swell,
Their coming the thunder-sound heralds along!
Fond eyes * yet are tracking the spot where he fell :
They come, the wild waters, in tumult and throng,
Roaring up to the cliff—roaring back, as before,
But no wave ever brings the lost youth to the shore.

* Viz., the King's daughter.

THE MIRACULOUS SUCCESS OF THE GOSPEL.

FRANCIS ATTERBURY, BISHOP OF ROCHESTER.

[Bishop Atterbury was a man of great learning and brilliant talents, and had few equals as a speaker or preacher. He assisted Dr. Sacheverel in drawing up his defence. In 1712 he was made Dean of Christ Church, and in the year following Bishop of Rochester. In 1722 he was arrested on suspicion of being implicated in a plot to restore Prince James Stuart (the old Pretender), for which he was committed to the Tower, tried, and banished for life. He left England in 1723. Bishop Atterbury was born at Milton, Bucks, in 1662, and died at Paris, 1732. He was the friend of Pope. Our extract is taken from one of his celebrated sermons.]

THE success of the Gospel was certainly miraculous, and owing chiefly to the mighty operations and effectual assistances of the Holy Spirit of God; and that for this plain reason, because the natural and visible causes which occurred to the production of this great effect were not in any ways equal to the effect produced, and therefore some supernatural and invisible cause must needs have given birth to it.

The appearing causes and instruments of this wondrous revolution were chiefly twelve men of obscure birth and parentage, of the meanest education, of the plainest and simplest understandings, unpolished by learning and eloquence, unimproved by experience and converse; men of no subtlety, no art, no address, who had no manner of authority, interest, or repute in the world; these men under-

take to convince the world that one Jesus, a man who had just before expired publicly on a cross, was the true God blessed for ever, and in consequence of this, to preach up a doctrine the most unwelcome to flesh and blood that could be, the most repugnant to men's natural desires and inclinations, to their settled habits and inveterate prejudices, contrary to the established rites and religions of all countries and in all ages of the world. They set out from Jerusalem with this design ; they disperse themselves through all the quarters of the earth ; they succeed everywhere, and in a very short time prevail with great multitudes in every nation and kingdom to submit to the laws and own the religion of Jesus. . . . .

When Christianity first appeared, how weak and defenceless it was, how artless and undesigning ! How utterly unsupported either by the secular arm or secular wisdom ! "I send you forth," said our Saviour to His Apostles, "as sheep in the midst of wolves" (Matt. x. 16). And accordingly they went forth in the spirit of simplicity, of humility, and meekness, armed only with truth and innocence, a good cause and an equal resolution. "The weapons of their warfare were not carnal, but spiritual" (2 Cor. x. 4). The messengers of these glad tidings were so far from having a name in the world, that they were contemptible, were scorned by men as the scum of mankind, and as the meanest and lowest of Jews by the Jews themselves, and were not likely, therefore, to credit the high embassy on which they came. They left their nets and their hooks (the only things probably that they under-

stood) to come into a new world, wherein they were perfect strangers, and to preach a new Gospel with which all men were unacquainted; and they preached it, not to the wise, the mighty, or the noble, who when converted might have forwarded its reception by their influence, but to the foolish, weak, and base, who were able to do nothing for its advantage but by living according to the rules and dying for the truth of it. As they had no help from the powers of this world, civil or military, so had they all the opposition that was possible, which they withstood and baffled. They sowed the good seed of the Word under the very feet of the Roman magistrates and soldiers, who, though they trod it down and rooted it up, yet could not destroy it so far, but that still it sprung out again, and yielded a fruitful and glorious harvest.

A thing that promotes the progress of a new religion is, if it be brought into the world in dark and barbarous times, when men are either too rude or illiterate to be able to weigh and to dispute the truth of it, or too much sunk in sloth and vice to be willing to do it. . . . But the most observable thing on this head is that God pitched upon that particular point of time for the manifestation of His Gospel, when good sense and learning and wit were at the highest, when the Roman Empire was in its full glory, and together with it all the arts and sciences flourished, when the world enjoyed a profound peace, and was at liberty to examine the truth of an opinion which was set up with such pretences. Then did the glorious light of the Gospel shine forth and dazzle the eyes even of those who

were thought to see best and farthest. And soon afterwards the Apostles opened their heavenly commission, and executed it publicly, challenging those who looked on, with all their curiosity, subtlety, and spite, to disprove or blemish it. The doctrine of the Cross showed itself barefaced to all the wits and sages of both Rome and Athens, and defied their doubts and reasonings. And yet under these discouraging circumstances also it took root downwards, and brought forth fruit upwards speedily and abundantly.

A help towards establishing any new opinions in religion is, if they be not proposed to men all at once, but insinuated into them only by insensible steps and degrees, and this method hath often made way for the belief of the most monstrous doctrines and the entertainment of the wildest absurdities. Witness (once more) several articles in the Roman Catholic Faith, which, had they been offered to the minds of men at first in their full latitude, had been rejected with indignation and horror; but being proposed at half views and advanced by little and little, were also gradually admitted by men, not well aware of their utmost import and tendency; every first step in error smoothing the way toward a second, and so on till the passage was widened enough for the grossest contradictions to enter in at it.

Far from this artificial method of winning belief was the religion of Jesus. Upon its first appearance, after the descent of the Holy Ghost, it offered itself to the view of men at full length and in all its proportions. No moral precept was reserved for a

more convenient time, no doctrine (no great fundamental doctrine) was disguised or concealed. The message it brought it delivered, plainly and openly, at once; the most unwelcome practical truths as well as those which were better known and received, the sublimest points of faith together with such as were more easy and credible.

The primitive Apostles did not, like those of a later date, the fathers of the mission of China, preach up first a glorified and then a crucified Saviour, but bore the scandal of the Cross wheresoever and to whomsoever they opened the doctrines of it; the *slaying* of Jesus and His being *hanged on a tree* (Acts v. 30), is mentioned in one of the first sermons of St. Peter. This (humanly speaking) was an unlikely way of gaining proselytes; and yet, as unlikely a way as it was, thus were innumerable proselytes gained.

Let us lay together what hath been said:—The Gospel of Christ at its earliest appearance had all the probabilities in the world against its success; for it was possessed scarce of any one of those advantages which do most signally recommend a new doctrine and make it Christ's. It had no complying tenets to soothe men's appetites and passions, but was all harsh and austere. It had no encouragement; no protection from the civil power; no force or cunning to uphold it; no men of eminence or esteem to engage on its side. The age which was pitched upon for the discovery of it, was more discerning and enlightened, more curious and inquisitive, than perhaps any that either preceded or followed it; and therefore the success of this doc-

trine could not be owing to men's ignorance or supineness. Finally, its promulgers delivered it not out by parcels, as is the way of cunning and designing men, but offered the whole of it to be altogether examined and compared. Nevertheless, though pressed with all these clogs and encumbrances, it sprang forth, and made its way into the world by a swift and incredible progress.

The inference from hence is plain and indubitable, that a Divine power and virtue certainly went along with it, to supply what was wanting to it on other accounts, and that its increase must needs have been supernatural and miraculous; so that were we acquainted with nothing more concerning the Apostles than what the four Evangelists have left us; were the book of their Acts lost, and together with it an account of the wondrous effusion of the Holy Spirit upon them at the day of Pentecost, and of the mighty signs and wonders which they afterwards performed in virtue of that unction; I say, were we in the dark to all these transactions, which declare the Christian religion to have been propagated by miracle, yet still every considering man must think that there was something miraculous in it. Such an increase from such beginnings, such a wonderful revolution, brought about by such weak and disproportioned instruments, is itself a miracle, and the greatest of miracles, and doth as evidently assure us that the preaching of the Apostles was in the demonstration of the spirit and of power (1 Cor. ii. 4), as if we had heard them speaking strange tongues, seen them healing the blind and the lame, and reviving the dead.

THE HURRICANE.

AUDUBON.

[John James Audubon, the great American naturalist, was born in 1780, and died in 1851. Till the close of his life he continued labouring as a draughtsman and a writer upon the zoology of his country. Beautifully has he described the scenes of his labours, "amid the tall grass of the far extended prairies of the west, in the solemn forests of the north, on the heights of midland mountains, by the shores of the boundless ocean, and on the bosoms of our vast bays, lakes, and rivers, —searching for things hidden since the creation of this wondrous world from all but the Indian who has roamed in the gorgeous but melancholy wilderness."]

VARIOUS portions of our country have, at different periods, suffered severely from the influence of violent storms of wind, some of which have been known to traverse nearly the whole extent of the United States, and to leave such deep impressions in their wake as will not easily be forgotten. Having witnessed one of these awful phenomena in all its grandeur, I will attempt to describe it. The recollection of that astonishing revolution of the ethereal element even now brings with it so disagreeable a sensation, that I feel as if about to be affected by a sudden stoppage of the circulation of my blood.

I had left the village of Shawaney, situated on the banks of the Ohio, on my return from Henderson, which is also situated on the banks of the same beautiful stream. The weather was pleasant, and I thought not warmer than usual at that season. My horse was jogging quietly along, and my

thoughts were for once at least in the course of my life entirely engaged in commercial speculations. I had forded Highland Creek, and was on the eve of entering a tract of bottom land or valley that lay between it and Canoe Creek, when on a sudden I remarked a great difference in the aspect of the heavens. A hazy thickness had overspread the country, and I for some time expected an earthquake, but my horse exhibited no propensity to stop and prepare for such an occurrence. I had nearly arrived at the verge of the valley, when I thought fit to stop near a brook, and dismounted to quench the thirst which had come upon me.

I was leaning on my knees, with my lips about to touch the water, when, from my proximity to the earth, I heard a distant murmuring sound of an extraordinary nature. I drank, however, and as I rose on my feet, looked towards the south-west, when I observed a yellowish oval spot, the appearance of which was quite new to me. Little time was left to me for consideration, as the next moment a smart breeze began to agitate the taller trees. It increased to an unexpected height, and already the smaller branches and twigs were seen falling in a slanting direction towards the ground. Two minutes had scarcely elapsed, when the whole forest before me was in fearful motion. Here and there, where one tree pressed against another, a creaking noise was produced, similar to that occasioned by the violent gusts which sometimes sweep over the country. Turning instinctively toward the direction from which the wind blew, I saw, to my great astonishment, that the noblest trees of the forest

bent their lofty heads for a while, and, unable to stand against the blast, were falling to pieces. First, the branches were broken off with a crackling noise, then went the upper part of the massy trunks, and in many places whole trees of gigantic size were falling entire to the ground. So rapid was the progress of the storm, that before I could think of taking measures to ensure my safety, the hurricane was passing opposite the place where I stood. Never can I forget the scene which at that moment presented itself. The tops of the trees were seen moving in the strangest manner, in the central current of the tempest, which carried along with it a mingled mass of twigs and foliage that completely obscured the view. Some of the largest trees were seen bending and writhing under the gale; others suddenly snapped across, and many, after a momentary resistance, fell uprooted to the earth. The mass of branches, twigs, foliage, and dust that moved through the air was whirled onwards like a cloud of feathers, and, on passing, disclosed a wide space filled with fallen trees, naked stumps, and heaps of shapeless ruins, which marked the path of the tempest. This space was about a fourth of a mile in breadth, and to my imagination resembled the dried-up bed of the Mississippi, with its thousands of planters and sawyers strewed in the sand and inclined in various degrees. The horrible noise resembled that of the great cataracts of Niagara, and as it howled along in the track of the desolating tempest, produced a feeling in my mind which it is impossible to describe.

The principal force of the hurricane was now over,

although millions of twigs and small branches, that had been brought from a great distance, were seen following the blast, as if drawn onwards by some mysterious power. They were floated in the air for some hours after, as if supported by the thick mass of dust that rose above the ground. The sky had now a greenish lurid hue, and an extremely disagreeable sulphureous odour was diffused in the atmosphere. I waited in amazement, having sustained no material injury, until nature at length resumed her wonted aspect. For some moments I felt undetermined whether I should return to Morgantown, or attempt to force my way through the wrecks of the tempest. My business, however, being of an urgent nature, I ventured into the path of the storm, and after encountering innumerable difficulties, succeeded in crossing it. I was obliged to lead my horse by the bridle to enable him to leap over the fallen trees, whilst I scrambled over or under them the best way I could, at times so hemmed in by the broken tops and tangled branches, as almost to become desperate. On arriving at my house, I gave an account of what I had seen, when, to my surprise, I was told that there had been very little wind in the neighbourhood, although in the streets and gardens many branches and twigs had fallen in a manner which excited great surprise.

Many wondrous accounts of the devastating effect of this hurricane were circulated in the country after its occurrence. Some log-houses, we were told, had been overturned, and their inmates destroyed. One person informed me that a wire sifter had been conveyed by the gust to a distance of

many miles. Another had found a cow lodged in the fork of a large half-broken tree. But as I am disposed to relate only what I have myself seen, I will not lead you into the region of romance, but shall content myself by saying that much damage was done by this awful visitation. The valley is yet a desolate place, overgrown with briers and bushes, thickly entangled amidst the tops and trunks of the fallen trees, and is the resort of ravenous animals, to which they betake themself when pursued by man, or after they have committed their depredations on the farms of the surrounding district. I have crossed the path of the storm at a distance of a hundred miles from the spot where I witnessed its fury, and again four hundred miles farther off, in the State of Ohio. Lastly, I observed traces of its ravages on the summits of the mountains connected with the Great Pine Forest of Pennsylvania, three hundred miles beyond the place last mentioned. In all those different parts it appeared to me not to have exceeded a quarter of a mile in breadth.

BIRDS OF THE SEA.

EDWARD STANLEY, D.D.,

Bishop of Norwich and President of the Linnean Society.

[Edward Stanley was the younger son of Sir John Thomas Stanley of Alderley in Cheshire, and was born in 1770. He studied at St. John's College, Cambridge, and entered the Church, where he laboured faithfully for thirty years. He was ordained Bishop of Norwich in 1837. He was a natu-

ralist, and wrote on natural history in *Blackwood*. His most popular work, a "Familiar History of Birds," was published in 1835, and went through many editions. Bishop Stanley died Sept. 6, 1849.]

THERE is scarcely a part of the wide ocean in the usual route of navigators over which some of the little land birds have not been seen flitting, blown off in many instances, possibly, from their native shores by gales of wind, and no doubt often perishing in the waters, but still leaving survivors enough to give evidence of their uncommon strength of wing. Thus our well-known cheerful little bird, the tomtit (*Parus major*), has been met with in latitude 40° north and longitude 48° west, about 920 miles from land; but a still more extraordinary instance, both as regards distance from land and situation, is that of a common titlark (*Alauda pratensis*) having alighted on board a vessel from Liverpool in latitude 47.4° south, longitude 43.17° west, in September 1825, at a distance of at least 1300 miles from the nearest mainland of South America, and about 900 from the wild and barren island of Georgia. The poor little traveller was taken and brought back to Liverpool, where it was seen by Dr. Traill, one of our most eminent naturalists. An owl has been also seen gliding over the midst of the Atlantic Ocean, with as much apparent ease as if it had been seeking for mice amongst its native fields. To the distant voyages of this bird we can, indeed, bear our testimony when sailing in the Mediterranean. At daylight a brown owl was observed on the main-top-gallant-yard and secured by an active sailor; for three or four days it

was detained, but as it appeared to pine, it was again sent adrift. At first it seemed bewildered, but after wheeling round the ship twice or thrice, it steered direct as an arrow from a bow for the nearest land, distant about eighty miles.

We cannot after this be surprised to hear that certain seafaring birds are constantly found at a thousand miles, and often greater distances, from land. Three of the most remarkable of these wild wanderers are the albatross (*Diomedea exulans*), the tropic bird (*Phaeton Phœnicurus*), and the frigate bird (*Tachypetes aquila*). The first of these, the albatross, the largest of the aquatic tribe, with plumage of the most delicate white, except the back and tops of its wings, which are of a dark grey, floats in the air borne up by a vast expanse of wing, measuring fourteen feet, or even more, from tip to tip. The air and the water, indeed, seem to be far more natural to it than the land, where it is so helpless, owing to its enormous length of wing, which prevents it from rising, unless it can launch itself from a steep precipice or projecting rock, that it is completely at the mercy of those who approach, and one blow on the head generally kills it instantly.

The tropic bird is the very reverse of the heavy gigantic albatross, and might fairly be called the fairy of the ocean; seen as it is in the genial latitudes of the warmest climates of the globe—now a stationary speck, elevated as far as the eye can reach, contrasted with the dark blue of the sky, like a spangle in the heavens; then suddenly descending like a falling star, and as suddenly checking its course to hover for a while over the topmost point

of a vessel's masts, and then darting like a meteor, with its two long projecting tail-feathers streaming in the air, downwards on a shoal of flying-fish, and then rising gracefully with its prize, again to soar aloft and take its rest among the clouds.

But light and airy as is the tropic bird, what shall we say to the frigate bird, which surpasses all others in its power of flight, inasmuch as, excepting at the breeding season, it seldom visits the land; and still more extraordinary, is never seen to swim or repose on the waters. Its very structure, indeed, renders its living on either land or water a matter of difficulty; its wings are so long that, like the albatross, unless perched upon the pinnacle of a rock or projecting point of a branch, it cannot take flight. Neither is it adapted for a life upon the waves, as its feet are but partially webbed; and in addition to its length of wing, which renders it as difficult to rise from a flat-water surface as from the level ground of the land, its feathers are not of that close and downy texture peculiar to aquatic birds, whereas its whole form and internal arrangements are calculated for, it may almost be said, eternal flight. Its forked tail and short legs (the thighs or tarsi not exceeding an inch in length) bear a close resemblance to those of our common swift; but Nature has provided the frigate bird with still more surprising means, not only for floating for a time, but for ever, without fatigue in the regions of air, and even sleep without risk of falling. We shall endeavour to explain this (at first sight) most improbable capacity, so as to render it no longer a matter of doubt or difficulty, but merely an additional instance of the

beautiful arrangement adopted by the Providence of God in all His wondrous works.

On examining it, we shall find first beneath the throat a large pouch communicating with the lungs, and with the hollow and particularly light bone-work of its skeleton. Suppose, then, that the bird wishes to rest in the air ; in the first place, it avails itself of the large wings, which it is enabled by constant habit to keep expanded, and which are in themselves nearly sufficient to sustain its weight, and float its light body in the air. But, in addition to the wing, suppose the bird fills its large pouch with air, and from thence forces it into all its bones and cavities between the flesh and the skin, what will happen? That the heat of its circulation (and it is well known that the heat of a bird's circulation is considerably beyond that of other animals) will rarefy the internal air, which will therefore puff up, not only the pouch, but every cavity, and thus give the bird a surprising additional buoyancy or power of floating, even in the higher regions of the atmosphere. And that this is the case may be presumed from its habits ; for when the lower currents of air are stormy and disagreeable, up goes the frigate bird to a higher and calmer current, where just as we see the light fleecy clouds in the sky, it remains suspended with outstretched wing, motionless and at rest, till, roused by hunger, it expels the rarefied air, and emptying its pouch, descends towards the waves ; but as it never either dives or swims, on approaching within a few feet, it instantly stops and changes its direction, so as to skim along and catch the flying-fish with its hawk-like bill and talons, or

both together. So averse are they, in fact, to diving, or even touching the water, that instead of dashing downwards head foremost like the gannet and other diving birds, the frigate bird holds its neck and feet in a horizontal direction; striking the upper column of air with its wings, then raising and closing them one against the other above its back, it darts on the flying-fish with such skill and certainty as almost invariably to ensure success.

Most travellers who have visited Constantinople by the passage of the Dardanelles and the Sea of Marmora may have noticed a bird, not quite so large as a pigeon, abundant in that neighbourhood, though occasionally seen in other parts of the Archipelago, as at Napoli and Vourla, which must have excited their curiosity and surprise. "Every day," says one of the many authors who have noticed it, "they are to be seen in numerous flocks passing up and down the Bosphorus with great rapidity. When they arrive either at the Black Sea or Sea of Marmora, they again wheel about and return up the channel, and this course they continue without a moment's intermission the whole day. They are never seen to alight either on land or water; they never for a moment deviate from their course or slacken their speed; are never known to search for or take any food; and no visible cause can be assigned for the extraordinary and restless instinct by which they are haunted. They fly very near the surface of the water; and if a boat meets a flock of them, they either rise a few feet over it, or it divides them like a wedge. Their flight is remarkably silent; and though so numerous and so close, the whirr of

their wings is scarcely ever heard. They are so abundant in the Sea of Marmora that near twenty flocks have been counted in the passage of a few miles. One reason why they have escaped the close attention of naturalists is, that no person is permitted to kill any bird upon the Bosphorus without incurring the displeasure of the Turks, who, although very indifferent as to the lives of human beings, are extremely averse to take the lives of animals.

THE CHARACTER OF HAROLD, THE LAST OF THE SAXON KINGS.

Professor Edward A. Freeman.

[Edward Augustus Freeman was born at Harborne, Staffordshire, in 1823. He was elected Scholar of Trinity College, Oxford, in 1841; Fellow in 1845; Honorary Fellow in 1880. He was Examiner in the School of Law and Modern History in 1857 and 1873. Professor Freeman's chief works are "The History and Conquests of the Saracens," 1856; "The History of the Norman Conquest," 1867 to 1876; "Old English History," 1869; "Growth of the English Constitution," 1872; "General Sketch of European History," 1872; "Historical Essays," 1872–79, and some works on Architecture. Mr. Freeman was chosen Professor of Modern History at Oxford in 1884. The following extract is taken from his "History of the Norman Conquest," by courteous permission of the Delegates of the Clarendon Press, from which this valuable work is issued. Professor Freeman died in Spain in 1892.]

The few recorded actions of Harold, Earl of the East Angles, could hardly have enabled men to look forward to the glorious career of Harold, Earl of the West Saxons, and of Harold, King of the English. To his first great government, a trying

elevation indeed for one in the full vigour of youth and passion, he was apparently raised about three years after the election of Eadward, when he himself could not have passed his twenty-fourth year. While still young he experienced somewhat of the fluctuations of human affairs, and he seems to have learned wisdom by experience. Still there must have been in him from the beginning the germs of those great qualities which shone forth so conspicuously in his later career. It is not hard to paint his portraiture alike from his recorded actions and from the elaborate descriptions of him which we possess from contemporary hands. The praises of the great Earl sound forth in the latest specimen of the native minstrelsy of Teutonic England; and they sound forth with a truer ring than the half-conventional praises of the saintly monarch, whose greatest glory, after all, was that he had called Harold to the government of his realm.[1] The biographer of Eadward, the panegyrist of Godwine, is indeed the common laureate of Godwine's whole family; but it is not in the special interest of Harold that he writes. He sets forth the merits of Harold with no sparing hand; he approves of him as a ruler, and he admires him as a man; but his own personal affection plainly clings more closely to the rival brother Tostig. His description of Harold is therefore the more trustworthy, and it fully agrees with the evidence of his recorded actions. Harold, then, the second son of Godwine, is set before us as a man uniting every gift of mind

[1] Chronn. Ab. and Wig. 1065.

and body which could attract to him the admiration and affection of the age in which he lived.[1] Tall in stature, beautiful in countenance, of a bodily strength whose memory still lives in the rude pictorial art of his time,[2] he was foremost alike in the active courage and in the passive endurance of the warrior. In hunger and watchfulness, in the wearing labours of a campaign no less than in the passing excitement of the day of battle, he stood forth as the leader and the model of the English people.[3] Alike ready and vigorous in action, he knew when to strike and how to strike; he knew how to measure himself against enemies of every kind, and to adapt his tactics to every position in which the accidents of warfare might place him. He knew how to chase the light-armed Briton from fastness to fastness, how to charge, axe in hand, on the bristling lines of his Norwegian namesake, and how to bear up, hour after hour, against the repeated onslaughts of the Norman horsemen and the more terrible thunder-shower of the Norman arrows. It is plain that in him, no less than in his more successful, and therefore more famous rival, we have to admire, not only the mere animal courage of the

[1] Vita Eadw 408. "Virtute corporis et animi in populo præstabat ut alter Judas Machabæus."

[2] In the Bayeux Tapestry Harold is represented as lifting the Norman soldiers from the quicksands with the greatest ease.

[3] Vita Eadw. 409. "Uterque (the writer is comparing Harold and Tostig) satis pulcro et venusto corpore et, ut conjicimus, non inæquali robore, non disparis audaciæ. Sed major natu Haroldus procerior staturâ, patris satis (these words are clearly corrupt) infinitis laboribus, vigiliis et inediâ, multâ animi lenitate et promptiori sapientiâ."

soldier, but the true skill of the leader of armies, which would have placed both Harold and William high among the captains of any age.

But the son of Godwine, the heir of his greatness, was not merely a soldier, not merely a general. If he inherited from his father those military qualities which first drew on Godwine the notice alike of the English Ætheling and of the Danish king, he inherited also that eloquence of speech, that wisdom in council, that knowledge of the laws of the land,[1] which made him the true leader and father of the English people. Great as Harold was in war, his character as a civil ruler is still more remarkable, still more worthy of admiration. One or two actions of his earlier life show indeed that the spirit of those days of violence had laid its hand even on him. But from the time when he appears in his full maturity as the acknowledged chief of the English nation, the most prominent feature in his character is his singular gentleness and mercy. Never, either in warfare or in civil strife, do we find Harold bearing hardly upon an enemy. From the time of his advancement to the practical government of the kingdom, there is not a single harsh or cruel action with which he can be charged. His policy was ever a policy of conciliation. His panegyrist indeed confines his readiness to forgive, his unwillingness to avenge, to his dealings with his own countrymen only.[2] But the same magnanimous

[1] De Inv. c. 14. "Tum . . . astutiâ et legum terræ peritiâ, tum quia se talem gerebat quod non solum Angli, verum etiam Normanni et Gallici imprimis invidebant pulcritudini et prudentiæ, militiæ et sagacitati."

[2] Vita Eadw. 409. "Multum obloquia perferre, nam non

spirit is shown in cases where his conduct was less capable of being guided by mere policy than in his dealings with Mercian rivals and with Northumbrian revolters. We see the same generous temper in his treatment of the conquered Princes of Wales and of the defeated invaders of Stamford Bridge. As a ruler, he is described as walking in the steps of his father, as the terror of evil-doers and the rewarder of those who did well. Devoted heart and soul to the service of his country, he was no less loyal in personal attention and service to her wayward and half-foreign king.[1] Throughout his career he was the champion of the independence of England against the dominion of strangers. To keep the court of England free from the shoals of foreigners who came to fatten on English estates and honours, and to meet the same enemies in open arms upon the heights of Senlac, were only two different ways of discharging the great duty to which his whole energies were devoted. And yet no man was ever more free from narrow insular

facile prodere, non facile quoque, et in civem sive compatriotum, ut reor, nusquam, ulcisci."

Compare the character of Edward the First :—

"Totus Christo traditur Rex noster Edwardus ;
Velox est ad veniam, ad vindictam tardus."

Political Songs (Cam. Soc), p. 163.

[1] See the poem in the Chronicles. So Snorro (Ant. Celt. Scand. 189, Laing, iii. 75), while strangely making Harold the youngest of the family, and hardly realising his position in the kingdom, bears ample testimony to the kindly relations subsisting between him and the king. He is there called Eadward's "foster son." The biographer calls him "nutricius suus frater."

prejudices, from any unworthy jealousy of foreigners as such. His own mind was enlarged and enriched by foreign travel, by the study of the politics and institutions of other nations on their own soil. He not only made the pilgrimage to Rome, a practice which the example of Cnut seems to have made fashionable among English nobles and prelates, but he went on a journey through various parts of Gaul, carefully examining into the condition of the country and the policy of its rulers, among whom we may be sure that the renowned Duke of Rouen was not forgotten.[1] And Harold was ever ready to welcome and to reward real merit in men of foreign birth. He did not scruple to confer high offices on strangers, and to call men of worth from foreign lands to help him in his most cherished undertakings. But, while the bounty of Eadward was squandered on Normans and Frenchmen, utterly alien in language and feeling, it was the policy of Harold to strengthen the connection of England with the Continental nations nearest to us in blood and speech.[2] All the foreigners promoted by Harold, or in the days of his influence, were natives of those kindred Teutonic lands whose sons might still almost be looked upon as fellow-countrymen.

Such was Harold as a leader of Englishmen in war and in peace. As for his personal character, we can discern that in the received piety of the age he surpassed his father. The charge of invasion of the rights of ecclesiastical bodies is brought against

[1] Vita Eadw. 410. . . .

[2] I refer both to Harold's own proceedings at Waltham and to the general promotion of Germans during this reign. See Stubbs, De Inv. 9.

him no less than against Godwine; but the instance which has brought most discredit upon his name can be easily shown to be a mere tissue of misconceptions and exaggerations. But it is far more certain that Harold was the intimate friend of the best and holiest man of his time. Wulfstan, the sainted Bishop of Worcester, was the object of his deepest affection and reverence; he would at any time go far out of his way for the benefit of his exhortations and prayers; and the saint repaid his devotion by loyal and vigorous service in the day of need.[1] Of his liberality his great foundation at Waltham is an everlasting monument, and it is a monument not more of his liberality than of his wisdom. To the monastic orders Harold seems not to have been specially liberal;[2] his bounty took another and a better chosen direction. The foundation of a great secular college in days when all the world seemed mad after monks, when King Eadward and Earl Leofric vied with each other in lavish gifts to religious houses at home and abroad, was in itself an act displaying no small vigour and independence of mind. The details, too, of the foundation were such as showed that the creation

[1] See William of Malmesbury's Life of Wulfstan, Angl. Sacr. ii. 248, 253.

[2] He was, however, a benefactor to the Abbey of Peterborough. The local historian, Hugo Candidus, says (p 44, ap. Sparke), "Comes Haroldus dedit Cliftune et terram in Londone juxta monasterium Sancti Pauli, juxta portum qui vocatur Etheredishythe." Harold's connection with London should be noticed. It was also at his advice that King Eadward made a grant to Abingdon (Hist. Mon. lib. i. 469), and that a Thegn named Thurkill . . . commended himself to the same church (Ib. i. 484).

of Waltham was not the act of a moment of superstitious dread or of reckless bounty, but the deliberate deed of a man who felt the responsibilities of lofty rank and boundless wealth, and who earnestly sought the welfare of his church and nation in all things. As to his personal demeanour, he was frank and open in his general bearing to a degree which was sometimes thought to be prejudicial to his interests.[1] Yet he could on occasion dissemble and conceal his purpose—a gift which seems sometimes to have been misconstrued,[2] and which apparently led him to the one great error of his life. He appears not to have been wholly free from the common fault of noble and generous dispositions. The charge of occasional rashness was brought against him by others, and it is denied by his panegyrist in terms which seem to imply that the charge was not wholly groundless.[3] And we must

[1] Vita Eadw. 409, "Cum quovis, quem fidelem putaret, interdum communicare consilium operis sui, et hoc interdum adeò differre, si debet duci, ut minus conducibile à quibusdam videretur fore suæ commoditati."

[2] Uterque (Harold and Tostig) interdum quædam simulare adeò egregiè, ut qui eos non noverit incertius nil æstimare poterit." In connection with this curious passage I may quote a singular exaggeration from an unknown author; it is found in a marginal note on one of the manuscripts of the Winchester Annals (Luard, 27): "Haroldus Rex si sapientèr ageret quidquid agebat furore, nullus hominum illum (*sic*) resisteret. Sed adeò erat animi inconstantis, quod nullus suorum se credidit illi." Yet "sapientèr" is the adverb which the biographer specially applies to Harold, in distinction to the "fortitèr" of Tostig.

[3] The charge of rashness as brought against Harold during the last scene of his life I shall discuss elsewhere. I here add the biographer's disclaimer (Vita Eadw. 409): "Porro de vitio præcipitationis sive levitatis, quis hunc vel illum sive quemvis

add that in his private life he did not, at least in his early days, imitate either the monastic asceticism of the king or the stern domestic purity of his rival the Conqueror. The most pathetic incident connected with his name tells us of a love of his early days, the days apparently of his East-Anglian government, unrecognised by the laws of the Church, but perhaps not wholly condemned by the standard of his own age, which shows, perhaps above every other tale in English history or legend, how much the love of woman can do and suffer.[1]

Such was the man who, seemingly in the fourth year of Eadward, in the twenty-third or twenty-fourth of his own age, was invested with the rule of one of the great divisions of England; who seven years later became the virtual ruler of the kingdom; who at last, twenty-one years from his first elevation, received, alone among English kings, the crown of England as the free gift of her people, and alone among English kings died, axe in hand, on her own soil, in the defence of England against foreign invaders. One prince alone in the later history of Europe rivals the peculiar glory which attaches to the name of Harold.[2]

de Godwine patre genitum, sive ejus disciplinâ et studio educatum arguerit?" There is a very remarkable passage . . . in which the biographer says that Harold was "ad sacramenta nimis (proh dolor) prodigus." The allusion clearly is to Harold's oath to William, which the biographer never distinctly mentions.

[1] I refer of course to the tale of Eadgyth Swanneshals. . . .

[2] Constantine Palaiologos.—Ed.

THE GLEN OF THE DOONES.

R. BLACKMORE, B.A.

[Richard Doddridge Blackmore, the son of the Rev. John Blackmore, was born at Longworth, Berkshire, in 1825. He was educated at Tiverton School, and Exeter College, Oxford, where he obtained a scholarship and graduated B.A. in 1847. He was called to the bar at the Middle Temple in 1852. His works are "Eric and Karine," "Epullia," "The Bugle of the Black Sea;" and the novels, "Clara Vaughan," 1864; "Cradock Nowell, a Tale of the New Forest," 1866; and in 1869 his famous fiction, one of the most masterly in the language, "Lorna Doone, a Romance of Exmoor;" "The Maid of Sker," 1872; "Alice Lorraine," 1875; "Cripps, the Carrier, a Woodland Tale," 1876; "Erema," 1877; "Mary Anerley," 1880; "Christowell, a Dartmoor Tale," 1882; a translation of the Georgics of Virgil, in 1871—a probably congenial task, as Mr. Blackmore had devoted himself to the study and the growth of flowers, and was a devoted lover of Nature. He died in January 1900.

The following extract is taken, by the author's courteous permission, from "Lorna Doone." It introduces John Ridd climbing to the Glen of the outlawed Doones and meeting Lorna Doone in her childhood.]

FOR now the day was falling fast behind the brown of the hill-tops; and the trees being void of leaf and hard, seemed giants ready to beat me. And every moment as the sky was clearing up for a white frost, the cold of the water got worse and worse, until I was fit to cry with it. And so, in a sorry plight, I came to an opening in the bushes, where a great black pool lay in front of me, whitened with snow (as I thought) at the sides, till I saw it was only foam-froth.

Now, though I could swim with great ease and

comfort, and feared no depth of water, when I could fairly come to it, yet I had no desire to go over head and ears into this great pool, being so cramped and weary, and cold enough in all conscience, though wet only up to the middle, not counting my arms and shoulders. And the look of this black pit was enough to stop one from diving into it, even on a hot summer's day with sunshine on the water; I mean, if the sun ever shone there. As it was, I shuddered and drew back; not alone at the pool itself and the black air there was about it, but also at the whirling manner, and wisping of white threads upon it in stripy circles round and round; and the centre still as jet.

But soon I saw the reason of the stir and depth of that great pit, as well as of the roaring sound which long had made me wonder. For skirting round one side, with very little comfort, because the rocks were high and steep, and the ledge at the foot so narrow, I came to a sudden sight and marvel, such as I never dreamed of. For lo! I stood at the foot of a long pale slide of water, coming smoothly to me, without any break or hindrance, for a hundred yards or more, and fenced on either side with cliff, sheer, and straight, and shining. The water neither ran nor fell, nor leaped with any spouting, but made one even slope of it, as if it had been combed or planed, and looking like a plank of deal laid down a deep black staircase. However there was no side-rail, nor any place to walk upon, only the channel a fathom wide, and the perpendicular walls of crag shutting out the evening.

The look of this place had a sad effect, scaring me

very greatly, and making me feel that I would give something only to be at home again, with Annie cooking my supper, and our dog, "Watch," sniffing upward. But nothing would come of wishing; that I had long found out; and it only made one the less inclined to work without white feather. So I laid the case before me in a little council; not for loss of time, but only that I wanted rest, and to see things truly.

Then says I to myself, "John Ridd, these trees, and pools, and lonesome rocks, and setting of the sunlight, are making a gruesome coward of thee. Shall I go back to my mother so, and be called her fearless boy?"

Nevertheless, I am free to own that it was not any fine sense of shame which settled my decision; for indeed there was nearly as much of danger in going back as in going on, and perhaps even more of labour, the journey being so roundabout. But that which saved me from turning back was a strange inquisitive desire, very unbecoming in a boy of little years; in a word, I would risk a great deal to know what made the water come down like that, and what there was at the top of it.

Therefore, seeing hard strife before me, I girt up my breeches anew, with each buckle one hole tighter, for the sodden straps were stretching and giving, and mayhap my legs were grown smaller from the coldness of it. Then I bestowed my fish around my neck more tightly, and not stopping to look much, for fear of fear, crawled along over the fork of rocks, where the water had scooped the stone out, and shunning thus the ledge from whence it rose like

the mane of a white horse into the broad black pool, softly I let my feet into the dip and rush of the torrent.

And here I had reckoned without my host, although (as I thought) so clever; and it was much but that I went down into the great black pool, and had never been heard of more; and this must have been the end of me, except for my trusty loach-fork. For the green wave came down like great bottles upon me, and my legs were gone off in a moment, and I had not time to cry out with wonder, only to think of my mother and Annie, and knock my head very sadly, which made it go round so that brains were no good, even if I had any. But all in a moment, before I knew aught, except that I must die out of the way, with a roar of water upon me, my fork, praise God, stuck fast in the rock, and I was borne up upon it. I felt nothing except that here was another matter to begin upon; and it might be worth while, or again it might not, to have another fight for it. But presently the dash of the water upon my face revived me, and my mind grew used to the roar of it; and meseemed I had been worse off than this when first flung into the Lowman.

Therefore I gathered my legs back slowly, as if they were fish to be landed, stopping whenever the water flew too strongly off my shin-bones, and coming along without sticking out to let the wave get hold of me. And in this manner I won a footing, leaning well forward like a draught-horse, and balancing on my strength as it were, with the ashen stake set behind me. Then I said to myself, "John Ridd, the sooner you get yourself out by the way

you came, the better it will be for you." But to my great dismay and affright, I saw that no choice was left me now, except that I must climb somehow up that hill of water, or else be washed down into the pool and whirl around it till it drowned me. For there was no chance of fetching back by the way I had gone down into it, and farther up was a hedge of rock on either side of the water-way, rising a hundred yards in height, and for all I could tell five hundred, and no place to set a foot in.

Having said the Lord's Prayer (which was all I knew), and made a very bad job of it, I grasped the good loach-stick under a knot, and steadied me with my left hand, and so with a sigh of despair began my course up the fearful torrent-way. To me it seemed half-a-mile at least of sliding water above me, but in truth it was little more than a furlong, as I came to know afterwards. It would have been a hard ascent even without the slippery slime and the force of the river over it, and I had scanty hope indeed of ever winning the summit. Nevertheless my terror left me, now I was face to face with it, and had to meet the worst; and I set myself to do my best with a vigour and sort of hardness which did not then surprise me, but have done so ever since.

The water was only six inches deep, or from that to nine at the utmost, and all the way up I could see my feet looking white in the gloom of the hollow, and here and there I found resting-place, to hold on by the cliff and pant awhile. And gradually as I went on, a warmth of courage breathed in me, to think that perhaps no other had dared to try that

pass before me, and to wonder what mother would say to it. And then came thought of my father also, and the pain of my feet abated,

How I went carefully, step by step, keeping my arms in front of me, and never daring to straighten my knees, is more than I can tell clearly, or even like now to think of, because it makes me dream of it. Only I must acknowledge that the greatest danger of all was just where I saw no jeopardy, but ran up a patch of black ooze-weed in a very boastful manner, being now not far from the summit.

Here I fell very piteously, and was like to have broken my knee-cap, and the torrent got hold of my other leg while I was indulging the bruised one. And then a vile knotting of cramp disabled me, and for a while I could only roar, till my mouth was full of water, and all of my body was sliding. But the fright of that brought me to again, and my elbow caught in a rock-hole; and so I managed to start again, with the help of more humility.

Now being in the most dreadful fright, because I was so near the top, and hope was beating within me, I laboured hard with both legs and arms, going like a mill and grunting. At last the rush of forked water, where first it came over the lips of the fall, drove me into the middle, and I stuck awhile with my toe-balls on the slippery links of the pop-weed, and the world was green and gliddery, and I durst not look behind me. Then I made up my mind to die at last; for so my legs would ache no more, and my breath not pain my heart so; only it did seem such a pity after fighting so long to give in, and the light was coming upon me, and again I fought

towards it ; then suddenly I felt fresh air, and fell into it headlong.

When I came to myself again, my hands were full of young grass and mould, and a little girl kneeling at my side was rubbing my forehead tenderly with a dock-leaf and a handkerchief.

"Oh, I am so glad," she whispered softly, as I opened my eyes and looked at her ; "now you will try to be better, won't you?"

I had never heard so sweet a sound as came from between her bright red lips, while there she knelt and gazed at me ; neither had I ever seen anything so beautiful as the large dark eyes intent upon me, full of pity and wonder. And then, my nature being slow, and perhaps, for that matter heavy, I wandered with my hazy eyes down the black shower of her hair, as to my jaded gaze it seemed ; and where it fell on the turf, among it (like an early star) was the first primrose of the season. And since that day, I think of her, through all the rough storms of my life, when I see an early primrose. Perhaps she liked my countenance, and indeed I know she did, because she said so afterwards ; although at the time she was too young to know what made her take to me. Not that I had any beauty, or ever pretended to have any, only a solid healthy face, which many girls have laughed at.

Thereupon I sat upright, with my little trident still in one hand, and was much afraid to speak to her, being conscious of my country-brogue, lest she should cease to like me. But she clapped her hands, and made a trifling dance around my back, and came to me on the other side, as if I were a great plaything.

"What is your name?" she said, as if she had every right to ask me; "and how did you come here, and what are these wet things in this great bag?"

"You had better let them alone," I said; "they are loaches for my mother. But I will give you some if you like."

"Dear me, how much you think of them! Why, they are only fish. But how your feet are bleeding! Oh, I must tie them up for you. And no shoes nor stockings! Is your mother very poor, poor boy?"

"No," I said, being vexed at this; "we are rich enough to buy all this great meadow, if we chose; and here my shoes and stockings be."

"Why, they are quite as wet as your feet. And I cannot bear to see your feet. Oh, please to let me manage them; I will do it very softly."

"Oh, I don't think much of that," I replied; "I shall put some goose-grease to them. But how you are looking at me! I never saw any one like you before. My name is John Ridd. What is your name?"

"Lorna Doone," she answered in a low voice, as if afraid of it, and hanging her head so that I could see only her forehead and eyelashes; "if you please, my name is Lorna Doone; and I thought you must have known it."

Then I stood up and touched her hand, and tried to make her look at me; but she only turned away the more. Young and harmless as she was, her name alone made guilt of her. Nevertheless I could not help looking at her tenderly, and the more when

her blushes turned into tears, and her tears to long, low sobs.

"Don't cry," I said, "whatever you do. I am sure you have never done any harm. I will give you all my fish, Lorna, and catch some more for mother; only don't be angry with me."

She flung her little soft arms up in the passion of her tears, and looked at me so piteously, that what did I do but kiss her. It seemed to be a very odd thing, when I came to think of it, because I hated kissing so, as all honest boys must do. But she touched my heart with a sudden delight, like a cowslip-blossom (although there were none to be seen yet) and the sweetest flowers of spring.

She gave me no encouragement, as my mother in her place would have done; nay, she even wiped her lips (which methought was rather rude of her), and drew away, and smoothed her dress, as if I had used a freedom. Then I felt my cheeks grow burning red, and I gazed at my legs and was sorry. For although she was not at all a proud child (at any rate in her countenance), yet I knew that she was by birth a thousand years in front of me. They might have taken and trained me, or (which would be more to the purpose) my sisters, until it was time for us to die, and then have trained our children after us, for many generations; yet never could we have gotten that look upon our faces which Lorna Doone had naturally, as if she had been born to it.

Here was I, a yeoman's boy, a yeoman every inch of me, even where I was naked; and there was she, a lady born, and thoroughly aware of it, and dressed by people of rank and taste, who took pride in her

beauty and set it to advantage. For though her hair was fallen down by reason of her wildness, and some of her frock was touched with wet where she had tended me so, behold her dress was pretty enough for the queen of all the angels! The colours were bright and rich indeed, and the substance very sumptuous, yet simple and free from tinsel stuff, and matching most harmoniously. All from her waist to her neck was white, plaited in close like a curtain, and the dark soft weeping of her hair, and the shadowy light of her eyes (like a wood rayed through with sunset), made it seem yet whiter, as if it were done on purpose. As for the rest, she knew what it was a great deal better than I did; for I never could look far away from her eyes when they were opened upon me.

Now, seeing how I heeded her, and feeling that I had kissed her, although she was such a little girl, eight years old or thereabouts, she turned to the stream in a bashful manner, and began to watch the water, and rubbed one leg against the other.

I for my part, being vexed at her behaviour to me, took up all my things to go, and made a fuss about it; to let her know I was going. But she did not call me back at all, as I had made sure she would do; moreover, I knew that to try the descent was almost certain death to me, and it looked as dark as pitch; and so at the mouth I turned round again, and came back to her, and said, "Lorna."

"Oh, I thought you were gone," she answered; "why did you ever come here? Do you know what they would do to us, if they found you here with me?"

"Beat us, I daresay, very hard, or me at least. They could never beat you."

"No. They would kill us both outright, and bury us here by the water; and the water often tells me that I must come to that."

"But what should they kill me for?"

"Because you have found the way up here, and they never could believe it. Now, please to go; oh, please to go. They will kill us both in a moment. Yes, I like you very much"—for I was teasing her to say it—"very much indeed, and I will call you John Ridd, if you like; only please to go, John. And when your feet are well, you know, you can come and tell me how they are."

"But I tell you, Lorna, I like you very much indeed, nearly as much as Annie, and a great deal more than Lizzie. And I never saw any one like you; and I must come back again to-morrow, and so must you, to see me; and I will bring you such lots of things—there are apples still, and a thrush I caught with only one leg broken, and our dog has just had puppies——"

"Oh, dear! they won't let me have a dog. There is not a dog in the valley. They say they are such noisy things——"

"Only put your hand in mine,—what little things they are, Lorna!—and I will bring you the loveliest dog; I will show you just how long he is."

"Hush!" A shout came down the valley; and all my heart was trembling like water after sunset, and Lorna's face was altered from pleasant play to terror. She shrank to me, and looked up at me, with such a power of weakness, that I at once made

up my mind to save her or to die with her. A tingle went through all my bones, and I only longed for my carbine. The little girl took courage from me and put her cheek quite close to mine.

"Come with me down the waterfall. I can carry you easily; and mother will take care of you."

"No, no," she cried, as I took her up: "I will tell you what to do. They are only looking for me. You see that hole, that hole there?"

She pointed to a little niche in the rock which verged the meadow, about fifty yards away from us. In the fading of the twilight I could just descry it.

"Yes, I see it; but they will see me crossing the grass to get there."

"Look! look!" She could hardly speak. "There is a way out from the top of it; they would kill me if I told it. Oh, here they come; I can see them."

The little maid turned as white as the snow which hung on the rocks above her, and she looked at the water and then at me, and she cried, "Oh, dear! oh, dear!" And then she begun to sob aloud, being so young and unready. But I drew her behind the withy-bushes, and close down to the water, where it was quiet and shelving deep, ere it came to the lip of the chasm. Here they could not see either of us from the upper valley, and might have sought a long time for us, even when they came quite near, if the trees had been clad with their summer clothes. Luckily I had picked up my fish and taken my three-pronged fork away.

Crouching in that hollow nest, as children get together in ever so little compass, I saw a dozen fierce men come down on the other side of the water, not bearing any firearms, but looking lax and jovial, as if they were come from riding and a dinner taken hungrily. "Queen, queen!" they were shouting here and there and now and then: "where the pest is our little queen gone?"

"They always call me 'queen,' and I am to be queen by and bye," Lorna whispered to me, with her soft cheek on my rough one, and her little heart beating against me: "oh, they are crossing by the timber there, and then they are sure to see us."

"Stop," said I; "now I see what to do. I must get into the water, and you must go to sleep."

"To be sure, yes, away in the meadow there. But how bitter cold it will be for you!"

She saw in a moment the way to do it, sooner than I could tell her; and there was no time to lose.

"Now mind you never come again," she whispered over her shoulder, as she crept away with a childish twist, hiding her white front from me; "only I shall come some times—oh, here they are, Madonna!"

Daring scarce to peep, I crept into the water, and lay down bodily in it, with my head between two blocks of stone, and some flood-drift combing over me. The dusk was deepening between the hills, and a white mist lay on the river; but I, being in the channel of it, could see every ripple, and twig, and

rush, and glazing of twilight above it, as bright as in a picture; so that to my ignorance there seemed no chance at all but what the men must find me. For all this time they were shouting, and swearing, and keeping such a hallabaloo, that the rocks all round the valley rang, and my heart quaked, so (what with this and the cold) that the water began to gurgle round me, and to lap upon the pebbles.

Neither in truth did I try to stop it, being now so desperate, between the fear and the wretchedness; till I caught a glimpse of the little maid, whose beauty and whose kindliness had made me yearn to be with her. And then I knew that for her sake I was bound to be brave and hide myself. She was lying beneath a rock, thirty or forty yards from me, feigning to be fast asleep, with her dress spread beautifully and her hair drawn over her.

Presently one of the great rough men came round a corner upon her; and there he stopped and gazed awhile at her fairness and her innocence. Then he caught her up in his arms, and kissed her so that I heard him; and if I had only brought my gun, I would have tried to shoot him.

"Here our queen is! Here's the queen, here's the captain's daughter!" he shouted to his comrades; "fast asleep, by God, and hearty! Now I have first claim to her, and no one else shall touch the child. Back to the bottle all of you!"

He set her dainty little form upon his great square shoulder, and her narrow feet in one broad hand; and so in triumph marched away, with the purple velvet of her skirt ruffling in his long black beard,

and the silken length of her hair fetched out, like a cloud by the wind, behind her. This way of her going vexed me so, that I leaped upright in the water, and must have been spied by some of them, but for their haste to the wine-bottle. Of their little queen they took small notice, being in this urgency; although they had thought to find her drowned; but trooped away after one another with kindly challenge to gambling, so far as I could make them out; and I kept sharp watch, I assure you.

Going up that darkened glen, little Lorna, riding still the largest and most fierce of them, turned and put up a hand to me, and I put up a hand to her, in the thick of the mist and the willows.

She was gone, my little dear (though tall of her age and healthy); and when I got over my thriftless fright, I longed to have more to say to her. Her voice to me was so different from all I had ever heard before, as might be a sweet silver bell intoned to the small chords of a harp. But I had no time to think about this, if I hoped to have any supper.

I crept into a bush for warmth, and rubbed my shivering legs on bark, and longed for mother's faggot. Then as daylight sank below the forget-me-not of stars, with a sorrow to be quit, I knew that now must be my time to get away, if there were any.

Therefore, wringing my sodden breeches, I managed to crawl from the bank to the niche in the cliff which Lorna had shown me.

Through the dusk I had trouble to see the mouth, at even five landyards of distance; nevertheless I

entered well, and held on by some dead fern-stems, and did hope that no one would shoot me.

But while I was hugging myself like this, with a boyish manner of reasoning, my joy was like to have ended in sad grief both to myself and my mother, and haply to all honest folk who shall love to read this history. For hearing a noise in front of me, and like a coward not knowing where, but afraid to turn round or think of it, I felt myself going down some deep passage into a pit of darkness. It was no good to catch the sides, the whole thing seemed to go with me. Then, without knowing how, I was leaning over a night of water.

This water was of black radiance, as are certain diamonds, spanned across with vaults of rock, and carrying no image, neither showing marge nor end, but centred (as it might be) with a bottomless indrawal.

With that chill and dread upon me, and the sheer rock all around, and the faint light heaving wavily on the silence of this gulf, I must have lost my wits and gone to the bottom, if there were any.

But suddenly a robin sang (as they will do after dark towards spring) in the brown fern and ivy behind me. I took it for our little Annie's voice (for she could call any robin), and gathering quick warm comfort, sprang up the steep way towards the starlight. Climbing back, as the stones glid down, I heard the cold greedy wave go lapping, like a blind black dog, into the distance of arches and hollow depths of darkness.

THE LANGUAGE OF SHAKESPEARE.

James Russell Lowell.

[James Russell Lowell was born in Boston, United States, in 1819. He is best known perhaps in England as the author of the "Biglow Papers," humorous poems on political subjects written in the Yankee dialect, and also of poems entitled, "The Vision of Sir Launfal," &c. Mr. Lowell was United States Minister in England towards the close of his life, and was very popular in society. He died in 1892.

Our extract is taken from his admirable critical Essays, "Among my Books."]

Words and thoughts have a much more intimate and generic relation one with the other than most men have any notion of; and it is one thing to use our mother-tongue as if it belonged to us, and another to be the puppets of an over-mastering vocabulary. "Ye know not," says Ascham, "what hurt ye do to Learning that care not for Words but for the Matter, and so make a Divorce betwixt the tongue and the heart." *Lingua Toscana in bocca Romana* is the Italian proverb, and that for poets should be *The tongue of the people in the mouth of the scholar*. I imply here no assent to the early theory, or at any rate practice, of Wordsworth, who confounded plebeian modes of thought with rustic forms of phrase, and then atoned for his blunder by absconding into a diction more Latinised than that of any poet of his century.

Shakespeare was doubly fortunate. Saxon by the father and Norman by the mother, he was a representative Englishman. A country boy, he learned

first the rough and ready English of his rustic mates, who knew how to make nice verbs and adjectives courtesy to their needs. Going up to London, he acquired the *lingua aulica* precisely at the happiest moment, just as it was becoming in the strictest sense of the word *modern*, just as it had recruited itself by fresh impressments from the Latin and Latinised languages with new words to express the new ideas of an enlarging intelligence which printing and translating were fast making cosmopolitan—words which, in proportion to their novelty and to the fact that the mother-tongue and the foreign had not yet wholly mingled, must have been used with a more exact appreciation of their meaning.[1] It was in London, and chiefly by means of the stage, that a thorough amalgamation of the Saxon, Norman, and scholarly elements of English was brought about. Already Puttenham in his "Arte of English Poesy" declares that the practice of the capital and the country within sixty miles of it was the standard of correct diction, the *jus et norma loquendi*. Already Spenser had almost re-created English poetry, and it is interesting to observe that, scholar as he was, the archaic words which he was at first over-fond of introducing are often provincialisms of purely English original. Already Marlow had brought the English unrhymed pentameter (which had hitherto justified but half its name by being always blank and never verse) to a perfection of melody, harmony, and variety which has never been surpassed. Shake-

[1] As when Ben Jonson is able to say, "Men may securely sin, but safely never."

speare then found a language already to a certain extent established, but not yet fetlocked by dictionary and grammar mongers—a versification harmonised, but which had not yet exhausted all its modulations, nor been set in the stocks by critics who deal judgment on refractory feet that will dance to Orphean measures of which their judges are insensible. That the language was established is proved by its comparative uniformity as used by the dramatists, who wrote for mixed audiences, as well as by Ben Jonson's satire upon Marston's neologisms. That it at the same time admitted foreign words to the rights of citizenship on easier terms than now, is in good measure equally true. What was of greater import, no arbitrary line had been drawn between high words and low; vulgar then meant simply what was common; poetry had not been aliened from the people by the establishment of the Upper House of vocables, alone entitled to move in the stately ceremonials of verse, and privileged from arrest while they for ever keep the promise of meaning to the ear and break it to the sense. The hot conception of the poet had no time to cool while he was debating the comparative respectability of this phrase or that, but he snatched what word his instinct prompted, and saw no indiscretion in making a king speak as his country nurse might have taught him. It was Waller who first learned in France that to talk in rhyme alone comported with the state of royalty.

In the time of Shakespeare the living tongue resembled that tree which Father Huc saw in Tartary, whose leaves were languaged, and every hidden

root of thought, every subtlest form of feeling, was mated by new shoots and leafage of expression, fed from those unseen sources in the common earth of human nature.

The Cabalists had a notion that whoever found out the mystic word for anything attained to absolute mastery over that thing. The reverse of this is certainly true of poetic expression, for he who is thoroughly possessed of his thought, who imaginatively conceives an idea or image, becomes master of the word that shall most amply and fitly utter it. Heminge and Condell tell us, accordingly, that there was scarce a blot in the manuscripts they received from Shakespeare, and this is the natural corollary from the fact that such an imagination as his is as unparalleled as the force, variety, and beauty of the phrase in which it embodied itself.[1] We believe that Shakespeare, like all other great poets, instinctively used the dialect which he found current, and

[1] Gray, himself a painful corrector, told Nicholls that "nothing was done so well as at the first concoction"—adding as a reason, "We think in words." Ben Jonson said that it was a pity Shakespeare had not blotted more, for that he sometimes wrote nonsense—and cited in proof of it the verse—

"Cæsar did never wrong but with just cause."

The last four words do not appear in the passage as it now stands, and Professor Craik suggests that they were stricken out in consequence of Jonson's criticism. This is very probable; but we suspect that the pen was in the hand of Master Heminge or his colleague. The moral confusion in the idea was surely admirably characteristic of the general who had just accomplished a successful *coup d'état*, the condemnation of which he would fancy that he read in the face of every honest man he met, and which he would therefore be for ever indirectly palliating.

that his words were not more wrested from their ordinary meaning than followed necessarily from the unwonted weight of thought or stress of passion they were called on to support. He needed not to mask familiar thoughts in the words of unfamiliar phraseology; for the life that was in his mind could transfuse the language of every day with an intelligent vivacity, that makes it seem lambent with fiery purposes and at each new reading a new creation. He could say with Dante, that "no word had ever forced him to say what he would not, though he had forced many a word to say what *it* would not,—but only in the sense that the mighty magic of his imagination had conjured out of it its utmost secret of power or pathos. When I say that Shakespeare used the current language of his day, I mean only that he habitually employed such language as was universally comprehensible, that he was not run away with by the hobby of any theory as to the fitness of this or that component of English for expressing certain thoughts or feelings. That the artistic value of a choice and noble diction was quite as well understood in his day as in ours is evident from the praises bestowed by his contemporaries on Drayton, and the epithet "well-languaged" applied to Daniel, whose poetic style is as modern as that of Tennyson; but the endless absurdities about the comparative merits of Saxon and Norman-French, vented by persons incapable of distinguishing one tongue from the other, were as yet unheard of. Hasty generalisers are apt to overlook the fact that Saxon was never to any great extent a literary language. Accordingly, it held its own very well in

the names of common things, but failed to answer the demands of complex ideas derived from them. The author of "Piers Ploughman" wrote for the people,—Chaucer for the court. We open at random and count the Latin [1] words in ten verses of the "Vision" and ten of the "Romaunt of the Rose" (a translation from the French), and find the proportion to be seven in the former and five in the latter.

. . . . . .

But the secret of force in writing lies not so much in the pedigree of nouns and adjectives and verbs, as in having something that you believe in to say, and making the parts of speech vividly conscious of it. It is when expression becomes an act of memory, instead of an unconscious necessity, that diction takes the place of warm and hearty speech. It is not safe to attribute special virtues (as Bosworth, for example, does to the Saxon) to words of whatever derivation, at least in poetry. Because Lear's "oak-cleaving thunderbolts" and the "all-dreaded thunder-stone" in "Cymbeline" are so fine, we would not give up Milton's Virgilian "fulmined over Greece," where the verb in English conveys at once the idea of flash and reverberation, but avoids that of riving and shattering. In the experiments made for casting the great bell for Westminster Tower, it was found that the superstition which attributed the remarkable sweetness and purity of tone in certain old bells to the larger mixture of silver in their composition had no foundation in fact. It was the cunning proportion in which the ordinary metals

[1] We use the word *Latin* here to express words derived either mediately or immediately from that language.

were balanced against each other, the perfection of form, and the nice gradations of thickness, that wrought the miracle. And it is precisely so with the language of poetry. The genius of the poet will tell him what word to use (else what use in his being poet at all?); and even then, unless the proportion and form, whether of parts or whole, be all that art requires and the most sensitive taste finds satisfaction in, he will have failed to make what shall vibrate through all its parts with a silvery unison—in other words, a poem.

I think the component parts of English were in the latter years of Elizabeth thus exquisitely proportioned one to the other. Yet Bacon had no faith in his mother-tongue, translating the works on which his fame was to rest into what he called "the universal language," and affirming that "English would bankrupt all our books." He was deemed a master of it, nevertheless; and it is curious that Ben Jonson applies to him in prose the same commendation which he gave Shakespeare in verse, saying, "that he performed that in our tongue which may be compared or preferred either to *insolent Greece or haughty Rome;*" and he adds this pregnant sentence: "In short, within his view and about his time were all the wits born that could honour a language or help study. Now things daily fall: wit grows downwards, eloquence grows backwards." Ben had good reason for what he said of the wits. Not to speak of science, of Galileo and Kepler, the sixteenth century was a spendthrift of literary genius. An attack of immortality in a family might have been looked for then as scarlet

fever would be now. Montaigne, Tasso, and Cervantes were born within fourteen years of each other; and in England, while Spenser was still delving over the *propria quæ maribus*, and Raleigh launching paper navies, Shakespeare was stretching his baby hands for the moon, and the little Bacon, chewing on his coral, had discovered that impenetrability was one quality of matter. It almost takes one's breath away to think that "Hamlet" and the "Novum Organum" were at the risk of teething and measles at the same time. But Ben was right also in thinking that eloquence had grown backwards. He lived long enough to see the language of verse become in a measure traditionary and conventional. It was becoming so, partly from the necessary order of events, partly because the most natural and intense expression of feeling had been in so many ways satisfied and exhausted—but chiefly because there was no man left to whom, as to Shakespeare, perfect conception gave perfection of phrase. Dante among modern poets, his only rival in condensed force, says: "Optimis conceptionibus optima loquela conveniet; sed optimæ conceptiones non possunt esse nisi ubi scientia et ingenium est; . . . et sic non omnibus versificantibus optima loquela convenit, cum plerique sine scientiâ et ingenio versificantur."[1] Shakespeare must have been quite as well aware of the provincialisms of

[1] De Vulgari Eloquio. Lib. ii. cap. 1, *ad finem*. I quote this treatise as Dante's because the thoughts seems manifestly his; though I believe that in its present form it is an abridgment by some transcriber, who sometimes copies textually, and sometimes substitutes his own language for that of the original.

English as Bacon was, but he knew that great poetry, being universal in its appeal to human nature, can make any language classic, and that the men whose appreciation is immortality will mine through any dialect to get at an original soul. He had as much confidence in his home-bred speech as Bacon had want of it, and exclaims—

> "Not marble nor the gilded monuments
> Of princes shall outlive this powerful rhyme."

He must have been perfectly conscious of his genius, and of the great trust which he imposed upon his native tongue as the embodier and perpetuator of it. As he had avoided obscurities in his Sonnets, he would do so *a fortiori* in his plays, both for the purpose of immediate effect on the stage, and of future appreciation. Clear thinking makes clear writing, and he who has shown himself so eminently capable of it in one case is not to be supposed to abdicate intentionally in others. The difficult passages in the plays, then, are to be regarded either as corruptions, or else as phenomena in the natural history of Imagination, whose study will enable us to arrive at a clearer theory and better understanding of it.

While I believe that our language had two periods of culmination in poetic beauty—one of nature, simplicity, and truth, in the ballads which deal only with narrative and feeling—another of art (or nature as it is ideally reproduced through the imagination), of stately amplitude, of passionate intensity and elevation, in Spenser and the greater dramatists—and that Shakespeare made use of the latter as he

found it, I by no means intend to say that he did not enrich it, or that any inferior man could have dipped the same words out of the great poet's inkstand. But he enriched it only by the natural expansion and exhilaration of which it was conscious, in yielding to the making of a genius that could turn and wind it like a fiery Pegasus, making it feel its life in every limb. He enriched it through that exquisite sense of music (never approached but by Marlowe) to which it seemed eagerly obedient, as if every word said to him—

"*Bid me* discourse, I will enchant thine ear,"

—as if every latent harmony revealed itself to him as the gold to Brahma, when he walked over the earth where it was hidden, crying, "Here I am, Lord; do with me as thou wilt." That he used language with that intimate possession of its meaning possible only to the most vivid thought is doubtless true; but that he wantonly strained it from its ordinary sense, that he found it too poor for his necessities, and accordingly coined new phrases, or that, from haste or carelessness, he violated any of its received proprieties, I do not believe. I have said that it was fortunate for him that he came upon an age when our language was at its best; but it was fortunate also for us, because our earliest poetic phrase is put beyond reach of decay in the gleaming precipitate in which it united itself with his thought.

THE MAY QUEEN.

Lord Tennyson.

[Alfred Tennyson, the son of the Rev. G. C. Tennyson, was born in 1809 at Somerby Parsonage, Lincolnshire. He was educated by his father, and proceeded in due course to Trinity College, Cambridge, where, in 1829, he gained the Chancellor's Medal by a poem entitled "Timbuctoo." With the exception of a volume of poems written in conjunction with his brother Charles, he published his first poems in 1830. They were followed by a succession of poetical works of the highest quality. The office of Poet-Laureate was conferred on Tennyson on the death of Wordsworth in 1850. C. Knight in the heading to this poem says, "What an influence the poems of Tennyson have had upon the tastes of the present age can scarcely be appreciated except by a contrast with the fiery stimulus of the feast which Byron prepared early in the nineteenth century. There must be pauses in the excitement of these days—in which 'Onward,' the motto of one of the railway companies, may apply to all the movements of social life—when the most busy and the most pleasure-seeking may relish a poet who, with a perfect mastery of harmonious numbers, fills the mind with tranquil images and natural thoughts, drawn out of his intimate acquaintance with the human heart." Tennyson was created a peer in 1884, and died at an advanced age in 1892.]

You must wake and call me early, call me early,
mother dear;
To-morrow 'll be the happiest time of all the glad
new year;
Of all the glad new year, mother, the maddest,
merriest day;
For I'm to be Queen o' the May, mother, I'm to be
Queen o' the May.

There's many a black black eye, they say, but none
so bright as mine;
There's Margaret and Mary, there's Kate and
Caroline:
But none so fair as little Alice in all the land they
say,
So I'm to be Queen o' the May, mother, I'm to be
Queen o' the May.

I sleep so sound all night, mother, that I shall never
wake,
If you do not call me loud, when the day begins to
break:
But I must gather knots of flowers, and buds and
garlands gay,
For I'm to be Queen o' the May, mother, I'm to be
Queen o' the May.

As I came up the valley, whom think ye should I see,
But Robin leaning on the bridge beneath the hazel-
tree?
He thought of that sharp look, mother, I gave him
yesterday—
But I'm to be Queen o' the May, mother, I'm to be
Queen o' the May.

He thought I was a ghost, mother, for I was all in
white,
And I ran by him without speaking, like a flash of
light.
They call me cruel-hearted, but I care not what
they say,
For I'm to be Queen o' the May, mother, I'm to be
Queen o' the May.

They say he's dying all for love, but that can never be:
They say his heart is breaking, mother—what is that to me?
There's many a bolder lad 'ill woo me any summer day,
And I'm to be Queen o' the May, mother, I'm to be Queen o' the May.

Little Effie shall go with me to-morrow to the green,
And you'll be there too, mother, to see me made the Queen;
For the shepherd lads on every side 'ill come from far away,
And I'm to be Queen o' the May, mother, I'm to be Queen o' the May.

The honeysuckle round the porch has wov'n its wavy bowers,
And by the meadow-trenches blow the faint sweet cuckoo-flowers;
And the wild marsh-marigold shines like fire in swamps and hollows gray,
And I'm to be Queen o' the May, mother, I'm to be Queen o' the May.

The night-winds come and go, mother, upon the meadow-grass,
And the happy stars above them seem to brighten as they pass;
There will not be a drop of rain the whole of the livelong day,
And I'm to be Queen o' the May, mother, I'm to be Queen o' the May.

All the valley, mother, 'ill be fresh and green and still,
And the cowslip and the crowfoot are over all the hill,
And the rivulet in the flowery dale 'ill merrily glance and play,
For I'm to be Queen o' the May, mother, I'm to be Queen o' the May.

So you must wake and call me early, call me early, mother, dear;
To-morrow 'll be the happiest time of all the glad new year:
To-morrow 'ill be of all the year the maddest, merriest day,
For I'm to be Queen o' the May, mother, I'm to be Queen o' the May.

New-Year's Eve.

If you're waking, call me early, call me early, mother, dear,
For I would see the sun rise upon the glad new year.
It is the last new year that I shall ever see,
Then you may lay me low i' the mould and think no more of me.

To-night I saw the sun set: he set and left behind
The good old year, the dear old time, and all my peace of mind,
And the new year's coming up, mother, but I shall never see
The blossom on the blackthorn, the leaf upon the tree.

Last May we made a crown of flowers: we had a merry day;
Beneath the hawthorn on the green they made me Queen of May,
And we danced about the Maypole and in the hazel copse,
Till Charles's Wain came out above the tall white chimney-tops.

There's not a flower on all the hills, the frost is on the pane;
I only wish to live till the snowdrops come again:
I wish the snow would melt and the sun come out on high:
I long to see a flower so before the day I die.

The building rook 'ill caw from the windy tall elm-tree,
And the tufted plover pipe along the fallow lea,
And the swallow 'ill come back again with summer o'er the wave,
But I shall lie alone, mother, within the mouldering grave.

Upon the chancel casement, and upon that grave of mine,
In the early early morning the summer sun 'ill shine,
Before the red cock crows from the farm upon the hill,
When you are warm asleep, mother, and all the world is still.

When the flowers come again, mother, beneath the waning light,
You'll never see me more in the long grey fields at night;

When from the dry dark wold the summer airs blow
cool
On the oat-grass and the sword-grass, and the bul-
rush in the pool.

You'll bury me, my mother, just beneath the haw-
thorn shade,
And you'll come sometimes and see me where I am
lowly laid:
I shall not forget you, mother, I shall hear you
when you pass,
With your feet above my head in the long and
pleasant grass.

I have been wild and wayward, but you'll forgive
me now;
You'll kiss me, my own mother, upon my cheek
and brow;
Nay, nay, you must not weep, nor let your grief be wild;
You should not fret for me, mother, you have
another child.

If I can I'll come again, mother, from out my rest-
ing-place;
Though you'll not see me, mother, I shall look
upon your face;
Though I cannot speak a word, I shall hearken
what you say,
And be often often with you when you think I'm
far away.

Good-night, good-night, when I have said good-
night for evermore,
And you see me carried out from the threshold of
the door;

Don't let Effie come to see me till my grave be
growing green:
She'll be a better child to you than ever I have been.

She'll find my garden tools upon the granary floor:
Let her take 'em: they are hers: I shall never
garden more:
But tell her, when I'm gone, to train the rose-bush
that I set
About the parlour window and the box of mig-
nonette.

Good-night, sweet mother: call me before the day
is born,
All night I lie awake, but I fall asleep at morn;
But I would see the sun rise upon the glad new year,
So, if you're waking, call me, call me early, mother,
dear.

Conclusion.

I thought to pass away before, and yet alive I am;
And in the fields all round I hear the bleating of
the lamb.
How sadly, I remember, rose the morning of the
year!
To die before the snowdrop came, and now the
violet's here.

Oh, sweet is the new violet, that comes beneath the
skies,
And sweeter is the young lamb's voice to me that
cannot rise,
And sweet is all the land about, and all the flowers
that blow,
And sweeter far is death than life to me that long to go.

It seem'd so hard at first, mother, to leave the
blessed sun,
And now it seems as hard to stay, and yet His will
be done!
But still I think it can't be long before I find release;
And that good man the clergyman has told me
words of peace.

Oh, blessings on his kindly voice and on his silver hair!
And blessings on his whole life long, until he meet
me there!
Oh, blessings on his kindly heart and on his silver head!
A thousand times I blest him as he knelt beside
my bed.

He show'd me all the mercy, for he taught me all
the sin.
Now, though my lamp was lighted late, there's One
will let me in;
Nor would I now be well, mother, again, if that
could be,
For my desire is but to pass to Him that died for me.

I did not hear the dog howl, mother, or the death-
watch beat,
There came a sweeter token when the night and
morning meet:
But sit beside my bed, mother, and put your hand
in mine,
And Effie on the other side, and I will tell the sign.

All in the wild March morning I heard the angels
call;
It was when the moon was setting, and the dark
was over all;

The trees began to whisper, and the wind began to roll,
And in the wild March morning I heard them call my soul.

For lying broad awake, I thought of you and Effie dear;
I saw you sitting in the house, and I no longer here;
With all my strength I pray'd for both, and so I felt resign'd,
And up the valley came a swell of music on the wind.

I thought that it was fancy, and I listen'd in my bed,
And then did something speak to me—I know not what was said;
For great delight and shuddering took hold of all my mind,
And up the valley came again the music on the wind.

But you were sleeping; and I said, "It's not for them; it's mine!"
And if it comes three times, I thought, I take it for a sign.
And once again it came, and close beside the window-bars,
Then seem'd to go right up to heaven, and die among the stars.

So now I think my time is near. I trust it is. I know
The blessed music went that way my soul will have to go.
And for myself, indeed, I care not if I go to-day.
But, Effie, you must comfort *her* when I am pass'd away.

And say to Robin a kind word, and tell him not to fret;
There's many a worthier than I would make him happy yet.
If I had lived—I cannot tell—I might have been his wife;
But all these things have ceased to be, with my desire of life.

Oh, look! the sun begins to rise, the heavens are in a glow;
He shines upon a hundred fields, and all of them I know.
And there I move no longer now, and there his light may shine—
Wild flowers in the valley for other hands than mine.

Oh, sweet and strange it seems to me that ere this day is done,
The voice that now is speaking may be beyond the sun,
For ever and for ever with those just souls and true—
And what is life, that we should moan? why make we such ado?

For ever and for ever, all in a blessed home—
And there to wait a little while till you and Effie come—
To lie within the light of God, as I lie upon your breast—
And the wicked cease from troubling, and the weary are at rest.

THE DIVINITY OF CHRIST.

Canon Liddon.

[The Rev. Henry Parry Liddon, D.D, was born in 1829; he became a student of Christ Church, Oxford, where he graduated B.A. in 1850. Having taken orders, he was from 1854 to 1859 Vice-Principal of the Theological College of Cuddesdon. He was also Examining Chaplain to the then Bishop of Salisbury. In 1864 he was appointed Prebendary of Major Pass Altaris in Salisbury Cathedral. He was Select Preacher at Oxford in 1863–65, 1870–72, 1877–79, and in 1866 he was Bampton Lecturer. In 1870 he was installed a Canon Residentiary of St. Paul's Cathedral, and in the same year was appointed Ireland Professor of the Exegesis of the Holy Scripture in the University of Oxford. At this time he was created D.D. and an honorary D.C.L. He resigned the Ireland Professorship in 1882. Canon Liddon's chief works are "The Divinity of Christ," which has gone through six or seven editions; "Walter Ken Hamilton, Bishop of Salisbury, a Sketch;" "Some Elements of Religion: Lent Lectures," 1870–72; Sermons, &c., &c. Canon Liddon was one of the most eloquent preachers of the day, and the Church of England suffered a great loss when this excellent and amiable clergyman died in 1890.

Our reading is taken from the "Divinity of Christ," by courteous permission of Messrs. Longman & Co.]

Picture to yourself the days when the temple of the Capitoline Jupiter was still thronged with worshippers, while often the Eucharist could only be celebrated in the depths of the Catacombs. It was a time when all the administrative power of the Empire was steadily concentrated upon the extinction of the name of Christ. What were then to a human eye the future prospects of the kingdom of God? It had no allies, like the sword of the

Mahommedan, or like the congenial mysticism which welcomed the Buddhist, or like the politicians who strove to uphold the falling Paganism of Rome. It found no countenance even in the Stoic moralists; they were indeed among its fiercest enemies. If, as M. Renan maintains, it ever was identified by Pagan opinion, with the *cœtus illiciti*, with the *collegia illicita*, with the burial-clubs of the Imperial epoch, this would only have rendered it more than ever an object of suspicion to the Government. Between the new doctrine and the old Paganism there was a deadly feud, and the question for the Church was simply whether she could suffer as long as her enemies could persecute. Before she could triumph in the Western world, the soil of the Empire had to be reddened by Christian blood; Ignatius of Antioch given to the lions of Rome; Polycarp of Smyrna condemned to the flames; the martyrs of Lyons and Vienne, and among them the tender Blandina, extorting by her fortitude the admiration of the very heathen; Perpetua and Felicitas at Carthage, conquering a mother's love by a stronger love for Christ;—these are but samples of the "Noble Army" which vanquished heathendom. "Plures efficimur," cries Tertullian, spokesman of the Church in her exultation and in her agony, "quoties metimur a vobis; semen est sanguis Christianorum!" To the heathen it seems a senseless obstinacy, but, with a presentiment of the coming victory, the apologist exclaims, "Illa ipsa obstinatio quam exprobatis, magistra est."

. . . . . .

But a greater than M. Renan is said to have expressed the common sense of mankind in respect of the agency which alone can account for the existence of the Christian Church. If the first Napoleon was not a theologian, he was at least a man whom vast experience had taught what kind of forces can really produce a lasting effect upon mankind, and under what conditions they may be expected to do so. A time came when the good providence of God had chained down that great but ambitious spirit to the rock of St. Helena; and the conqueror of civilised Europe had leisure to gather up the results of his unparalleled life, and to ascertain with an accuracy not often attainable by monarchs or warriors, his own true place in history. When conversing, as was his habit, about the great men of the ancient world, and comparing himself with them, he turned, it is said, to Count Montholon with the inquiry, "Can you tell me who Jesus Christ was?" The question was declined, and Napoleon proceeded, "Well, then, I will tell you. Alexander, Cæsar, Charlemagne, and I myself have founded great empires, but upon what did these creations of our genius depend? Upon force. Jesus alone founded His empire upon love, and to this very day millions would die for Him. . . . I think I understand something of human nature, and I tell you, all these were men, and I am a man: none else is like Him; Jesus Christ was more than man. . . . I have inspired multitudes with such an enthusiastic devotion that they would have died for me; . . . but to do this it was necessary that I should be *visibly* present with the electric influence

of my looks, of my words, of my voice. When I saw men and spoke to them, I lighted up the flame of self-devotion in their hearts. . . . Christ alone has succeeded in so raising the mind of man towards the Unseen, that it becomes insensible to the barriers of time and space. Across a chasm of eighteen hundred years Jesus Christ makes a demand which is beyond all others difficult to satisfy. He asks for that which a philosopher may often seek in vain at the hands of his friends, or a father of his children, or a bride of her spouse, or a man of his brother. He asks for the human heart. He will have it entirely to Himself. He demands it unconditionally; and forthwith His demand is granted. Wonderful! In defiance of time and space, the soul of man, with all its powers and faculties, becomes an annexation to the empire of Christ. All who sincerely believe in Him experience that remarkable supernatural love towards Him. This phenomenon is unaccountable; it is altogether beyond the scope of man's creative powers. Time, the great destroyer, is powerless to extinguish this sacred flame; time can neither exhaust its strength nor put a limit to its range. This is it which strikes me most: I have often thought of it. This is it which proves to me quite convincingly the Divinity of Jesus Christ."

Here surely is the common-sense of humanity. The victory of Christianity is the great standing miracle which Christ has wrought. Its significance is enhanced if the miracles of the New Testament are rejected, and if the Apostles are held to have received no illumination from on high. Let those in

our day who believe seriously that the work of Christ may be accounted for on natural and human grounds, say who among themselves will endeavour to rival it. Who of our contemporaries will dare to predict that eighteen hundred years hence his ideas, his maxims, his institutions, however noble or philanthropic they may be, will still survive in their completeness and in their vigour? Who can dream that his own name and history will be the rallying-point of a world-wide interest and enthusiasm in some distant age? Who can suppose that beyond the political, the social, the intellectual revolutions which lie in the future of humanity he will himself still survive in the memory of men, not as a trivial fact of archæology, but as a moral power, as the object of a devoted and passionate affection? What man indeed that still retains, I will not say the faith of a Christian, but the modesty of a man of sense, must not feel that there is a literally infinite interval between himself and that Majestic One, Who, in the words of Jean Paul Richter, "being the Holiest among the mighty, and the Mightiest among the holy, has lifted with His pierced Hand empires off their hinges, has turned the stream of centuries out of its channel, and still governs the ages"?

The work of Jesus Christ is not merely a fact of history; it is a fact, blessed be God! of individual experience. If the world is one scene of His conquests, the soul of each true Christian is another. The soul is the microcosm within which, in all its strength, the kingdom of God is set up. Many of you know, from a witness that you can trust, Christ's

power to restore to your inward life its original harmony. You are conscious that He is the fertilising and elevating principle of your thought, the purifying principle of your affections, the invigorating principle of your wills. You need not ask the question, "Whence hath this Man this wisdom and these mighty works?" Man, you are well assured, cannot thus from age to age enlarge the realm of moral light and make all things new; man cannot thus endow frail natures with determination, and rough natures with tenderness, and sluggish natures with keen energy, and restless natures with true and lasting peace. These every-day tokens of Christ's presence in His kingdom of themselves answer the question of the text. If He who could predict that by dying in shame He would secure the fulfilment of an extraordinary plan and assure to Himself a world-wide empire can be none other than the Lord of human history, so certainly the Friend, the Teacher, the Master, Who has fathomed and controlled our deepest life of thought and passion, is welcomed by the Christian soul as something more than a student exploring its mysteries, or than a philanthropic experimentalist alleviating its sorrows. He is hailed, He is loved, He is worshipped as One Who possesses a knowledge and a strength which human study and human skill fail to compass; it is felt that He is so manifestly the true Saviour of the soul because He is none other than the Being who made it.

THE BITTERN.

MUDIE.

[Robert Mudie, a voluminous writer of our own times, died in 1842, aged 64. He was a self-educated Scotsman, full of various knowledge, but that knowledge not always of the most accurate character. As a writer, he was singularly unequal; which may be attributed to the constant pressure of his circumstances, compelling him to be ready to employ his pen upon any subject, however unsuited to his taste or acquirements. He had been a diligent observer of nature before he became familiar with the life of literary toil in London; and there are passages in some of his writings which exhibit the same powers of the genuine naturalist that characterise the works of White and Wilson. His "Guide to the Observation of Nature" contains a fund of hints for the study of natural objects.]

THE bittern is in many respects an interesting bird, but it is a bird of the wilds—almost a bird of desolation, avoiding alike the neighbourhood of man and the progress of man's improvements. It is a bird of rude nature, where the land knows no character save that which the untrained working of the elements impresses upon it; so that, when any locality is in the course of being won to usefulness, the bittern is the first to depart, and when any one is abandoned, it is the last to return. "The bittern shall dwell there" is the final curse, and implies that the place is to become uninhabited and uninhabitable. It hears not the whistle of the ploughman or the sound of the mattock; and the tinkle of the sheep-bell or the lowing of an ox (although the latter bears so much resemblance to its own hollow and dismal voice that it has given

foundation to the name) is a signal for it to be gone.

Extensive and dingy pools,—if moderately upland, so much the better,—which lie in the hollows, catching like so many traps the lighter and more fertile mould which the rains wash and the winds blow from the naked heights around, and converting it into harsh and dingy vegetation, and the pasture of those loathsome things which mingle in the ooze, or crawl and swim in the putrid and mantling waters, are the habitations of the bittern: places which scatter blight and mildew over every herb which is more delicate than a sedge, a carex, or a rush, and consume every wooded plant that is taller than the sapless and tasteless crowberry or the creeping upland willow; which shed murrain over the quadrupeds, or chills which eat the flesh off their bones; and which, if man ventures there, consume him by putrid fever in the hot and dry season, and shake to pieces with ague when the weather is cold and humid:—places from which the heath and the lichen stand aloof, and where even the raven, lover of disease and battener upon all that expires miserably and exhausted, comes rarely, and with more than wonted caution, lest that death which he comes to seal or riot upon in others should unawares come upon himself. The raven loves carrion on the dry and unpoisoning moor, scents it from afar, and hastens to it upon his best and boldest wing; but "the reek o' the rotten fen" is loathsome to the sense of even the raven, and it is hunger's last pinch ere he come nigh to the chosen habitation, the only loved abode, of the bittern.

The bittern appears as if it hated the beams of that sun which calls forth the richness and beauty of nature which it so studiously avoids; for, though with anything but music, it hails the fall of night with as much energy, and no doubt, to its own feeling, with as much glee and joy as the birds of brighter places hail the rising of the morn. Altogether it is a singular bird; and yet there is a sublimity about it of a more heart-stirring character than that which is to be found where the air is balmy and the vegetation rich, and nature keeps holiday in holiday attire. It is a bird of the confines beyond which we can imagine nothing but utter ruin, and all subjects which trench on that terrible bourn have a deep though a dismal interest.

And to those who are nerved and sinewed for the task, the habitation of the bittern is well worthy of a visit, not merely as it teaches us how much we owe to the successive parent generations that subdued those dismal places, and gradually brought the country to that state of richness and beauty in which we found it, but also on account of the extreme of contrast, and the discovery of that singular charm and enchantment with which nature is in all cases so thoroughly imbued and invested; so that where man cannot inhabit, he must still admire; and even there he can trace the plan, adore the power, and bless the goodness of that Being in whose sight all the works of the creation are equally good.

On a fine clear day in the early part of the season, when the winds of March have dried the heath, and the dark surface, obedient to the action of the sun,

becomes soon warm and turns the exhalations which steal from the marsh upwards, so that they are dissipated in the higher atmosphere, and cross not that boundary to injure the more fertile and cultivated places—even the sterile heath and the stagnant pool, though adverse to our cultivation, have their uses in wild nature; but for these, in a climate like ours, and in the absence of nature, the chain of life would speedily be broken.

Upon such a day, it is not unpleasant to ramble toward the abode of the bittern, and, to those especially who dwell where all around is art, and where the tremulous motion of the ever-trundling wheel of society dizzies the understanding, till one fancies that the stable laws of nature turn round in concert with the minor revolutions of our pursuits, it is far from being unprofitable. Man, so circumstanced, is apt to descend in intellect as low, or even lower, than those unclad men of the woods whom he despises; and there is no better way of enabling him to win back his birthright as a rational and reflective being than a taste of the cup of wild nature, even though its acerbity should make him writhe at the time. That is the genuine medicine of the mind, far better than all the opiates of the library, and the bounding pulse of glowing and glorious thought returns all the sooner for its being a little drastic.

None perhaps acts more speedily than a taste of the sea. Take a man who has never been beyond the "hum" of the city or the chime of the village clock, and whose thoughts float along with the current of public news in the one, or stagnate in

the lazy pool of village chancings in the other, put him on shipboard on a fine evening, when the glassy water has that blink of greenish purple which landsmen admire and seamen understand; give him offing till the turn of the night; then let the wind be loosed at once, and the accumulating waves heave fathoms up and sink fathoms down; let there be sea-room, and trim the bark to drive, now vibrating on the ridge of the unbroken wave, now plunging into the thick of that which has been broken by its own violence, and hissing as if the heat of her career and collision were making the ocean to boil, as when the nether fire upheaves a volcanic isle; temper his spirits in those waters for even one night, and when you again land him safely, you will find him tenfold more a man of steel.

A calm day in the wilderness is, of course, mildness itself compared with such a night; but still there is an absence of art, and consequently a touch of the sublime of nature in it; it suits the feeble-minded, for it invigorates without fear.

The dry height is silent, save the chirp of the grasshopper, or the hum of some stray bee which the heat of the day has tempted out to see if there are any honeyed blooms among the heath; but, by and bye, you hear the warning whistle of the plover, sounded perhaps within a few yards of your feet, but so singularly inward and ventriloque, that you fancy it comes from miles off; the lapwing soon comes at the call, playing and wailing around your head, and quits you not till you are so near the marshy expanse that your footing is heavy, and the ground quakes and vibrates under your feet. That

is not much to be heeded if you keep the line of the rushes, for a thick tuft of these sturdy plants makes a safe footfall in any bog. You may now perhaps start the twite, but it will utter its peevish chirp and jerk off; and if there is a stream with banks of some consistency, you may see the more lively wagtail, which will jerk, and run, and flirt about, as if showing off for your especial amusement. If there is a wide portion of clear water, you may perhaps see the wild-duck, with her young brood, sailing out of the reeds, like a vessel of war leading the fleet which she protects; or, if the pool is smaller, you may see the brown and yellow of the snipe gliding through the herbage on the margin, as if it were a snake in the grass. Not a wing will stir, however, or a creature take much heed of your presence after the lapwing wails her farewell.

In the tuft of tall and close herbage, not very far from the firm ground, but yet so placed near, or rather in the water, that you cannot very easily reach it, the bittern may be close all the time, wakeful, noting you well, and holding herself prepared to "keep her castle;" but you cannot raise her by shouting, or even by throwing stones, the last of which is treason against nature in a place solely under nature's dominion. Wait till the sun is down, and the last glimmer of the twilight has got westward of the zenith, and then return to the place where you expect the bird.

The reeds begin to rustle with the little winds, in which the day settles accounts with the night, but there is a shorter and a sharper rustle, accompanied by the brush of rather a powerful wing. You look

round the dim horizon, but there is no bird; another rustle of the wing, and another, still weaker and weaker, but not a moving thing between you and the sky around. You feel rather disappointed—foolish, if you are daring; fearful, if you are timid. Anon, a burst of uncouth and savage laughter breaks over you, piercingly, or rather gratingly loud, and so unwonted and odd, that it sounds as if the voices of a bull and a horse were combined, the former breaking down his bellow to suit the neigh of the latter in mocking you from the sky.

That is the love-song of the bittern, with which he serenades his mate; and, uncouth and harsh as it sounds to you, that mate hears it with far more pleasure than she would the sweetest chorus of the grove. And when the surprise with which you are at first taken is over, you begin to discover that there is a sort of modulation in the singular sound. As the bird utters it, he wheels in a spiral, expanding his voice as the loops widen, and sinking it as they close; and though you can just dimly discover him between you and the zenith, it is worth while to lie down on your back and watch the style of his flight, which is as fine as it is peculiar. The sound comes better out, too, when you are in that position; and there is an echo, and, as you would readily imagine, a shaking of the ground. Not that, according to the tale of the poets, the bird thrusts his bill into the marsh, and shakes that with his booming, though (familiar as I once was for years with the sound, and all the observable habits of the bitterns) some kindly critic on a former occasion laboured to convert me from that heresy. A quag-

mire would be but a sorry instrument even for a bittern's music; but when the bittern booms and bleats overhead, one certainly feels as if the earth were shaking; but it is probably nothing more than the general affection of the sentient system by the jarring upon the ear—an affection which we more or less feel in the case of all harsh and grating sounds, more especially when they are new to us.

The length of the bird is about twenty-eight inches, and the extent of the wings about forty-four. It is heavier in proportion to the extent of the wings than the heron; and though it flies more steadily than that bird, it is not very powerful in forward flight, or in gaining height without wheeling; but when once it is up, it can keep the sky with considerable ease; and while it does so, it is safe from the buzzards and harriers, which are the chief birds of prey in its locality.

The nest is constructed by both birds, in a close tuft or bush near by, and sometimes over, the water, but always more elevated than the flood. Indeed, as it builds early, about the time of the spring rains, which bring it abundance of food in frogs, snails, worms, and the fry of fishes, it has the flood higher at the time of commencing the nest than it is likely to be during the incubation. The nest is constructed wholly of vegetable matter—rushes, the leaves of reeds, and those of the stronger marsh grasses. The eggs are four or five, of a greenish-brown colour; the incubation lasts about twenty-five days, and three weeks more elapse before the young are fit for leaving the nest. When they break the shell they are callow, and have a scraggy

appearance; but they are laboriously fed by the parents, and acquire better forms at the same time that they gain their plumage.

The bittern is both a solitary and a peaceful bird; and, excepting the small fishes, reptiles, and other little animals on which it feeds, it offers harm to nothing, animal or vegetable. Unless when the male booms and bleats, or rather bellows and neighs his rude song, the birds are seldom heard, and not often seen, unless sometimes in the severe weather, when they are frozen out, and descend lower down the country in quest of food. They keep in their rushy tents as long as the weather is open, and they can by their long and powerful bills find their food among the roots of these; and they probably also in part subsist upon the seeds, or even the albuminous roots, of some of the aquatic plants; but their feet, which are adapted for rough and spongy surfaces, do not hold well on the ice; at all events, in the places where I used to know them, when the interstices of the plants and the margins of the pools were so far frozen that they would bear, and the wild goose had been driven from more northern haunts by the severity of the weather, the bitterns were not to be found by the most diligent search in the withered tufts, though, if they had the habit of converting the earth into a musical instrument, these would be the times at which it would sound the best. On their departure from the upland moors they proceed gradually and skulkingly by the margins of the streams to the lower swamps and marshes, where, from the warmer climate and the thicker mantle of dry vegetables, the frost is much longer in taking effect.

Though the bittern is an unoffending and retiring bird, easily hawked when on a low flight, and not very difficult to shoot when out of its cover, as it flies short and soon alights, it is both a vigilant and a powerful bird on the ground. It stands high, so that, without being seen, it sees all around it, and is not easily surprised. Its bill, too, is so strong yet so sharp, and the thrust of it is given with so much rapidity and effect, that other animals are not very fond of going in upon it; and even when it is wounded it will make a very determined resistance, throwing itself on its back, so that it may use both its bill and its claws.

It would not be very consistent to regret the diminished and diminishing numbers of the bittern, a bird which, wherever it appears, proclaims that there the resources of the country are running to waste; for such is the indication given by the bird. It is not an indication of hopeless sterility. It does not inhabit the naked height on which the fertilising rain not only falls without producing fertility, but washes away the small quantity of mould which the few starveling plants produce. The elements of a more profitable crop are always in existence in the abode of the bittern; and, though the quantity of skill and labour required from man varies much, those elements *can* always to a certain extent be claimed to man's use. The place where I used to hear the bittern every evening during the first month after the storm broke—for it began before the short supplemental winter, the fleeting storm of flaking snow which used to season the lapwing—has been in great part under crop for years. Where

that is not the case, it has been planted ; and the partridge and the ringdove have come close upon the margin of what remains of the mere. The winding stream—"the burnie wimplin doon the glen," with its little daisied meadows, its primrosed banks, its tangled thickets, its dimpling pools, and its dark nooks, each having a name, and altogether dear to trout, to bird, and to boyhood, has become a straight ditch between bushless banks, and runs so low and shallow in the dry season as hardly to have depth for the minnow and the stickleback, and the very tadpoles lie stranded, dead, and dry by the little runs of sand. There might be more *breadth* in the country ; but to me, at least, there seemed to be, in every sense of the word, less *depth*. The crops, too, were thin and stunted, and the domestic beasts which were nibbling among the stems of the scattered ray-grass, which looked very like a thin bristling of copper-wire, had certainly as many and as easily counted bones as the smaller breed which were wont to roam at freedom over the moor. To me the plaint of the dove brought more of melancholy than the booming of fifty bitterns, even with the gloom of the twilight and a lingering dread of beings of the darkness to boot. But change is the course of nature and the foundation of art ; and in all places, under all circumstances, *mors janua vitæ*.

SIDON, TYRE, AND ACRE.

ELIOT WARBURTON.

[Eliot Bartholomew Warburton, an historical and miscellaneous writer, was born in Ireland, near Killarney, in 1810. He adopted the profession of the law after leaving Trinity College, Cambridge, studying with Mr. Proctor (Barry Cornwall). He did not ultimately follow his profession, but travelled in the East, and afterwards published "The Crescent and the Cross," which obtained immense popularity, and from which our extract is taken. He wrote also "Prince Rupert and the Cavaliers," "Reginald Hastings," and "Darien, or the Merchant Prince." He was a passenger on board the *Amazon* steamer in 1852, and perished in the burning of that vessel, Jan. 4.]

SIDON is as irregularly built, and has streets as narrow, and as much varied by bazaars, cafés, and stables, as the other Oriental towns I have endeavoured to describe. Its fortifications offered considerable resistance to the Anglo-Austrian-Turkish army in the late siege:[1] the Archduke Ferdinand was the first to enter the breach when effected on the land side; the attack was well supported by the fire of the British fleet.

There are some remains of Fakreddin's palace, standing out into the sea, and only connected with the town by a long and narrow bridge: into this palace a body of Turkish troops had been thrown, but they hesitated to cross the bridge, swept as it was by the fire of the Egyptian troops. A mate on board one of the English steamers, named Cummins,

[1] In 1840, when it was taken by Commodore Charles Napier, Sept. 27.

observed their hesitation, and entreated permission from his commanding officer to land and lead them: this was granted with some difficulty: the young sailor pulled to the palace in the dingy, leaped ashore, and called on the Turks with a cheer to follow him. He sprang upon the bridge under a shower of balls, and was half way across it before his infidel allies dared to support him: they came on then with the bayonet, and the western town was won. This was told to me by Maguire, one of the officers of the *Vernon*, who was riding by my side; he omitted to mention that his own forehead had been laid open by a bullet while gallantly leading another attack on the same place.

Sidon is called Saida in the language of the country. It contains about 7000 inhabitants, the greater number of whom are Moslems, the remainder Jews, Maronites, and Greek Christians. Until the time of Fakreddin it had a good port, but that Emir filled all the harbours along the coast in order to prevent the Sultan's fleets from anchoring here, when he revolted from his authority. The citadel is said to have been built by Louis XI., and commands a fine view of the orchards and gardens, diversified with country-houses, that ornament the environs. The principal trade of the town, consisting of silk, cotton, and nutgalls, has been transferred of late years to Beyrout.

This is the most ancient city of Phœnicia: mention is made of it in the Pentateuch and Homer; it was assigned to the tribe of Asher in the division of the promised land by Joshua, but never was subdued by the Israelites. For wealth, commerce,

luxury, vice, and power, it was unequalled in the Levant, until Tyre outstripped it, and Salmanezer conquered it. Thence it passed successively under the rule of the Persians, Macedonians, Syrians, Egyptians, Romans, Arabs, and Crusaders. It was an opulent city at the time when Christ visited its territory: it sent a bishop to the Council of Nice in 325. Its destruction was accomplished by Melek Adel, the brother of Saladin, in 1197; afterwards it partially recovered at intervals, to be as often destroyed.

At the beginning of the seventeenth century, Fakreddin restored it to considerable importance, and rendered it the seaport of Damascus, whence it is distant only three days' journey: after this it became almost a colony of the French, but they were driven out by Djezzar Pasha in 1791, and, since then, European vessels seldom approached its dangerous coast.[1]

Early on the 29th of May, I started for Tyre, which, seated on a peninsula, soon became visible from the coast along which I rode. The way was profoundly lonely: I did not meet a living creature throughout the day, except some Syrian girls who drew water for me at a well near Sidon. As evening closed in, I found myself on a wide, solitary plain, diversified only by a dark and almost stagnant river:[2] heavy clouds were hanging on the horizon, thunder muttered ominously among the distant hills, bull-frogs were croaking harshly on the banks—the

[1] Robinson, "Researches in Palestine," vol. ii. p. 416.

[2] This is the Liettani, the Leontes of ancient times, which waters the vale of Baalbec.

whole scene wore an aspect of utter desolation. Fording the stream where it reached my saddle-bow, I spurred on to the ruins of a Saracenic castle commanding the passage of the river, and, entering under a low, vaulted passage, found myself in the courtyard of a ruin that seemed a capital specimen of a robber's haunt: dark caverns and gloomy vaults appeared in every direction; the old walls of the donjon towered over my head, and there was probably no one living outside its walls for ten miles round: the appearance of two armed Arabs whom I found here was as little prepossessing as the aspect of the place, but it was too late to be fastidious. I flung the rein of my horse to one of the strangers to be led about, and, ordering the other to make a fire instantly, I sat down upon a fallen column, and lighted my pipe. The assumption of authority generally confers the possession of it in a country where every one is unknown to his neighbour: the Arabs looked at each other for a moment, then set about obeying the orders of their extempore tyrant; my horse was cool, and a cheerful fire blazing, when my servants arrived.

We kept watch by turns during the night, having shared our supper with the Arabs; they prowled about all night, but the next morning I was cantering along the sands to Tyre before the sun rose upon that ill-favoured castle. Passing the ruins of an aqueduct on the left, and some columns of granite on the right along the shore, I came to the isthmus by which Alexander connected the mainland with the island, in order to invest the city which then occupied the latter. The original Tyre seems to have

been built upon the continent: it was founded by a Sidonian colony 240 years before the building of Solomon's Temple, to which its king, Hiram, largely contributed. This city has dearly purchased its celebrity, having been besieged by Salmanezer, Nebuchadnezzar, and Alexander; Antigonus, the Romans, the Saracens, and Crusaders; Egyptians, Turks, and—of course—by the English, the motto of whose Artillery is "UBIQUE."

Tyre was visited by Christ and by St. Paul; it became a Christian bishopric in early times. In the fourth century Jerome speaks of it as the finest city in Phœnicia; and the Venetians held it for many years after the Crusades, partly restoring its character for commerce, wealth, and manufactures. I confess I was disappointed in its appearance. Its strength and beauty of position, and even its desolation, were less than I had expected: it is an ugly, little, matter-of-fact looking town, containing perhaps 5000 inhabitants, of the usual squalid but contented, or rather resigned, appearance. The buildings occupy the northern side of the peninsula; on the southern side, it is true, there are some rocks lonely enough, if it were *very* early in the morning, for "fishermen to dry their nets upon;" but Ezekiel's prophecy was accomplished long ago.

As Palæ Tyrus was probably the only city in existence here at the time the prophecy was uttered, "that Tyre should be utterly destroyed and never rebuilt," it is evident that it could not allude to the present town, which has been rebuilt at least nine times. The former was probably called Palæ Tyrus only for distinction (after the modern town had

risen); it is supposed to have occupied a space about a mile from the shore, where a steep rock marks the site of its ancient citadel.

Bounding the plain, there rises a bold range of hills, extending far into the sea, called formerly the "Promontorium Album." Surmounting this, we came in view of a wide and fertile plain, with the town and fortress of Acre in the distance, relieved off the heights of Mount Carmel, which terminated the seaward view. Descending from the mountain to this plain by a very steep and difficult path, called anciently "the ladder of Tyre," we traversed the plain for some hours: it was only partially cultivated, the greater part consisting of grassy tracts tufted with rushes, and occasionally sheltered by groups of trees under which shepherds watched their flocks. A few villages were scattered widely apart, each with a large walled enclosure to protect their cattle at night from the foraging Bedouin.

As evening approached, the plain grew very lonely, though I met some shepherds anxiously hurrying their herds homeward: their country looked quite Arcadian, the evening was calm and beautiful, yet anxiety and fear were depicted in every countenance. We soon learned that there had been a battle on the plain the day before, and the people were hourly expecting a renewal of hostilities from the Bedouins, who had been repulsed. One or two of these wild horsemen had passed me at a gallop, and I met several more in a body soon afterwards: they drew up along the path as I approached, but, though they did not offer the usual salutation, they permitted me to pass unquestioned.

I then pulled up to wait for my servants, and, offering them some tobacco, entered into such conversation with them as I could maintain.

These fellows always appear on a journey as if they were going to war; and indeed these occupations are almost synonymous with tribes "whose hand is against every man's;" when they *do* go to war, there is nothing in their outward appearance that displays any change from their most peaceful guise. Their wild fierce eyes, and screaming voices, and vehement gestures, made them anything but agreeable company, especially at such an hour; and it was with no slight feeling of release I heard their "salaam," as I rode off to overtake my baggage-horses, which had now passed by.

As I rode towards Acre I met many travellers, all armed to the teeth: they drew close together as I approached, although alone, for my people had gladly joined company with some other wayfarers: as they were in the enjoyment of security and society, I pushed on unattended towards the place of my destination. I soon overtook a Bedouin, who was splendidly mounted, and seemed to welcome my arrival as a spectator of the prowess and beauty of his horse: the squalidness of his appearance contrasted curiously with the richness of his arms and the proud carriage of the animal he rode. Observing my admiration, he dashed his sharp stirrups into his horse's flanks; flew forward, and wheeled round me at a gallop, whirling his tufted spear above his head with loud cries, and then pulling up short beside me. He was then in high good-humour; he even praised *my* horse, and proceeded to eulogise

the English and Ibrahim Pasha, who appears at present to be considered as the hero of the East. We were then in sight of Acre, and I asked him if he remembered our bombardment: suddenly his countenance lighted up as if it reflected the magnificent explosion, and he exclaimed, "Ibrahim Pasha, taib, taib!" (*very good*)—"pop! pop! pop!"—"Ingoleez,[1] taib kheteer" (*excellent*)—"hoo! bombe!" and, so saying, he shot his lance high into the air, to illustrate the explosion as compared with the Egyptian's fusillade.

We now approached the encampment of his tribe, which he pointed out, and asked me to accompany him thither. I declined the tempting invitation, and soon afterwards reached Acre, where, they say, it will require ten years of labour to repair the effects of ten hours of English fire.

Ptolemais, Acre, or, as the Syrians call it, Akka, is imposing-looking from the outside; but within, it is poor, dirty, and irregularly built. Some hundred Turkish soldiers and many impressed peasants were at work upon the fortifications, but there was little other appearance of activity or life within its silent streets.

Beyrout, Sidon, and Tyre had been successively captured for the Turks by our squadron under Commodore Napier, almost as rapidly as he could cruise along the coast. On the 3rd November 1840, Admiral Stopford was joined by the Commodore off Acre, and a flag of truce being rejected, they went to work at once. The town was com-

[1] The English.

manded and the artillery directed by Colonel Schultze, a Pole in Mehemet Ali's service: he was known in the Egyptian army as Youssef Aga, and had obtained considerable distinction in the Syrian war. He found the guns upon the fortifications very bady mounted; and, as the artillerymen were proportionately inefficient, he laid the guns himself so as to command the line of buoys placed at night by the British boats, concluding that they marked the stations which our ships were to occupy. Unfortunately for his plans, these buoys only marked the soundings—the path, and not the resting-places—of our gallant fleet. The powerful steam-frigates required no moorings: running in close under the walls, they took up their positions, and laid their guns with as much precision as so many batteries of horse-artillery; the rest of the squadron, separating into two divisions, opened a cross-fire from the north and south-west upon the town. The *Phœnix*, with the admiral on board, began the action about noon, and plied her powerful artillery with such accuracy, that she cleared and dismounted every gun upon the fortifications, where her shot could find space enough in the embrasures to enter by: many of our ships, especially the *Castor* frigate, were anchored within musket-shot: and the rattle of innumerable small arms filled up the momentary pauses left by the booming of a thousand guns.

The whole mass of the lofty fortifications appeared like one great volcanic mountain, enveloped in a pyramid of cloud-like smoke, through which the lightning flashed and the thunder pealed from every battlement and bastion. The ships, too,

enveloped each in its own canopy of flame-pierced smoke, surrounded the fiery promontory like a Liparian Cyclades: the day was gloriously bright; and the glimpses of the magnificent scenery around, appearing through vistas of white smoke-like clouds reflected in the water, were described to me by an eye-witness as producing the grandest conceivable effect. The cannonade seemed to reach a climax in the explosion of the powder-magazine of Acre, which, through all the brilliant sunshine, threw a glare upon the distant hills, and sent two thousand Egyptians in fragments to the skies: the batteries to the southward then ceased to fire, from want of hands to work the guns, but those to the northward were fought bravely to the last. In the night the Egyptians evacuated the town; and on the following morning the British and their allies took undisputed possession of the strongest fortress in the Levant.

It was not the strength of these fortifications, however, powerful as they were, but the desperate resistance of the British, and those whom they animated, that beat back Napoleon from these walls on the 18th of March 1799.[1] "Yonder is the key of the East," said he truly to Murat, as he sat down before Acre. When nine murderous but vain assaults, sixty days' suspense, and the ravages of the plague, had "affaiblissé le moral du soldat," and avenged the wholesale massacre of Jaffa, the French raised the siege and re-entered Cairo under an arch of triumph!

[1] "Expeditions en Egypt et en Syrie." Par J. Miot. Second edition.

But it is to the Crusades that Acre owes its chief interest. It was to them, as to Napoleon, the "key of the East." Its old walls have echoed to the war-cries of the lion-hearted Richard and Saladin; and there are few families of ancient blood whose ancestors were not among the Christian host under these beleaguered towers.

HANNIBAL'S PASSAGE OF THE ALPS.

DR. ARNOLD.

[Dr. Arnold, the celebrated Rugby Headmaster, was born 1795, and died 1842. His best known work, the "History of Rome," is thought to present the best pictures of Hannibal in Italy.]

AT the end of the lowland country, the Gaulish chief who had accompanied Hannibal thus far took leave of him: his influence probably did not extend to the Alpine valleys, and the mountaineers, far from respecting his safe-conduct, might be in the habit of making plundering inroads on his own territory. Here, then, Hannibal was left to himself, and he found that the natives were prepared to beset his passage. They occupied all such points as commanded the road, which, as usual, was a sort of terrace cut in the mountain-side, overhanging the valley, whereby it penetrated to the central ridge. But as the mountain line is of no great breadth here, the natives guarded the defile only by day, and withdrew when night came on to their own homes in a town or village among the mountains, and lying

in the valley behind them.[1] Hannibal having learnt this from some of his Gaulish guides whom he sent among them, encamped in their sight just below the entrance of the defile; and as soon as it was dark, he set out with a detachment of light troops, made his way through the pass, and occupied the positions which the barbarians, after their usual practice, had abandoned at the approach of night.

Day dawned; the main army broke up from its camp, and began to enter the defile; while the natives, finding their positions occupied by the enemy, at first looked on quietly, and offered no disturbance to the march. But when they saw the long narrow line of the Carthaginian army winding along the steep mountain-side, and the cavalry and baggage cattle struggling at every step with the difficulties of the road, the temptation to plunder was too strong to be resisted, and from many points of the mountain above the road they rushed down upon the Carthaginians. The confusion was terrible; for the road or track was so narrow, that the least crowd or disorder pushed the heavily loaded baggage cattle down the steep below, and the horses, wounded by the barbarians' missiles, and plunging about wildly in their pain and terror, increased the mischief. At last, Hannibal was obliged to charge down from his position, which commanded the whole scene of confusion, and to drive the barbarians off. This he effected; yet the conflict of so many men on the narrow road made the disorder worse for a time, and he unavoidably

[1] Polybius, iii. 50.

occasioned the destruction of many of his own men.[1] At last, the barbarians being quite beaten off, the army wound its way out of the defile in safety, and rested in the wide and rich valley which extends from the Lake of Bourget, with scarcely a perceptible change of level, to the Isère at Montmeillan. Hannibal meanwhile attacked and stormed the town, which was the barbarians' principal stronghold; and here he not only recovered a great many of his own men, horses, and baggage cattle, but also found a large supply of corn and cattle belonging to the barbarians, which he immediately made use of for the consumption of his soldiers.

In the plain which he had now reached he halted for a whole day, and then resuming his march, proceeded for three days up the valley of the Isère on the right bank, without encountering any difficulty. Then the natives met him with branches of trees in their hands and wreaths on their heads in token of peace: they spoke fairly, offered hostages, and wished, they said, neither to do the Carthaginians any injury nor to receive any from them. Hannibal mistrusted them, but did not wish to offend them; he accepted their terms, received their hostages, and obtained large supplies of cattle, and their whole behaviour seemed so trustworthy that at last he accepted their guidance, it is said, through a difficult part of the country, which he was now approaching;[2] for all the Alpine valleys become narrower as they draw nearer to the central chain, and the mountains often come so close to the stream,

[1] Polybius, iii. 51. [2] Polybius, iii. 52.

that the roads in old times were often obliged to leave the valley and ascend the hills by any accessible point, to descend again when the gorge became wider, and follow the stream as before. If this is not done, and the track is carried nearer the river, it passes often through defiles of the most formidable character, being no more than a narrow ledge above a furious torrent, with cliffs rising above it absolutely precipitous, and coming down on the other side of the torrent abruptly to the water, leaving no passage by which man or even goat could make its way.

It appears that the barbarians persuaded Hannibal to pass through one of these defiles, instead of going round it, and while his army was involved in it, they suddenly, and without a provocation, as we are told, attacked him. Making their way along the mountain-sides above the defile, they rolled down masses of rock on the Carthaginians below, or even threw stones upon them from their hands, stones and rocks being equally fatal against an enemy so entangled. It was well for Hannibal that, still doubting the barbarians' faith, he had sent forward his cavalry and baggage, and covered his march with his infantry, who thus had to sustain the brunt of the attack. Foot-soldiers on such ground were able to move where horses would be quite helpless; and thus at last Hannibal with his infantry forced his way to the summit of one of the bare cliffs overhanging the defile, and remained there during the night, whilst the cavalry and baggage slowly struggled out of the defile.[1] Thus again baffled, the

[1] Polybius, iii. 53.

barbarians made no general attacks on the army; some partial annoyance was occasioned at intervals; and some baggage was carried off; but it was observed that wherever the elephants were, the line of march was secure; for the barbarians beheld these huge creatures with terror, having never had the slightest knowledge of them, and not daring to approach when they saw them.

Without any further recorded difficulty, the army, on the ninth day after they had left the plains of Dauphiné, arrived at the summit of the central ridge of the Alps. Here there is always a plain of some extent, immediately overhung by the snowy summits of the high mountains, but itself in summer presenting in many parts a carpet of the freshest grass, with the châlets of the shepherds scattered over it, and gay with a thousand flowers. But far different is its aspect through the greatest part of the year; then it is one unvaried waste of snow, and the little lakes, which on many of the passes enliven the summer landscape, are now frozen over and covered with snow, so as to be no longer distinguishable. Hannibal was on the summit of the Alps about the end of October; the first winter snows had already fallen; but two hundred years before the Christian era, when all Germany was one vast forest, the climate of the Alps was far colder than at present, and the snow lay on the passes all through the year. Thus the soldiers were in dreary quarters. They remained two days on the summit, resting from their fatigues, and giving opportunity to many of the stragglers and of the horses and cattle to rejoin them by following their track; but they were cold and worn

and disheartened, and mountains still rose before them, through which, as they knew too well, even their descent might be perilous and painful.

But their great general, who felt that he now stood victorious on the ramparts of Italy, and that the torrent which rolled before him was carrying its waters to the rich plains of Cisalpine Gaul, endeavoured to kindle his soldiers with his own spirit of hope. He called them together, he pointed out the valley beneath, to which the descent seemed the work of a moment. "That valley," he said, "is Italy; it leads us to the country of our friends the Gauls, and yonder is our way to Rome."

His eyes were eagerly fixed on that point of the horizon, and as he gazed, the distance between seemed to vanish, till he could almost fancy that he was crossing the Tiber and assailing the Capitol.[1] After two days' rest the descent began. Hannibal experienced no more open hostility from the barbarians, only some petty attempts here and there to plunder—a fact strange in itself, but doubly so if he was really descending the valley of the Doria Baltea, through the country of the Salassians, the most untamable robbers of all the Alpine barbarians. It is possible that the influence of the Insubrians may partly have restrained the mountaineers; and partly, also, they may have been deterred by the ill-success of all former attacks, and may by this time have regarded the strange army and its monstrous beasts with something of superstitious terror. But the natural difficulties of the ground on the

[1] Polybius, iii. 54; Livy, xxi. 35.

descent were greater than ever. The snow covered the track, so that the men often lost it, and fell down the steep below: at last they came to a place where an avalanche had carried it away altogether for about three hundred yards, leaving the mountain-side a mere wreck of scattered rocks and snow. To go round was impossible; for the depth of the snow on the heights above rendered it hopeless to scale them; nothing therefore was left but to repair the road. A summit of some extent was found and cleared of the snow, and here the army were obliged to encamp whilst the work went on. There was no want of hands; and every man was labouring for his life; the road therefore was restored and supported with solid substructions below, and in a single day it was made practicable for the cavalry and baggage cattle, which were immediately sent forward, and reached the lower valley in safety, where they were turned out to pasture. A harder labour was required to make a passage for the elephants; the way for them must be wide and solid, and the work could not be accomplished in less than three days. The poor animals suffered severely in the interval from hunger; for no forage was to be found in that wilderness of snow, nor any trees whose leaves might supply the place of other herbage. At last they too were able to proceed in safety.[1] Hannibal overtook his cavalry and baggage, and in three days more the whole army had got clear of the Alpine valleys and entered the country of their friends, the Insubrians, on the wide plain of Northern Italy.

[1] Polybius, iii. 54, 55.

Hannibal was arrived in Italy, but with a force so weakened by its losses in men and horses, and by the exhausted state of the survivors, that he might seem to have accomplished his great march in vain. According to his own statement, which there is no reason to doubt, he brought out of the Alpine valleys no more than 12,000 African and 8000 Spanish infantry, with 6000 cavalry;[1] so that his march from the Pyrenees to the plains of Northern Italy must have cost him 33,000 men: an enormous loss, which proves how severely the army must have suffered from the privations of the march and the severity of the Alpine climate; for not half of these 33,000 men can have fallen in battle.

A PASSAGE FROM "VIVIAN GREY."

DISRAELI, LORD BEACONSFIELD.

[Benjamin Disraeli was the son of Isaac Disraeli, the author of several popular works. He was born on the last day of 1805, and in 1825 published his first novel, "Vivian Grey." It was followed by superior ones, but is remarkable as having given him an assured position as a novelist at so early an age. Lord Beaconsfield was, however, rather a great statesman than a great novelist. In 1837 he became Member for Maidstone; in 1868 he was Prime Minister of England. He was again Premier from 1874 to 1880, and died in 1881.]

To the astonishment of the Honourable Buckhurst Stanhope, eldest son of Lord Beaconsfield, Mr. Vivian Grey, who had never yet condescended to acknowledge his existence, asked him one morning, with the most fascinating of smiles, and with the

[1] Polybius. iii. 56.

most conciliating voice, "whether they should ride together." The young heir-apparent looked stiff, and assented. He arrived again at Château Desir in a couple of hours, desperately enamoured of the eldest Miss Courtown. The sacrifice of two mornings to the Honourable Dormer Stanhope and the Honourable Gregory Stanhope sent them home equally *au desesp ir* as to the remaining sisters. Having thus, like a man of honour, provided for the amusement of his former friends, the three Miss Courtowns, Vivian left Mrs. Felix Lorraine to the Colonel, whose mustache, by the bye, that lady considerably patronised, and then, having excited an universal feeling of gallantry among the elders, Vivian found his whole day at the service of Julia Manvers.

"Miss Manvers, I think that you and I are the only faithful subjects in this Castle of Indolence. Here am I lounging on an ottoman, my ambition reaching only so far as the possession of a cigar, whose aromatic and circling wreaths, I candidly confess, I dare not here excite; and you, of course, much too knowing to be doing anything on the first of August, save dreaming of races, archery feats, and county balls—the three most delightful things which the country can boast, either for man, woman, or child."

"Of course, you except sporting for yourself—shooting especially, I suppose."

"Shooting! oh! ah! there is such a thing. No, I'm no shot;—not that I have not in my time cultivated a Manton; but the truth is, having at an early age mistaken my most intimate friend for

a cock pheasant, I sent a whole crowd of '*fours*' into his face, and thereby spoilt one of the prettiest countenances in Christendom; so I gave up the field. Besides, as Tom Moore says, I have so much to do in the country, that, for my part, I really have no time for killing birds and jumping over ditches: good work enough for country squires, who must, like all others, have their hours of excitement. Mine are of a different nature, and boast a different locality; and so, when I come into the country, 'tis for pleasant air and beautiful trees and winding streams, things, which, of course, those who live all the year round among, do not suspect to be lovely and adorable creations. Don't you agree with Tom Moore, Miss Manvers?"

"Oh, of course! but I think it's very improper, that habit, that every one has, of calling a man of such eminence as the author of 'Lalla Rookh,' *Tom* Moore."

"I wish he could but hear you! But suppose I were to quote *Mr.* Moore, or *Mr. Thomas* Moore, would you have the most distant conception whom I meant? No, no, certainly not. By the bye, did you ever hear the pretty name they gave him at Paris?"

"No! what was it?"

"One day, Moore and Rogers went to call on Denon. Rogers gave their names to the Swiss, *Monsieur Rogers et Monsieur Moore.* The Swiss dashed open the library door, and, to the great surprise of the illustrious antiquary, announced, Monsieur l'Amour! While Denon was doubting whether the God of Love was really paying him a visit or not, *Rogers* entered. I should like to have seen Denon's face!"

"And Monsieur Denon did take a portrait of Mr. Rogers as Cupid, I believe, Mr. Grey?"

"Come, madam, 'no scandal about Queen Elizabeth, I hope.' Mr. Rogers is one of the most elegant-minded men in the country."

"Nay! don't lecture me with such a *riant* face, or else all your *morale* will be utterly thrown away."

"Ah! you have Retch's Faust there. I did not expect on a drawing-room table at Château Desir to see anything so old and so excellent. I thought the third edition of Tremaine would be a very fair specimen of your ancient literature, and Major Denham's hair-breadth escapes of your modern. There was an excellent story about town on the return of Denham and Clapperton. The travellers took different routes, in order to arrive at the same point of destination. In his wanderings, the Major came unto an unheard-of lake, which, with a spirit which they of the Guards surely approved, he christened '*Lake Waterloo.*' Clapperton arrived a few days after him; and the pool was immediately re-baptized '*Lake Trafalgar.*' There was a hot quarrel in consequence. Now, if I had been there, I would have arranged matters by proposing as a title, to meet the views of all parties, '*The United Service Lake.*'"

"That would certainly have been very happy."

"How beautiful Margaret is!" said Vivian, rising from his ottoman, and seating himself on the sofa by the lady. "I always think that this is the only personification where Art has not rendered Innocence insipid."

"Do you think so?"

"Why, take Una in the Wilderness, or Goody Two-Shoes. These, I believe, were the most innocent persons that ever existed, and I'm sure you will agree with me they always look the most insipid. Nay, perhaps I was wrong in what I said; perhaps it is Insipidity that always looks innocent, not Innocence always insipid."

"How can you refine so, Mr. Grey, when the thermometer is at 250°? Pray, tell me some more stories."

OF ATHEISM.

BACON.

[Francis Bacon is one of the most prominent names in English literature. His "Essays" are in the hands of many persons; his "Novum Organum" is talked of by more. He is execrated as the corrupt judge and faithless friend; he is venerated under the name of the father of the inductive philosophy. His foibles, as well as his merits, have been perhaps equally exaggerated. This is not the place to enter upon the disputed passages of his political career, nor to inquire how much he borrowed from the ancient philosophy, which he is supposed to have overturned. That he was a man, in many respects, of the very highest order of intellect, no one can doubt; that he was "the wisest, greatest, meanest of mankind," may be safely disputed. It is sufficient here to mention that he was the youngest son of Sir Nicholas Bacon, Keeper of the Great Seal—was born in 1561, and died in 1626.]

I HAD rather believe all the fables in the Legend,[1] and the Talmud,[2] and the Alcoran,[3] than that this

[1] The Golden Legend, a volume containing biographies of the saints and the miracles wrought by them, written by Jacobus Voragine in the thirteenth century.

[2] The collection of Rabbinical traditions and expositions of the Law.

[3] The "Book" of the Mahometan Faith and Law.

universal frame is without a mind. And therefore God never wrought miracles to convince atheism, because His ordinary works convince it. It is true that a little philosophy inclineth man's mind to atheism; but depth in philosophy bringeth men's minds about to religion. For while the mind of man looketh upon second causes scattered, it may sometimes rest in them, and go no farther; but when it beholdeth the chain of them confederate and linked together, it must needs fly to Providence and Deity. Nay, even that school which is most accused of atheism doth most demonstrate religion; that is, the school of Leucippus,[1] and Democritus,[2] and Epicurus. For it is a thousand times more credible that four mutable elements and one immutable fifth essence, duly and eternally placed, need no God, than that an army of infinite small portions or seeds, unplaced, should have produced this order and beauty without a divine marshal.

The Scripture saith, "The fool hath said in his heart, there is no God;"[3] it is not said, "The fool hath thought in his heart;" so as he rather saith it by rote to himself, as that he would have, than that he can thoroughly believe it, or be persuaded of it;

[1] Leucippus was a Greek philosopher, the originator of the atomic theory, or the creation of things by the fortuitous coming together and blending of atoms.

[2] Democritus was born at Abdera, of a noble and wealthy family, who entertained Xerxes on his return from Asia. In recompense the king of Persia left some of his magi to instruct the young Democritus. He adopted the atomic theory of Leucippus. He travelled much, and was one of the most celebrated of the philosophers, an experimental one also. He was called the Laughing Philosopher.

[3] Psalm xiv. 1.

for none deny there is a God but those for whom it maketh[1] that there were no God. It appeareth in nothing more, that atheism is rather in the lip than in the heart of man, than by this, that atheists will ever be talking of that their opinion, as if they fainted in it themselves, and would be glad to be strengthened by the consent of others. Nay, more, you shall have atheists strive to get disciples, as it fareth with other sects. And, which is most of all, you shall have of them that will suffer for atheism, and not recant: whereas, if they did truly think that there were no such thing as God, why should they trouble themselves? Epicurus is charged that he did but dissemble for his credit's sake, when he affirmed there were Blessed Natures, but such as enjoy themselves without having respect to the government of the world. Wherein they say he did temporise, though in secret he thought there was no God. But certainly he is traduced; for his words are noble and divine: "Non deos vulgi negare profanum; sed vulgi opiniones diis applicare profanum." Plato could have said no more. And although he had the confidence to deny the administration, he had not the power to deny the nature. The Indians of the West have names for their particular gods, though they have no name for God (as if the heathens should have had the names Jupiter, Apollo, Mars, &c., but not the word Deus), which shows that even those barbarous people have the notion, though they have not the latitude and extent of it. So that against atheists

[1] To whose interest it would be that there should be no God.

the very savages take part with the very subtlest philosophers. The contemplative atheist is rare: a Diagoras,[1] a Bion,[2] a Lucian[3] perhaps, and some others. And yet they seem to be more than they are, for that all that impugn a received religion or superstition are, by the adverse part, branded with the name of atheists. But the great atheists indeed are hypocrites, which are ever handling holy things, but without feeling, so as they must needs be cauterised in the end.

The causes of atheism are, divisions in religion, if there be many (for any one main division addeth zeal to both sides, but many divisions introduce atheism); another is, scandal of priests, when it is come to that which St. Bernard[4] saith, "Non est jam dicere, ut populus, sic sacerdos; quia nec sic populus, ut sacerdos;" a third is, a custom of profane scoffing in holy matters, which doth by little and little deface the reverence of religion; and lastly, learned times, especially with peace and prosperity; for

[1] An Athenian philosopher, who, seeing that a man who perjured himself when making a false claim as to the authorship of one of Diagoras's poems, remained unpunished by the gods, turned atheist. The Areopagus, on account of his impieties and blasphemies, set a price on his head, and he had to fly from Athens. He lived 416 B.C.

[2] Not the Greek poet, but a Scythian philosopher of atheistic opinions—a scoffer and satirist, but who before his death acknowledged the existence and power of Providence. He died 241 B.C.

[3] He was a Greek writer of Samosata, who was born in the reign of Trajan, and was patronised by the Emperor Aurelius. He ridiculed alike the superstitions of the heathen and Christianity.

[4] The celebrated Abbot of Clairvaux, who preached the second Crusade.

troubles and adversities do more bow men's minds to religion.

They that deny a God destroy man's nobility, for certainly man is of kin to the beasts by his body; and if he be not of kin to God by his spirit, he is a base and ignoble creature. It destroys likewise magnanimity and the raising of human nature. For take an example of a dog, and mark what a generosity and courage he will put on when he finds himself maintained by a man, who to him is instead of a God, or *melior natura:* which courage is manifestly such as that creature, without that confidence of a better nature than his own, could never attain. So man, when he resteth and assureth himself upon Divine protection and favour, gathereth a force and faith which human nature in itself could not obtain; therefore, as atheism is in all respects hateful, so in this, that it depriveth human nature of the means to exalt itself above human frailty. As it is in particular persons, so it is in nations. Never was there such a State for magnanimity as Rome. Of this State hear what Cicero saith: "Quam volumus, licet, patres conscripti, nos amemus, tamen nec numero Hispanos, nec robore Gallos, nec calliditate Pœnos, nec artibus Græcos, nec denique hoc ipso hujus gentis et terræ domestico nativoque sensu Italos ipsos et Latinos; sed pietate, ac religione, atque hâc una sapientiâ, quod deorum immortalium numine omnia regi, gubernarique perspeximus, omnes gentes nationesque superavimus."

OF SUPERSTITION.[1]

It were better to have no opinion of God at all, than such an opinion as is unworthy of Him. For the one is unbelief, the other is contumely: and certainly superstition is the reproach of the Deity. Plutarch saith well to that purpose: "Surely," saith he, "I had rather a great deal men should say there was no such a man at all as Plutarch, than that they should say there was one Plutarch that would eat his children as soon as they were born;" as the poets speak of Saturn. And as the contumely is greater towards God, so the danger is greater towards men. Atheism leaves a man to sense, to philosophy, to natural piety, to laws, to reputation: all which may be guides to an outward moral virtue, though religion were not. But superstition dismounts all these, and erecteth an absolute monarchy in the minds of men. Therefore atheism did never perturb States; for it makes men weary of themselves, as looking no farther: and we see the times inclined to atheism, as the time of Augustus Cæsar were civil times. But superstition hath been the confusion of many States, and bringeth in a new *primum mobile*,[2] that ravisheth all the spheres of government.

The master of superstition is the people, and in all superstition wise men follow fools; and arguments are fitted to practice in a reversed order. It was gravely said by some of the prelates in the

[1] Dr. Johnson calls superstition "religion without morals."

[2] Cause of motion.

Council of Trent, where the doctrine of the schoolmen [1] bare great sway, that "the schoolmen were like astronomers, which did feign eccentrics and epicyles,[2] and such engines of orbs, to save the phenomena, though they knew there were no such things;" and, in like manner, that the schoolmen had framed a number of subtle and intricate axioms and theorems to save the practice of the Church.

The causes of superstition are pleasing and sensual rites and ceremonies; excess of outward and pharisaical holiness; over-great reverence of traditions, which cannot but load the Church; the stratagems of prelates for their own ambition and lucre; the favouring too much of good intentions, which openeth the gate to conceits and novelties; the taking an aim at divine matters by human, which cannot but breed mixture of imaginations; and, lastly, barbarous times, especially joined with calamities and disasters.

Superstition without a veil is a deformed thing; for, as it addeth deformity to an ape to be so like a man, so the similitude of superstition to religion makes it the more deformed; and as wholesome meat corrupteth to little worms, so good forms and orders corrupt into a number of petty observances.

There is a superstition in avoiding superstition,

[1] The men who adopted and taught the Scholastic Divinity in the Universities during the Middle Ages. The chief of these was the celebrated Duns Scotus.

[2] Excentrics and epicycles. By the Ptolemaic astronomy the sun and moon both were said to revolve round the earth: but as the earth (they asserted) was not in the centre of these circles, or the velocity would not vary, they were called eccentrics, or excentric circles. Epicycles were the small circles in one of which each planet moved: the centre of it described a larger circle about the earth.

when men think to do best if they go farthest from the superstition formerly received; therefore care would be had that (as it fareth in ill purgings) the good be not taken away with the bad, which commonly is done when the people is the reformer.

LAODAMIA.

W. WORDSWORTH.

[This great poet was born in Cumberland in 1770. He was educated in boyhood in Hawkshead School, and was entered at St. John's College, Cambridge, in 1787. In 1798 he published, in conjunction with Coleridge, the "Lyrical Ballads." They were received with the bitterest contempt; but the poet was not crushed by the reviewers. In 1814 his great poem "The Excursion" appeared, and from that time his fame steadily increased. In 1843 he succeeded his friend Southey as Poet-Laureate. It is scarcely possible to estimate fully the influence that Wordsworth and Coleridge have had on the intellect of the latter half of the century, nor have we space here to more than glance at it. Wordsworth died in 1850.]

"WITH sacrifice before the rising morn,
Vows have I made, by fruitless hope inspired;
And from the infernal gods, 'mid shades forlorn
Of night, my slaughtered lord have I required:
Celestial pity I again implore;—
Restore him to my sight—great Jove, restore!"

So speaking, and by fervent love endowed
With faith, the suppliant heavenward lifts her hands;
While, like the sun emerging from a cloud,
Her countenance brightens, and her eye expands;
Her bosom heaves and spreads, her stature grows;
And she expects the issue in repose.

Oh, terror! what hath she perceived?—Oh, joy!
What doth she look on?—whom doth she behold?
Her hero slain upon the beach of Troy?
His vital presence—his corporeal mould?
It is—if sense deceive her not—'tis he!
And a god leads him—wingèd Mercury!

Mild Hermes spake, and touched her with his wand,
That calms all fear: "Such grace hath crowned thy prayer,
Laodamìa; that at Jove's command
Thy husband walks the paths of upper air:
He comes to tarry with thee three hours' space:
Accept the gift—behold him face to face!"

Forth sprang the impassioned queen her lord to clasp!
Again that consummation she essayed;
But unsubstantial form eludes her grasp
As often as that eager grasp was made:
The phantom parts—but parts to re-unite,
And re-assume his place before her sight.

"Protesilàus, lo! thy guide is gone!
Confirm, I pray, the vision with thy voice:
This is our palace,—yonder is thy throne:
Speak, and the floor thou tread'st on will rejoice.
Not to appal me have the gods bestowed
This precious boon, and blest a sad abode."

"Great Jove, Laodamìa! doth not leave
His gifts imperfect:—spectre though I be,
I am not sent to scare thee or deceive;
But in reward of thy fidelity.
And something also did my worth obtain;
For fearless virtue bringeth boundless gain.

"Thou know'st, the Delphic oracle foretold
That the first Greek who touched the Trojan strand
Should die; but me the threat could not withhold.
A generous cause a victim did demand,
And forth I leapt upon the sandy plain,
A self-devoted chief—by Hector slain."

"Supreme of heroes—bravest, noblest, best!
Thy matchless courage I bewail no more,
Which then, when tens of thousands were deprest
By doubt, propelled thee to the fatal shore;
Thou found'st—and I forgive thee—here thou art—
A nobler counsellor than my poor heart.

"But thou, though capable of sternest deed,
Wert kind as resolute, and good as brave;
And he, whose power restores thee, hath decreed
That thou shouldst cheat the malice of the grave;
Redundant are thy locks, thy lips as fair
As when their breath enriched Thessalian air,

"No spectre greets me, no vain shadow this:
Come, blooming hero, place thee by my side!
Give, on this well-known couch, one nuptial kiss
To me, this day, a second time thy bride!"
Jove frowned in heaven; the conscious Parcæ threw
Upon those roseate lips a Stygian hue.

"This visage tells thee that my doom is past:
Know, virtue were not virtue if the joys
Of sense were able to return as fast
And surely as they vanish.—Earth destroys
Those raptures duly—Erebus disdains:
Calm pleasures there abide, majestic pains.

"Be taught, O faithful consort, to control
Rebellious passion; for the gods approve
The depth, and not the tumult, of the soul;
A fervent, not ungovernable love.
Thy transports moderate; and meekly mourn
When I depart, for brief is my sojourn."

"Ah, wherefore? Did not Hercules by force
Wrest from the guardian monster of the tomb
Alcestis, a reanimated corse,
Given back to dwell on earth in vernal bloom?
Medea's spells dispersed the weight of years,
And Æson stood a youth 'mid youthful peers.

"The gods to us are merciful, and they
Yet further may relent; for mightier far
Than strength of nerve and sinew, or the sway
Of magic potent over sun and star,
Is love, though oft to agony distrest,
And though his favourite seat be feeble woman's breast.

"But if thou goest I follow."—"Peace!" he said.
She looked upon him, and was calmed and cheered.
The ghastly colour from his lips had fled;
In his deportment, shape, and mien appeared
Elysian beauty, melancholy grace,
Brought from a pensive though a happy place.

He spake of love, such love as spirits feel
In worlds whose course is equable and pure;
No fears to beat away, no strife to heal,
The past unsighed for, and the future sure;
Spake of heroic arts in graver mood
Revived, with finer harmony pursued:

Of all that is most beauteous, imaged there
In happier beauty ; more pellucid streams,
An ampler ether, a diviner air,
And fields invested with purpureal gleams ;
Climes which the sun, who sheds the brightest day
Earth knows, is all unworthy to survey.

Yet there the soul shall enter which hath earned
That privilege by virtue.—"Ill," said he,
"The end of man's existence I discerned,
Who from ignoble games and revelry
Could draw, when we had parted, vain delight,
While tears were thy best pastime,—day and night ;

"And while my youthful peers, before my eyes
(Each hero following his peculiar bent),
Prepared themselves for glorious enterprise
By martial sports ; or, seated in the tent,
Chieftains and kings in council were detained,
What time the fleet at Aulis lay enchained.

"The wished-for wind was given : I then revolved
The oracle upon the silent sea ;
And, if no worthier led the way, resolved
That, of a thousand vessels, mine should be
The foremost prow in pressing to the strand,—
Mine the first blood that tinged the Trojan sand.

"Yet bitter, ofttimes bitter, was the pang
When of thy loss I thought, beloved wife !
On thee too fondly did my memory hang,
And on the joys we shared in mortal life,
The paths which we had trod, these fountains, flowers,
My new-planned cities, and unfinished towers,

"But should suspense permit the foe to cry,
'Behold they tremble!—haughty their array,
Yet of their number no one dares to die!'
In soul I swept the indignity away:
Old frailties then recurred; but lofty thought,
In act embodied, my deliverance wrought.

"And thou, though strong in love, art all too weak
In reason, in self-government too slow;
I counsel thee by fortitude to seek
Our blest re-union in the shades below.
The invisible world with thee hath sympathised;
Be thy affections raised and solemnised.

"Learn by a mortal yearning to ascend
Towards a higher object. Love was given,
Encouraged, sanctioned, chiefly for that end;
For this the passion to excess was driven,
That self might be annulled—her bondage prove
The fetters of a dream, opposed to love."

Aloud she shrieked! for Hermes reappears.
Round the dear shade she would have clung—'tis vain.
The hours are past—too brief had they been years;
And him no mortal effort can detain.
Swift toward the realms that know not earthly day,
He through the portal takes his silent way,
And on the palace floor a lifeless corse she lay.

By no weak pity might the gods be moved:
She who thus perished, not without the crime
Of lovers that in reason's spite have loved,
Was doomed to wander in a grosser clime,
Apart from happy ghosts, that gather flowers
Of blissful quiet 'mid unfading bowers.

Yet tears to human suffering are due;
And mortal hopes defeated and o'erthrown
Are mourned by man, and not by man alone,
As fondly he believes.—Upon the side
Of Hellespont (such faith was entertained)
A knot of spiry trees for ages grew
From out the tomb of him for whom she died;
And ever, when such stature they had gained
That Ilium's walls were subject to their view,
The trees' tall summits withered at the sight;
A constant interchange of growth and blight!

THE MEASURES AND OFFICES OF FRIENDSHIP.

JEREMY TAYLOR.

[Jeremy Taylor, Bishop of Down, Connor, and Dromore—one of the most eloquent of the great divines of the Church of England—was the son of a barber at Cambridge. He was born in 1613. He says himself that he was "solely grounded in grammar and mathematics by his father." In his thirteenth year he was admitted a sizar of Caius College, Cambridge. By a sizar was then understood a poor student, who performed humble offices in the college. Out of this rank have come some of the most eminent of our scholars. Very early he obtained the patronage of Laud, Archbishop of Canterbury; who placed him at All Souls' College, Oxford, and nominated him, by a stretch of authority, Fellow of that College. In 1637 he was appointed to the Rectory of Uppingham; but his living was sequestrated in the Civil Wars. For some years he suffered poverty and imprisonment; he kept a school; he was a dependant upon private bounty. But he laboured unremittingly; he preached and he published. Upon the Restoration, in 1660, he was nominated by the king to his Irish bishopric. Here he resided for seven years, discharging his duties with the most exemplary industry, and endeavouring to win all men to his fold by unremitting love. His period

of prosperity was not of long duration. He died of a fever in 1667, in his fifty-fifth year. The character of Taylor's writings which was given by his successor, Dr. Rust, in his funeral sermon, is not an exaggeration :—"They will be famous to all succeeding generations for their greatness of wit, and profoundness of judgment, and richness of fancy, and clearness of expression, and copiousness of invention, and general usefulness to all the purposes of a Christian." Reginald Heber, the admirable Bishop of Calcutta, has prefixed an excellent biography of Jeremy Taylor to the valuable edition of his works in 15 vols. published in 1839. Of his best-known work, "Holy Living and Holy Dying," many modern editions may be had.]

YOU first inquire how far a dear and perfect friendship is authorised by the principles of Christianity. To this I answer, that the word "friendship," in the sense we commonly mean by it, is not so much as named in the New Testament, and our religion takes no notice of it. You think it strange; but read on before you spend so much as the beginning of a passion or a wonder upon it. There is mention of "friendship with the world," and it is said to be "enmity with God;" but the word is nowhere else named, or to any other purpose, in all the New Testament. It speaks of friends often; but by friends are meant our acquaintance or our kindred, the relatives of our family, or our fortune, or our sect; something of society, or something of kindness, there is in it; a tenderness of appellation and civility, a relation made by gifts, or by duty, by services and subjection; and I think I have reason to be confident that the word "friend" (speaking of human intercourse) is no otherwise used in the Gospels, or Epistles, or Acts of the Apostles: and the reason of it is, the word "friend" is of a large signification,

and means all relations and societies, and whatsoever is not enmity. But by friendship I suppose you mean the greatest love, and the greatest usefulness, and the most open communication, and the noblest sufferings, and the most exemplary faithfulness, and the severest truth, and the heartiest counsel, and the greatest union of minds, of which brave men and women are capable. But then I must tell you that Christianity hath new christened it, and calls this charity. The Christian knows no enemy he hath; that is, though persons may be injurious to him, and unworthy in themselves, yet he knows none whom he is not first bound to forgive, which is indeed to make them on his part to be no enemies —that is, to make that the word enemy shall not be perfectly contrary to friend, it shall not be a relative term, and signify something on each hand, a relative and a correlation; and then he knows none whom he is not bound to love and pray for, to treat kindly and justly, liberally and obligingly. Christian charity is friendship to all the world; and when friendships were the noblest things in the world, charity was little, like the sun drawn in at a chink, or his beams drawn into the centre of a burning-glass; but Christian charity is friendship expanded like the face of the sun when it mounts above the eastern hills: and I was strangely pleased when I saw something of this in Cicero; for I have been so pushed at by herds and flocks of people that follow anybody that whistles to them, or drives them to pasture, that I am grown afraid of any truth that seems chargeable with singularity: but therefore I say, glad I was when I saw Lælius in Cicero dis-

course thus :—"Amicitia ex infinitate generis humani quam conciliavit ipsa natura, contracta res est, et adducta in angustum ; ut omnis charitas, aut inter duos, aut inter paucos jungeretur." Nature hath made friendships and societies, relations and endearments ; and by something or other we relate to all the world ; there is enough in every man that is willing to make him become our friend ; but when men contract friendships, they enclose the commons ; and what nature intended should be every man's, we make proper to two or three. Friendship is like rivers, and the strand of seas, and the air—common to all the world ; but tyrants, and evil customs, wars, and want of love, have made them proper and peculiar. But when Christianity came to renew our nature, and to restore our laws, and to increase our privileges, and to make our aptness to become religion, then it was declared that our friendships were to be as universal as our conversation ; that is, *actual* to all with whom we converse, and *potentially extended* unto those with whom we did not. For he who was to treat his enemies with forgiveness and prayers, and love and beneficence, was indeed to have no enemies, and to have all friends.

So that to your question, "How far a dear and perfect friendship is authorised by the principles of Christianity?" the answer is ready and easy : it is warranted to extend to all mankind ; and the more we love, the better we are ; and the greater our friendships are, the dearer we are to God. Let them be as dear, and let them be as perfect, and let them be as many as you can ; there is no danger in it ; only where the restraint begins, there begins our imper-

fection. It is not ill that you entertain brave friendships and worthy societies; it were well if you could love and if you could benefit all mankind; for I conceive that is the sum of all friendship.

I confess this is not to be expected of us in this world; but as all our graces here are but imperfect —that is, at the best they are but tendencies to glory—so our friendships are imperfect too, and but beginnings of a celestial friendship by which we shall love every one as much as they can be loved. But then so we must here in our proportion; and indeed, that is it that can make the difference; we must be friends to all—that is, apt to do good, loving them really, and doing to them all the benefits which we can, and which they are capable of. The friendship is equal to all the world, and of itself hath no difference; but is differenced only by accidents, and by the capacity or incapacity of them that receive it.

Nature and religion are the bands of friendship; excellency and usefulness are its great endearments; society and neighbourhood—that is, the possibilities and the circumstances of converse—are the determinations and actualities of it. Now, when men either are unnatural or irreligious, they will not be friends: when they are neither excellent nor useful, they are not worthy to be friends; when they are strangers or unknown, they cannot be friends actually and practically; but yet, as any man hath anything of the good, contrary to those evils, so he can have and must have his share of friendship.

For thus the sun is the eye of the world; and he is indifferent to the negro or the cold Russian, to

them that dwell under the line and them that stand near the tropics, the scalded Indian, or the poor boy that shakes at the foot of the Riphean hills. But the fluxures of the heaven and the earth, the conveniency of abode, and the approaches to the north or south respectively, change the emanations of his beams; not that they do not pass always from him, but that they are not equally received below, but by periods and changes, by little inlets and reflections, they receive what they can. And some have only a dark day and a long night from him, snows and white cattle, a miserable life and a perpetual harvest of catarrhs and consumptions, apoplexies and dead palsies. But some have splendid fires and aromatic spices, rich wines and well-digested fruits, great wit and great courage; because they dwell in his eye, and look in his face, and are the courtiers of the sun, and wait upon him in his chambers of the east. Just so is it in friendships; some are worthy, and some are necessary; some dwell hard by, and are fitted for converse; nature joins some to us, and religion combines us with others; society and accidents, parity of fortune, and equal dispositions, do actuate our friendships: which, of themselves and in their prime disposition, are prepared for all mankind according as any one can receive them. We see this best exemplified by two instances and expressions of friendship and charity, viz., alms and prayers; every one that needs relief is equally the object of our charity, but though to all mankind in equal needs we ought to be alike in charity, yet we signify this severally and by limits and distinct measures: the poor man that

is near me, he whom I meet, he whom I love, he whom I fancy, he who did me benefit, he who relates to my family, he rather than another: because my expressions, being finite and narrow, and cannot extend to all in equal significations, must be appropriate to those whose circumstances best fit me: and yet even to all I give my alms, to all the world that needs them; I pray for all mankind; I am grieved at every sad story I hear; I am troubled when I hear of a pretty bride murdered in her bride-chamber by an ambitious and enraged rival; I shed a tear when I am told that a brave king was misunderstood, then slandered, then imprisoned, and then put to death by evil men; and I can never read the story of the Parisian massacre, or the Sicilian vespers, but my blood curdles, and I am disordered by two or three affections. A good man is a friend to all the world; and he is not truly charitable that does not wish well and do good to all mankind in what he can. But though we must pray for all men, yet we say special litanies for brave kings and holy prelates, and the wise guides of souls, for our brethren and relations, our wives and children.

The effect of this consideration is, that the universal friendship of which I speak must be limited, because we are so. In those things where we stand next to immensity and infinity, as in good wishes and prayers, and a readiness to benefit all mankind, in these our friendships must not be limited; but in other things which pass under our hand and eye, our voices and our material exchanges; our hands can reach no farther but to our arm's end, and our

voices can but sound till the next air be quiet, and therefore they can have intercourse but within the sphere of their own activity; our needs and our conversations are served by a few, and they cannot reach at all; where they can they must; but where it is impossible it cannot be necessary. It must therefore follow that our friendships to mankind may admit variety as does our conversation; and as by nature we are made sociable to all, so we are friendly; but as all cannot actually be of our society, so neither can all be admitted to a special, actual friendship. Of some intercourses all men are capable, but not of all; men can pray for one another, and abstain from doing injuries to all the world, and be desirous to do all mankind good, and love all men: now this friendship we must pay to all, because we can; but if we can do no more to all, we must show our readiness to do more good to all, by actually doing more good to all them to whom we can.

A good man is the best friend, and therefore soonest to be chosen, longer to be retained; and indeed never to be parted with, unless he cease to be that for which he was chosen.

For the good man is a profitable, useful person, and that is the band of an effective friendship. For I do not think that friendships are metaphysical nothings, created for contemplation, or that men or women should stare upon each other's faces, and make dialogues of news and prettiness, and look babies in one another's eyes. Friendship is the allay of our sorrows, the ease of our passions, the discharge of our oppressions, the sanctuary to our

calamities, the councillor of our doubts, the charity of our minds, the emission of our thoughts, the exercise and improvement of what we meditate. And although I love my friend because he is worthy, yet he is not worthy if he can do me no good; I do not speak of accidental hindrances and misfortunes, by which the bravest man may become unable to help his child, but of the natural and artificial capacities of the man. He only is fit to be chosen for a friend who can do those offices for which friendship is excellent. For (mistake not) no man can be loved for himself; our perfections in this world cannot reach so high; it is well if we would love God at that rate; and I very much fear that if God did us no good we might admire His beauties, but we should have but a small proportion of love towards Him; all His other greatnesses are objects of fear and wonder—it is His goodness that makes Him lovely. And so it is in friendships. He only is fit to be chosen for a friend who can give counsel, or defend my cause, or guide me right, or relieve my need, or can and will, when I need it, do me good: only this I add, into the heaps of doing good, I will reckon loving me, for it is a pleasure to be beloved; but when his love signifies nothing but kissing my cheek, or talking kindly, and can go no further, it is a prostitution of the bravery of friendship to spend it upon impertinent people who are (it may be) loads to their families, but can never ease any loads; but my friend is a worthy person when he can become to me, instead of God, a guide or a support, an eye or a hand, a staff or a rule. . . .

Can any wise or good man be angry if I say, I choose this man to be my friend because he is able to give me counsel, to restrain my wanderings, to comfort me in my sorrows; he is pleasant to me in private and useful in public; he will make my joys double, and divide my grief between himself and me? For what else should I choose? For being a fool and useless? for a pretty face and a smooth chin? I confess it is possible to be a friend to one that is ignorant, and pitiable, handsome and good for nothing, that eats well and drinks deep, but he cannot be a friend to me; and I love him with a fondness or a pity, but it cannot be a noble friendship.

Plutarch calls such friendships "the idols and images of friendship." True and brave friendships are between worthy persons, and there is in mankind no degree of worthiness, but is also a degree of usefulness, and by everything by which a man is excellent I may be profited: and because those are the bravest friends which can best serve the ends of friendships, either we must suppose that friendships are not the greatest comforts in the world, or else we must say, he chooses his friend best that chooses such a one by whom he can receive the greatest comforts and assistances.

This being the measure of all friendships, they all partake of excellency, according as they are fitted to this measure: a friend may be counselled well enough, though his friend be not the wisest man in the world: and he may be pleased in his society, though he be not the best-natured man in the world; but still it must be that something excellent is,

or is apprehended, or else it can be no worthy friendship; because the choice is imprudent and foolish. Choose for your friend him that is wise and good, and secret and just, ingenuous and honest; and in those things which have a latitude, use your own liberty; but in such things which consist in an indivisible point, make no abatements; that is, you must not choose him to be your friend that is not honest and secret, just and true to a tittle; but if he be wise at all, and useful in any degree, and as good as you can have him, you need not be ashamed to own your own friendships; though sometimes you may be ashamed of some imperfections of your friend.

But if you yet inquire, further, whether fancy may be an ingredient in your choice? I answer, that fancy may minister to this as to all other actions in which there is a liberty and variety. For in all things where there is a latitude, every faculty will endeavour to be pleased, and sometimes the meanest persons in a house have a festival: even sympathies and natural inclinations to some persons, and a conformity of humours, and proportionable loves, and the beauty of the face, and a witty answer, may first strike the flint and kindle a spark which if it falls upon tender and compliant natures may grow into a flame; but this will never be maintained at the rate of friendship unless it be fed by pure materials, by worthinesses which are the food of friendship. These are the prettinesses of prosperity and good-natured wit; but when we speak of friendship, which is the best thing in the world (for it is love and beneficence, it is charity that is fitted for

society), we cannot suppose a brave pile should be built up with nothing.

But I know not whither I am going: I did only mean to say that because friendship is that by which the world is most blessed and receives most good, it ought to be chosen amongst the worthiest persons —that is, amongst those that can do greatest benefit to each other. And though in equal worthiness I may choose by my eye, or ear, that is, into the consideration of the essential, I may take in also the accidental and extrinsic worthinesses; yet I ought to give every one their just value: when the internal beauties are equal, these shall help to weigh down the scale, and I will love a worthy friend that can delight me as well as profit me, rather than him who cannot delight me at all, and profit me no more: but yet I will not weigh the gayest flowers or the wings of butterflies against wheat; but when I am to choose wheat, I may take that which looks the brightest. When I choose my friend, I will not stay till I have received a kindness: but I will choose such a one that can do me many if I need them: but I mean such kindnesses which make me wiser, and which make me better: that is, I will, when I choose my friend, choose him that is the bravest, the worthiest and the most excellent person; and then your first question is soon answered. To love such a person, and to contract such friendships, is just so authorised by the principles of Christianity as it is warranted to love wisdom and virtue, goodness and beneficence, and all the impresses of God upon the spirits of brave men.

OMENS.

DAVY.

[Sir Humphry Davy, the great chemist, may fairly take his place amongst the best authors. The qualities by which he raised himself to his professional eminence were the very qualities that make a great writer—a vivid imagination subjected to the discipline of accurate reasoning, and both working with unwearied industry. Davy took the largest views of science; but he worked them out by the most diligent examination of the minutest facts. We trace the same genius in his lighter writings. The extract which we are about to give is from his little book on fly-fishing, entitled "Salmonia," a book full of the most charming pictures of external nature, seen through the brilliant atmosphere of a poetical philosophy. Davy was born in Penzance in 1778. His father was a carver in wood; and while an apprentice to a surgeon and apothecary, the future President of the Royal Society was laying up materials for his career in diligent study. In 1801 he came to London, and became a lecturer at the Royal Institution; from this time his life was one continued series of brilliant discoveries and beautiful expositions. The miner's safety lamp is one of the most signal examples of the practical benefit of the highest theoretical science. He died in the maturity of his fame at the comparatively early age of fifty-one.]

Poict. I hope we shall have another good day to-morrow, for the clouds are red in the west.

Phys. I have no doubt of it, for the red has a tint of purple.

Hal. Do you know why this tint portends fine weather?

Phys. The air when dry, I believe, refracts more red, or heat-making rays; and as dry air is not perfectly transparent, they are again reflected in the horizon. I have observed generally a coppery or yellow sunset to foretell rain; but, as an indication of wet weather approaching, nothing is more certain than a

halo round the moon, which is produced by the precipitated water; and the larger the circle, the nearer the clouds, and consequently the more ready to fall.

Hal. I have often observed that the old proverb is correct—

> A rainbow in the morning is the shepherd's warning,
> A rainbow at night is the shepherd's delight.

Can you explain this omen?

Phys. A rainbow can only occur when the clouds containing or depositing the rain are opposite to the sun,—and in the evening the rainbow is in the east, and in the morning in the west; and as our heavy rains in this climate are usually brought by the westerly wind, a rainbow in the west indicates that the bad weather is on the road, by the wind, to us; whereas the rainbow in the east proves that the rain in these clouds is passing from us.

Poict. I have often observed that when the swallows fly high, fine weather is to be expected or continued; but when they fly low, and close to the ground, rain is almost surely approaching. Can you account for this?

Hal. Swallows follow the flies and gnats, and flies and gnats usually delight in warm strata of air; and as warm air is lighter, and usually moister than cold air, when the warm strata of air are higher, there is less chance of moisture being thrown down from them by the mixture with cold air; but when the warm and moist air is close to the surface, it is almost certain that, as the cold air flows down into it, a deposition of water will take place.

Poict. I have often seen seagulls assemble on the land, and have almost always observed that very

stormy and rainy weather was approaching. I conclude that these animals, sensible of a current of air approaching from the ocean, retire to the land to shelter themselves from the storm.

Orn. No such thing. The storm is their element; and the little petrel enjoys the heaviest gale, because, living on the smaller sea insects, he is sure to find his food in the spray of a heavy wave, and you may see him flitting above the edge of the highest surge. I believe that the reason of this migration of sea-gulls, and other sea-birds, to the land is their security of finding food; and they may be observed, at this time, feeding greedily on the earth-worms and larvæ, driven out of the ground by severe floods; and the fish, on which they prey in fine weather in the sea, leave the surface and go deeper in storms. The search after food, as we agreed on a former occasion, is the principal cause why animals change their places. The different tribes of the wading birds always migrate when rain is about to take place; and I remember once, in Italy, having been long waiting in the end of March for the arrival of the double snipe in the Campagna of Rome, a great flight appeared on the 3rd of April, and the day after heavy rain set in, which greatly interfered with my sport. The vulture, upon the same principle, follows armies; and I have no doubt that the augury of the ancients was a good deal founded upon the observation of the instincts of birds. There are many superstitions of the vulgar owing to the same source. For anglers, in spring, it is always unlucky to see single magpies, but *two* may be always regarded as a favourable omen; and the

reason is, that in cold and stormy weather one magpie alone leaves the nest in search of food, the other remaining sitting upon the eggs or the young ones; but when two go out together, it is only when the weather is warm and mild, and favourable for fishing.

Poict. The singular connections of causes and effects, to which you have just referred, make superstition less to be wondered at, particularly amongst the vulgar; and when two facts, naturally unconnected, have been accidentally coincident, it is not singular that this coincidence should have been observed and registered, and that omens of the most absurd kind should be trusted in. In the West of England, half a century ago, a particular hollow noise on the sea-coast was referred to a spirit or goblin called Bucca, and was supposed to foretell a shipwreck: the philosopher knows that sound travels much faster than currents in the air, and the sound always foretold the approach of a very heavy storm, which seldom takes place on that wild and rocky coast without a shipwreck on some part of its extensive shores, surrounded by the Atlantic.

Phys. All the instances of omens you have mentioned are founded on reason; but how can you explain such absurdities as Friday being an unlucky day, the terror of spilling salt, or meeting an old woman? I knew a man, of very high dignity, who was exceedingly moved by these omens, and who never went out shooting without a bittern's claw fastened to his button-hole by a riband, which he thought ensured him good luck.

Poict. These, as well as the omens of death-watches, dreams, &c., are for the most part founded

upon some accidental coincidence; but spilling of salt, on an uncommon occasion, may, as I have known it, arise from a disposition to apoplexy, shown by an incipient numbness in the hand, and may be a fatal symptom, and persons dispirited by bad omens sometimes prepare the way for evil fortune; for confidence in success is a great means of ensuring it. The dream of Brutus, before the field of Pharsalia, probably produced a species of irresolution and despondency which was the principal cause of his losing the battle: and I have heard that the illustrious sportsman to whom you referred just now was always observed to shoot ill, because he shot carelessly, after one of his dispiriting omens.

Hal. I have in life met with a few things which I found it impossible to explain, either by chance coincidences or by natural connections; and I have known minds of a very superior class affected by them, persons in the habit of reasoning deeply and profoundly.

Phys. In my opinion, profound minds are the most likely to think lightly of the resources of human reason; and it is the pert superficial thinker who is generally strongest in every kind of unbelief. The deep philosopher sees chains of causes and effects so wonderfully and strangely linked together, that he is usually the last person to decide upon the impossibility of any two series of events being independent of each other; and in science, so many natural miracles, as it were, have been brought to light--such as the fall of stones from meteors in the atmosphere, the disarming a thundercloud by a metallic point, the production of fire from ice by a metal white as silver, and the refer-

ring certain laws of motion of the sea to the moon —that the physical inquirer is seldom disposed to assert confidently on any abstruse subjects belonging to the order of natural things, and still less so on those relating to the more mysterious relations of moral events and intellectual natures.

INSTINCT.

GREEN.

[Joseph Henry Green was one of the most distinguished surgeons and anatomists of the nineteenth century. In a course of lectures delivered by him at the Royal College of Surgeons, and published in his work entitled "Vital Dynamics," he grapples with the difficult subject of Instinct in a manner at once original and conclusive. This passage of the lecture is reprinted in the Appendix to Coleridge's "Aids to Reflection." Mr Green, born in 1791, was the son of a London merchant. He was a pupil of the famous Cline, and gradually made his way to the highest honours of his profession, having been twice President to the College of Surgeons. For seventeen years he was the intimate friend of Coleridge. Mr. John Simon has written a most interesting memoir of the life of Mr. Green, from which we may collect how high were those qualities which led Coleridge to make him trustee for his children, and to describe him in his will as "the man most intimate with their father's intellectual labours and aspirations." Mr. Green died in December 1863.]

WHAT is instinct? As I am not quite of Bonnet's opinion, "that philosophers will in vain torment themselves to define instinct until they have spent some time in the head of the animal without actually being that animal," I shall endeavour to explain the use of the term. I shall not think it necessary to controvert the opinions which have been offered

on this subject—whether the ancient doctrine of Descartes, who supposed that animals were mere machines; or the modern one of Lamarck, who attributes instincts to habits impressed upon the organs of animals by the constant efflux of the nervous fluid to these organs, to which it has been determined in their efforts to perform certain actions to which their necessities have given birth. And it will be here premature to offer any refutation of the opinions of those who contend for the identity of this faculty with reason, and maintain that all the actions of animals are the result of invention and experience;—an opinion maintained with considerable plausibility by Dr. Darwin.

Perhaps the most ready and certain mode of coming to a conclusion in this intricate inquiry will be by the apparently circuitous route of determining first what we do not mean by the word. Now we certainly do not mean, in the use of the term, any act of the vital power in the production or maintenance of an organ: nobody thinks of saying that the teeth grow by instinct, or that when the muscles are increased in vigour and size in consequence of exercise, it is from such a cause or principle. Neither do we attribute instinct to the direct functions of the organs in providing for the continuance and sustentation of the whole co-organised body. No one talks of the liver secreting bile, or the heart acting for the propulsion of the blood, by instinct. Some, indeed, have maintained that breathing even is an instinctive operation; but surely this, as well as the former, is automatic, or at least is the necessary result of the organisation of

the parts in and by which the action is produced. These instances seem to be, if I may so say, below instinct. But, again, we do not attribute instinct to any actions preceded by a will conscious of its whole purpose, calculating its effects, and predetermining its consequences: nor to any exercise of the intellectual powers of which the whole scope, aim, and end are intellectual. In other terms, no man who values his words, will talk of the instinct of a Howard, or of the instinctive operations of a Newton or Leibnitz, in those sublime efforts which ennoble and cast a lustre, not less on the individual, than on the whole human race.

To what kind or mode of action shall we then look for the legitimate application of the term? In answer to this query we may, I think, without fear of consequence, put the following cases, as exemplifying and justifying the use of the term instinct in an appropriate sense. First, when there appears an action, not included either in the mere functions of life, acting within the sphere of its own organismus; nor yet an action attributable to the intelligent will or reason, yet at the same time not referable to any particular organ; we then declare the presence of an instinct. We might illustrate this in the instance of a bull-calf butting before he has horns, in which the action can have no reference to its internal economy, to the presence of a particular organ, or to an intelligent will. Secondly, likewise (if it be not included in the first) we attribute instinct where the organ is present, if only the act is equally anterior to all possible experience on the part of the individual agent; as, for instance, when the beaver

employs its tail for the construction of its dwelling; the tailor-bird its bill for the formation of its pensile habitation; the spider its spinning organ for fabricating its artfully-woven nets; or the viper its poison fang for its defence. And lastly, generally where there is an act of the whole body as one animal, not referable to a will conscious of its purpose, nor to its mechanism, nor to a habit derived from experience, nor previous frequent use. Here with most satisfaction, and without doubt of the propriety of the word, we declare an instinct; as examples of which, we may adduce the migratory habits of birds, the social instincts of the bees, the construction of their habitations, composed of cells formed with geometrical precision, adapted in capacity to different orders of the society, and forming storehouses for containing a supply of provisions; not to mention similar instances in wasps, ants, termites, and the endless contrivances for protecting the future progeny.

But if it be admitted that we have rightly stated the application of the term, what, we may ask, is contained in the examples adduced, or what inferences are we to make as to the nature of instinct itself, as a source and principle of action? We shall, perhaps, best aid ourselves in the inquiry by an example; and let us take a very familiar one, of a caterpillar taking its food. The caterpillar seeks at once the plant which furnishes the appropriate aliment, and this even as soon as it creeps from the ovum; and the food being taken into the stomach, the nutritious part is separated from the innutritious, and is disposed of for the support of the animal. The question then is, what is contained in this instance

of instinct? In the first place, what does the vital power in the stomach do, if we generalise the account of the process, or express it in its most general terms? Manifestly it selects and applies appropriate means to an immediate end, prescribed by the constitution, first of the particular organ, and then of the whole body or organismus. This we have admitted is not instinct. But what does the caterpillar do? Does it not also select and apply appropriate means to an immediate end prescribed by its particular organisation and constitution? But there is something more; it does this according to circumstances; and this we call instinct. But may there not be still something more involved? What shall we say of Huber's humble-bees? A dozen of these were put under a bell-glass along with a comb of about ten silken cocoons, so unequal in height as not to be capable of standing steadily; to remedy this, two or three of the humble-bees got upon the comb, stretched themselves over its edge, and, with their heads downwards, fixed their forefeet on the table on which the comb stood, and so with their hind-feet kept the comb from falling: when these were weary, others took their places. In this constrained and painful posture, fresh bees relieving their comrades at intervals, and each working in its turn, did these affectionate little insects support the comb for nearly three days, at the end of which time they had prepared sufficient wax to build pillars with it. And what is still further curious, the first pillars having got displaced, the bees had again recourse to the same manœuvre. What then is involved in this case? Evidently the same selection

and appropriation of means to an immediate end as before; but observe! according to varying circumstances.

And here we are puzzled; for this becomes understanding. At least no naturalist, however predetermined to contrast and oppose instinct to understanding, but ends at last in facts in which he himself can make out no difference. But are we hence to conclude that the instinct is the same and identical with the human understanding? Certainly not; though the difference is not in the essentials of the definition, but in an addition to, or modification of, that which is essentially the same in both. In such cases, namely, as that which we have last adduced, in which instinct assumes the semblance of understanding, the act indicative of instinct is not clearly prescribed by the constitution or laws of the animal's peculiar organisation, but arises out of the constitution and previous circumstances of the animal, and those habits, wants, and that predetermined sphere of action and operation which belong to the race, and beyond the limits of which it does not pass. If this be the case, I may venture to assert that I have determined an appropriate sense for instinct, namely, that it is a power of selecting and applying appropriate means to an immediate end, according to circumstances and the changes of circumstances, these being variable and varying, but yet so as to be referable to the general habits arising out of the constitution and previous circumstances of the animal, considered not as an individual but as a race.

We may here, perhaps, most fitly explain the error

of those who contend for the identity of reason and instinct, and believe that the actions of animals are the result of invention and experience. They have, no doubt, been deceived in their investigation of instinct by an efficient cause simulating a final cause, and the defect in their reasoning has arisen in consequence of observing in the instinctive operations of animals the adaptation of means to a relative end from the assumption of a deliberate purpose. To this freedom or choice in action and purpose, instinct, in any appropriate sense of the word, cannot apply; and to justify and explain its introduction, we must have recourse to other and higher faculties than any manifested in the operations of instinct. It is evident, namely, in turning our attention to the distinguishing character of human actions, that there is, as in the inferior animals, a selection and appropriation of means to ends, but it is (not only according to circumstances, not only according to varying circumstances, but it is) according to varying purposes. But this is an attribute of the intelligent will, and no longer even mere understanding.

And here let me observe, that the difficulty and delicacy of this investigation are greatly increased by our not considering the understanding (even our own) in itself, and as it would be were it not accompanied with and modified by the co-operation of the will, the moral feeling, and that faculty, perhaps best distinguished by the name of reason, of determining that which is universal and necessary, of fixing laws and principles, whether speculative or practical, and of contemplating a final purpose or end. This intelligent will—having a self-conscious purpose, under

the guidance and light of the reason by which its acts are made to bear as a whole upon some end in and for itself, and to which the understanding is subservient as an organ, or the faculty of selecting and appropriating the means—seems best to account for the progressiveness of the human race which so evidently marks an insurmountable distinction and impassable barrier between man and the inferior animals; but which would be inexplicable, were there no other difference than in the degree of their intellectual faculties.

Man, doubtless, has his instincts, even in common with the inferior animals, and many of these are the germs of some of the best feelings of his nature. What, amongst many, might I present as a better illustration, or more beautiful instance, than the *storge* or maternal instinct? But man's instincts are elevated and ennobled by the moral ends and purposes of his being. He is not destined to be the slave of blind impulses, a vessel purposeless, unmeant. He is constituted by his moral and intelligent will to be the first freed being, the master-work and the end of nature; but this freedom and high office can only co-exist with fealty and devotion to the service of truth and virtue. And though we may even be permitted to use the term instinct, in order to designate those high impulses which, in the minority of man's rational being, shape his acts unconsciously to ultimate ends, and which in constituting the very character and impress of the humanity reveal the guidance of Providence; yet the convenience of the phrase, and the want of any other distinctive appellation for the influence *de supra*, working unconsciously

in and on the whole human race, should not induce us to forget that the term instinct is only strictly applicable to the adaptive power, as the faculty, even in its highest proper form, of selecting and adapting appropriate means to proximate ends according to varying circumstances—a faculty which, however, only differs from human understanding in consequence of the latter being enlightened by reason, and that the principles which actuate man as ultimate ends, and are designed for his conscious possession and guidance, are best and most properly named ideas.

THE CONQUEST OF IRELAND.

Rev. Dr. Lingard.

[John Lingard, born in 1771 at Winchester, was the son of parents professing the Roman Catholic belief, for which his grandparents on the mother's side had suffered persecution. He displayed even in his childhood such great abilities and unusual excellence of conduct that he was recommended to the notice of Bishop Challoner, and by his successor, Bishop James Talbot, he was sent to the English College at Douay in 1782. The savage excesses of the French Revolution obliged him to escape to England in 1793, where he henceforth resided. His "History of England" was published from 1819 to 1830, the work attaining much approval both in England and on the Continent. Pius VII. as a testimony of his approbation conferred on him the degrees of Doctor of Divinity and of Canon and Civil Law. Dr. Lingard's other works were chiefly of a religious character; he contributed also to *Dolman's Magazine* and the *Dublin Review*. He died, generally esteemed and regretted, in 1851.]

That the ancient inhabitants of Ireland were chiefly of Celtic origin, is evident from the language still spoken by their descendants. Of their manners,

polity, and religion, we may safely judge from analogy. There can be no doubt that they lived in the same rude and uncivilised state in which their neighbours were discovered by the legions of Rome and the teachers of Christianity. Books indeed have been published which minutely describe the revolutions of Erin from a period anterior to the Deluge; but it is evident that the more early portion of the Irish history of Keating rests on the same baseless authority as the British history of Geoffrey (of Monmouth), of bardic fiction and traditional genealogies. These perhaps before, most probably after, the introduction of Christianity, were committed to writing; new embellishments were added by the fancy of copyists and reciters, and a few additional links, the creation of one or two imaginary personages, connected the first settlers in Ireland with the founders of the Tower of Babel. Nor were such fables the peculiar growth of the soil of Erin. The Frank and the Norman, the Briton and the Saxon, found no more difficulty than the Irishman in tracing back their progenitors to the Ark, and pointing out the very grandson of Noah from whom each of them was lineally descended.[1] Hence, if there were aught of truth in the traditions

[1] Of all these genealogies the most amusing and ridiculous is one copied by Nennius, from whom we learn: 1. That Alan, the son of Japhet, had three sons, Hesicion, Armenon, Negno; 2. that Hesicion had four children whom he named Franc, Roman, Aleman, and Brito; 3. that Armenon had five, called Goth, Walsgoth, Gepidus, Burgundus, Longobardus; 4. and that Negno had only four, known by the appellations of Wandal, Saxo, Bulgar, and Targus. Hence it was easy to trace the descent of all the European nations and their relative degrees of consanguinity.

of these nations, it soon became so blended with fiction, that at the present day to distinguish one from the other must prove a hopeless as well as useless undertaking.

Though the gospel had been preached in Ireland at a more early period, the general conversion of the natives had been reserved for the zeal of St. Patrick. This celebrated missionary was born on the farm of Enon, near Bonaven, in the district of Taberia.[1] He commenced his labours in the year 432, and, after a life of indefatigable exertion, died at an advanced age in 472. His disciples appear to have inherited the spirit of their teacher; churches and monasteries were successively founded; and every species of learning known at the time was assiduously cultivated. It was the peculiar happiness of these ecclesiastics to escape the visits of the barbarians, who in the fifth and sixth centuries depopulated and dismembered the Western Empire. When science was almost extinguished on the Continent, it still emitted a faint light from the remotest shores of Erin; strangers from Britain, Gaul, and Germany resorted to the Irish schools, and Irish missionaries established monasteries and imparted instruction on the banks of the Danube and amid the snows of the Apennines. During this period and under such masters, the natives were gradually reclaimed from the ignorance and pursuits of savage life; but their civilisation was retarded by the opposite influence of their national institutions; it

[1] That is, near Boulogne-sur-Mer, in the district of Terouenne. This I think is clearly proved by Dr. Lanigan from the Confession of St. Patrick. Lanigan, 1–93.

was finally arrested by the invasions of the Northmen, who from the year 748 during more than two centuries almost annually visited the island. These savages traversed it in every direction; went through their usual round of plunder, bloodshed, and devastation; and at last occupying the sea-coast, formed settlements at the mouth of the navigable rivers. The result was the same in Ireland as in Britain and Gaul. Hunted by the invaders into the forests and compelled to earn a precarious subsistence by stealth and rapine, the natives forgot the duties of religion, lost their relish for the comforts of society, and quietly relapsed into the habits and vices of barbarism.

The national institutions to which I have just alluded as hostile to the progress of civilisation were Tanistry and Gavelkind. The inhabitants were divided into numerous septs, each of which obeyed the paternal authority of its canfinny or chief. The canfinnies, however, seldom enjoyed independence. The weak were compelled to submit to the control of their more powerful neighbours, who assumed the title of kings; and among the kings themselves there always existed an Ardriagh or chief monarch, who, if he did not exercise, at least claimed the sovereignty over the whole island. The law of Tanistry regulated the succession to all these dignities, from the highest to the lowest. It carefully excluded the sons from inheriting as of right the authority of their father, and the tanist, the heir-apparent, was elected by the suffrages of the sept during the lifetime of the ruling chieftain. The eldest of the name and family had, indeed, the best title to this distinction; but his capacity and deserts were previously submitted to

examination, and the charge of crime or cowardice or deformity might be urged as an insuperable objection to his appointment. If the reigning family could not supply a fit person, the new tanist was selected from the next branch in the sept; and thus every individual could flatter himself that in the course of a few generations the chieftaincy might fall to the lot of his own posterity. Such a custom, however, could not fail to create intestine quarrels, which, instead of waiting the tardy decision of the triennial assembly of the States, were generally terminated by the passions and swords of the parties. The elections were often attended with bloodshed; sometimes the ambition of the tanist refused to await the natural death of his superior; frequently the son of the deceased chieftain attempted to seize by violence the dignity to which he was forbidden to aspire by the custom of his country. Hence every sept and every kingdom was divided by opposite interests; and the successful candidate, instead of applying to the improvement of his subjects, was compelled to provide for his own security by guarding against the wiles, the treachery, and the swords of his rivals.

Gavelkind is that species of tenure by which lands descend to all the sons equally, and without any consideration for primogeniture. It prevailed in former ages among all the British tribes, and some relics of it in an improved form remain in England even at the present day (1830). Among the Irish it existed as late as the reign of James I., and still retained the rude features of the original institution. While it excluded all the females, both the widow and the daughters, from the possession

of land, it equally admitted all the males, without distinction of spurious or legitimate birth : yet these did not succeed to the individual lands held by their father. At the death of each possessor, the landed property of the sept was thrown into one common mass ; a new division was made by the equity or caprice of the canfinny ; and their respective portions were assigned to the different heads of families in the order of seniority. It is evident that such a tenure must have imposed an insuperable bar to agricultural improvement, and to the influence of agriculture in multiplying the comforts of civilised life. It could only exist among a people principally addicted to pasturage, and to whom the prospect of migrating to a more favourable situation made a transient preferable to a permanent interest in the soil. Accordingly, Davis tells us that even in his time the districts in which Gavelkind was still in force seemed to be "all one wilderness."

When the natives, after a long struggle, assumed the ascendency over the Danes, the restoration of tranquillity was prevented by the ambition of their princes, who, during more than a hundred years, contended for the sovereignty of the island. It was in vain that the pontiffs repeatedly sent or appointed legates to establish the discipline of the canons and reform the immorality of the nation ; that the celebrated St. Malachy added the exertions of his zeal ; and that the Irish prelates, in their Synods, published laws and pronounced censures. The efficacy of these measures was checked by the turbulence of the princes and the obstinacy of the

people; it was entirely suspended by the subsequent invasion of the English. The state of Ireland at that period has been delineated by Girald, who twice visited the island, once in company of his brother, a military adventurer, and afterwards as the chaplain or secretary of John, the youngest of Henry's (II.) sons. In three books on the topography and two on the subjugation of Ireland he has left us the detail of all that he had heard, read, or seen. That the credulity of the Welshman was often deceived by fables is evident; nor is it improbable that his partiality might occasionally betray him into unfriendly and exaggerated statements; yet the accuracy of his narrative in the more important points is confirmed by the whole tenor of Irish and English history, and by accordance with the accounts which the Abbot of Clairvaux had received from St. Malachy and his disciples. The ancient division of the island into five provinces or kingdoms was still retained; but the nominal sovereignty over the whole, which for several generations had been possessed by the O'Neals, had of late been assumed by different chieftains, and was now claimed by the O'Connors, kings of Connaught. The seaports, inhabited chiefly by the descendants of the Ostmen, were places of some trade. Dublin is styled the rival of London, and the wines of Languedoc were imported in exchange for hides. But the majority of the natives shunned the towns, and lived in huts in the country. They preferred pasturage to agriculture. Restraint and labour were deemed by them the worst of evils; liberty and indolence the most desirable of blessings.

The children owed little to the care of their parents; but, shaped by the hand of Nature, they acquired as they grew up elegant forms, which, aided by their lofty stature and florid complexion, excited the admiration of the invaders. Their clothing was scanty, fashioned after the manner which to the eye of Girald appeared barbarous, and spun from the wool of their sheep, sometimes dyed, but generally in its natural state. In battle they measured the valour of the combatants by their contempt of artificial assistance; and when they beheld the English knights covered with iron, hesitated not to pronounce them devoid of real courage. Their own arms were a short lance or two javelins, a sword called a skene, about fifteen inches long, and a hatchet of steel called a "sparthe." The sparthe proved a most formidable weapon. It was wielded with one hand, but with such address and impetuosity as generally to penetrate through the best-tempered armour. To bear it was the distinction of freemen; and as it was always in the hand, it was frequently made the instrument of revenge. They constructed their houses of timber and wicker-work with an ingenuity which extorted the praise of the English. Their churches were generally built of the same materials, and when Archbishop Malachy began to erect one of stone, the very attempt excited an insurrection of the people, who reproached him with abandoning the customs of his country and introducing those of Gaul. In temper the natives are described as irascible and inconstant, warmly attached to their friends, faithless and vindictive towards their enemies.

Music was the acquirement in which they principally sought to excel; and the Welshman, with all his partiality for his own country, has the honesty to assign to the Irish the superiority on the harp.

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The proximity of Ireland to England, and the inferiority of the natives in the art of war, had suggested the idea of conquest to both William the Conqueror and the first Henry. The task which they had abandoned was seriously taken up by the son of Matilda. To justify the invasion of a free and unoffending people, his ambition had discovered that the civilisation of their manners and the reform of their clergy were benefits which the Irish ought cheerfully to purchase with the loss of their independence. Within a few months after his coronation, John of Salisbury, a learned monk, and afterwards Bishop of Chartres, was despatched to solicit the approbation of Pope Adrian. The envoy was charged to assure his Holiness that Henry's principal object was to provide instruction for an ignorant people, to extirpate vice from the Lord's vineyard, and to extend to Ireland the annual payment of Peter-pence; but that as every Christian island was the property of the Holy See, he did not presume to make the attempt without the advice and consent of the successor of St. Peter. The pontiff, who must have smiled at the hypocrisy of this address, praised in his reply the piety of his dutiful son; accepted and asserted the right of sovereignty which had been so liberally admitted; expressed the satisfaction with which he assented to the king's request; and exhorted him to bear always in mind

the conditions on which the assent had been grounded. At the following Michaelmas a great council was held to deliberate on the enterprise, but a strong opposition was made by the Empress-mother and the barons; other projects offered themselves to Henry's ambition, and the papal letter was consigned to oblivion in the archives of the castle of Winchester.

Fourteen years after this singular negotiation a few Welsh adventurers landed in Ireland at the solicitation of one of the native princes. Dermot, king of Leinster, had several years before carried away by force Dervorgil, the wife of O'Ruarc, prince of Breffny or Leitrim. The lady appears to have been a willing captive, but the husband, to avenge his disgrace, claimed the assistance of Turlogh O'Connor, monarch of Ireland; and the adulterer was compelled to restore the fugitive. From this period Dermot and O'Ruarc adhered to opposite interests in all the disputes which agitated the island. During the life of Maurice O'Loghlin, who succeeded O'Connor in the sovereign authority, Dermot braved the power of his adversary; but on the death of that prince, the house of O'Connor resumed the ascendency. O'Ruarc destroyed Ferns, the capital of Leitrim, and Dermot was driven out of the island. Passing through England to Aquitaine, he did homage for his dominions to Henry, and obtained permission to enlist adventurers in his service. His offers were accepted by Richard de Clare, surnamed Strongbow, Earl of Strigul or Pembroke, a nobleman of ruined fortunes, and in disgrace with his sovereign, and by two brothers, Robert Fitz-Stephen and Maurice

Fitz-Gerald, Welsh gentlemen, equally distressed in their circumstances, and equally ready to engage in any desperate enterprise. Relying on their promise, Dermot returned to Ireland, and found during the winter months a secure asylum in the monastery of Ferns. In the beginning of summer Fitz-Stephen landed in Bannock Bay, accompanied or followed by one hundred and forty knights, sixty coats of mail, and three hundred archers. The king joined them with a body of natives, and by the reduction of Wexford struck dismay into the hearts of his enemies. He then led his forces against Donald, the prince of Ossory, a ferocious chieftain, whose jealousy a few years before had deprived the eldest of Dermot's sons of sight, and afterwards of life. The men of Ossory, five thousand in number, amid their forests and marshes, defended themselves with success; but by a pretended flight they were drawn into the plain, where a charge of the English cavalry bore them to the ground, and the fallen were immediately despatched by the natives under the banner of Dermot. A trophy of two hundred heads was erected at the feet of that savage, who testified his joy by clapping his hands, leaping in the air, and pouring out thanksgivings to the Almighty. . . . The ambition of Dermot now aspired to the sovereignty of the island. With this view he solicited reinforcements from England, and reminded the Earl of Strigul of his engagements. "We have seen," says the king in a singular letter preserved by Girald, "the storks and the swallows. The birds of spring have paid us their annual visit, and at the warning of the blast are departed to other climes. But our best

friend has hitherto disappointed our hopes. Neither the breezes of the summer nor the storms of winter have conducted him to these shores." His expectations were soon realised by the arrival of Fitz-Gerald and Raymond with twenty knights, thirty coats of mail, and one hundred and seventy archers. The strangers landed five miles to the south of Waterford, and were immediately opposed by O'Phelan at the head of three thousand men. They retired before the multitude to the rock of Dundolf, where, aided by the advantage of the ground, they repelled every attack. Fame exaggerated the loss of the natives to five hundred men ; but the glory of the victory was sullied by the cruelty of the invaders, who wantonly precipitated seventy of their captives from the promontory into the sea.

When Strongbow despatched the last reinforcement, he had obtained an ambiguous permission from Henry : he now followed with twelve hundred archers and knights, though he had recently received an absolute prohibition. At the first assault Waterford was taken and Dermot eagerly marched towards Dublin. It was carried by storm, and the victor testified by numerous donations his gratitude for the services of his allies. But while he was meditating new conquests, he was arrested by death, and Strongbow, who had previously married his daughter Eva, and had been appointed his successor, immediately assumed the royal authority. The most powerful efforts were now made to expel the strangers from Dublin. The former inhabitants, who had escaped under Asculf, the Ostman, attempted with the aid of sixty Norwegian vessels to regain the city. They

were scarcely repulsed when Roderick, king of Connaught, sat down before it. In the ninth week of the siege he was surprised by a sally from the garrison, and the multitude of his followers was completely dispersed. Lastly, O'Ruarc with the natives of Meath undertook to avenge the cause of his country. He lost his son and the bravest of his associates.

When the Welsh adventurers first sailed to the aid of Dermot, Henry had viewed the enterprise with contempt; their subsequent success awakened his jealousy. As soon as he heard of the capture of Waterford he forbade by proclamation any of his subjects to cross over to Ireland, and commanded all who had already joined in the invasion to return under the penalty of forfeiture. Strongbow was alarmed, and despatched Raymond to lay his conquests at the feet of his sovereign. The messenger was unable to procure an answer. Henry of Mountmorrice followed, and was equally unsuccessful. The Earl, convinced of his danger, now adopted the advice of his friends, and repairing to England, waited on Henry at Newnham in Gloucestershire. At first he was ignominiously refused an audience; but, to recover the royal favour, renewed his homage and fealty, surrendered to Henry the city of Dublin, the surrounding cantreds and the castles and harbours in his possession, and consented to hold the remainder of his lands in Ireland as tenant-in-chief of the English crown. With this the king was satisfied; the acquisitions of the adventurers had been transferred to himself, and he permitted Strongbow to accompany him to Milford Haven,

where he embarked with five hundred knights, their esquires, and a numerous body of archers, on board a fleet of four hundred transports. He landed at Waterford, received during a hasty progress the homage of the neighbouring princes, and directed his march towards Dublin, where a temporary palace of timber had been erected for his reception. It was his wish rather to allure than to compel submission; and the chieftains whom hope or fear, or example, daily led to his court, were induced to swear obedience to his authority, were invited to his table, and were taught to admire the magnificence and affability of their new sovereign. But while so many others crowded to Dublin, the pride of O'Connor refused to meet a superior, and the severity of the season with the inundation of the country placed him beyond the reach of resentment.

THE ENCHANTED ISLAND.

Walter Besant.

[Walter Besant was born at Portsmouth in 1835, and educated at King's College, London, and Christ's College, Cambridge, where he graduated in high mathematical honours. He was already well known as a clever writer when, in 1871, he produced, in conjunction with Mr. James Rice, the series of novels which speedily became famous.

Mr. Besant has since Mr. Rice's death produced even superior novels to those belonging to the partnership; they have philanthropic aims, and have done a great deal of good. The People's Palace originated in his fiction "All Sorts and Conditions of Men." The following extract is taken from his charming novel "Armorel of Lyonesse," by kind

permission of Messrs. Chatto & Windus. It is a picture at once striking and original of a spot about which ancient memories still linger. Sir Walter died on June 9th, 1901.]

All day long the boat sailed about among the channels and over the shallow ledges of the Outer or Western Islands, whither no boat may reach save on such a day, so quiet and so calm. The visitor who comes by one boat and goes away by the next thinks he has seen this archipelago. As well stand inside a great cathedral for half-an-hour, and then go away thinking you have seen it all. It takes many days to see these fragments of Lyonesse and to get a true sense of the place. They sailed round the southern point of Samson, and they steered westward, leaving Great Minalto on the lee, towards Mincarlo, lying, like an old-fashioned sofa, high at the two ends and flat in the middle. They found a landing at the southern point, and clambered up the steep and rocky sides of the low hill. On this island there are four peaks with a down in the middle, all complete. It is like a doll's island. Everywhere in Scilly there are the same features: here a hill strewn with boulders; here a little down, with fern and gorse and heath; here a bay in which the water on such days as it can be approached peacefully laps a smooth white beach; here dark caves and holes, in which the water always, even in the calmest day of summer, grumbles and groans, and, when the least sea rises, begins to roar and bellow—in time of storm it shrieks and howls. Those who sail round these rumbling water-dungeons begin to think of sea-monsters. Hidden in those recesses, the awful calamary lies watching, waiting,

his tentacles, forty feet long, stretching out in the green water, floating innocently till they touch their prey, then seizing and haling it within sight of the baleful, gleaming eyes, and within reach of the devouring mouth. In these holes, too, lie the great conger-eels—they fear nothing that swims except that calamary: and in these recesses walk about the huge crabs which devour the dead bodies of ship-wrecked sailors. On the sunlit rocks one looks to see a mermaiden, with glittering scales, combing out her long fair tresses: perhaps one may unfortunately miss this beautiful sight, which is rare even in Scilly; but one cannot miss seeing the seals flopping in the water and swimming out to sea, with seeming intent to cross the broad ocean. And in windy weather porpoises blow in the shallow waters of the sounds. All round the rocks at low tide hangs the long sea-weed, undisturbed since the days when they manufactured kelp, like the rank growth of a tropical creeper: at high tide it stands up erect, rocking to and fro in the wash and sway of the water like the tree-tops of the forest in the breeze. Everywhere, except in the rare places where men come and go, the wild sea-birds make their nests; the shags stand on the ledges of the highest rocks in silent rows, gazing upon the water below; the sea-gulls fly, shrieking in sea-gullic rapture—there is surely no life quite so joyous as a sea-gull's; the curlews call; the herons sail across the sky; and, in spring, millions of puffins swim and dive and fly about the rocks, and lay their eggs in the hollow places of these wild and lonely islands.

These things, which one presently expects and

observes without wonder in all the islands, were new to Roland when he set foot on the rugged rock of Mincarlo. He climbed up the steep sides of the rock and stood upon the top of its highest peak. He made two or three rapid sketches of rock and sea, the girl looking over his shoulder, watching curiously, for the first time in her life, the growth of a picture.

Then he stood and looked around. The great stones were piled about; the brown turf crept up their sides; where there was space to grow, the yellow branches of the fern were spread; and on all four sides lay the shining water.

"All my life," he said, "I have dreamed of islands. This is true joy, Armorel. For a permanency, Samson is better than Mincarlo, because there is more of it. But to come here sometimes—to sit on this carn while the wind whistles in your ear, and the waves are lapping against the rocks all day long and always——Armorel, is there any other world? Are there men and women living somewhere? Is there anybody but you and me—and Peter?" he added, hastily. "I don't believe in London. It is a dream. Everything is a dream but the islands and the boat and Armorel."

She was only a child, but she turned a rosy red at the compliment. Nothing but the boat and herself. She was very fond of the boat, you see, and she felt that the words conveyed a high compliment. Then they began to explore the rest of this mountainous island, which has such a variety of scenery all packed away in the small space of twelve acres. When they had walked over the

whole of Mincarlo that is accessible, they returned to their landing-place, where Peter sat in the boat keeping her off, with head bent as if he was asleep.

"It must be half-past twelve," said Armorel. "I am sure you are hungry. We will have dinner here."

"No better place for a picnic. Come along, Peter. Bear a hand with the basket. Here, Armorel, is a rock that will do for a table, and here is one on which we two can sit. There is a rock for you, Peter. Now! The opening of a luncheon-basket is always a moment of grave anxiety. What have we got?"

"This is a rabbit-pie," said Armorel. "And this is a cake-pudding. I made it yesterday. Do you like cake-pudding? Here are bread and salt and things. Can you make your dinner off a rabbit-pie, Roland Lee?"

"A very good dinner too." The young man now understood that on Samson one uses the word dinner instead of lunch, and that supper is an excellent cold spread served at eight. "A very good dinner, Armorel. I mean to carve this. Sit down and let me see you make a good dinner."

An admirable rabbit-pie and an excellent cake-pudding. Also, there had not been forgotten a stone jar filled with that home-brewed of which the like can no longer be found in any other spot in the British Islands. I hope one need do no more than indicate the truly appreciative havoc wrought by the young gentleman among all these good gifts and blessings.

After dinner, to lie in the sunshine and have a

pipe, looking across the wide stretch of sunny water to the broken line of rocks and the blue horizon beyond, was happiness undeserved. Beside him sat the girl, anxious that he should be happy—thinking of nothing but what might best please her guest.

Then they got into the boat again, and sailed half a mile or so due north by the compass, until they came within another separate archipelago, of which Mincarlo is an outlying companion.

It is the group of rocks called the Outer or the Western Islands, lying tumbled about in the water west of Bryher and Samson. Some of them are close together, some are separated by broad channels. Here the sea is never calm: at the foot of the rocks stretch out ledges, some of them bare at low water, revealing their ugly black stone teeth: the swell of the Atlantic on the calmest days rises and falls and makes white eddies, broken water, and flying spray. Among these rocks they rowed: Peter and Roland taking the oars, while Armorel steered. They rowed round Maiden Bower, with its cluster of granite forts defying the whole strength of the Atlantic, which will want another hundred thousand years to grind them down—about and among the Black Rocks and the Seal Rocks, dark and threatening: they landed on Ilyswillig, with his peak of fifty feet, a strange wild island: they stood on the ledge of Castle Bryher, and looked up at the tower of granite which rises out of the water like the round keep of a Norman castle: they hoisted sail and stood out to Scilly himself, where his twin rocks command the entrance to the islands.

Scilly is of the dual number: he consists of two great mountains rising from the water sheer, precipitous, and threatening: each about eighty feet high, but with the air of eight hundred; each black and square and terrible of aspect: they are separated by a narrow channel hardly broad enough for a boat to pass through.

"One day last year," said Armorel—"it was in July, after a fortnight of fine weather—we went through this channel, Peter and I—didn't we, Peter? It was a dead calm, and at high tide."

The boy nodded his head.

The channel was now, the tide being nearly high, like a foaming torrent, through which the water raced and rushed, boiling into whirlpools, foaming and tearing at the sides. The rapids below Niagara are not fiercer than was this channel, though the day was so fair and the sea without so quiet.

"Once," said Peter, breaking the silence, "there was a ship cast up by a wave right into the fork of the channel. She went to pieces in ten minutes, for she was held in a vice like, while the waves beat her into sticks. Some of the men got on to the north rock—what they call 'Cuckoo'—and there they stuck till the gale abated. Then people saw them from Bryher, and a pilot-boat put off for them."

"So they were saved?" said Roland.

"No, they were not saved," Peter replied slowly. "'Twas this way: the pilot-boat that took them off the rock capsized on the way home. So they was all drowned."

"Poor beggars! Now, if they had been brought

safe ashore, we might have been told what these rocks look like in rough weather : and what Scilly is like when you have climbed it : and how a man feels in the middle of a storm on Scilly."

"You can see very well what it is like from Samson," said Armorel. "The waves beat upon the rocks, and the white spray flies over them and hides them."

"I should like to hear as well as to see," said Roland. "Fancy the thunder of the Atlantic waves against this mass of rock, the hissing and boiling in the channel, the roaring of the wind and the dashing of the waves ! I wonder if any of these shipwrecked men had a sketch-book in his pocket.

"To be drowned," he continued, "just by the upsetting of a boat, and after escaping death in a much more exciting manner ! Their companions were torn from the deck and hurled and dashed against the rock, so that in a moment their bones were broken to fragments, and the fragments themselves were thrown against the rocks till there was nothing left of them. And these poor fellows clung to the rock, hiding under a boulder from the driving wind—cold, starving, wet, and miserable. And just as they thought of food and shelter and warmth again, to be taken and plunged into the cold water, there to roll about till they were drowned ! A dreadful tragedy !"

Having thus broken the ice, Peter proceeded to relate more stories of shipwreck, taking after his father, Justinian Tryeth, whose conversational powers in this direction were, according to Armorel, unrivalled. There is a shipwreck story belonging

to every rock of Scilly, and to many there are several shipwrecks. As there are about as many rocks of Scilly as there are days in the year, the stories would take long in the telling.

Fortunately, Peter did not know all. It is natural, however, that a native of Samson, and the descendant of many generations of wreckers, should love to talk about wrecks. Therefore he proceeded to tell of the French frigate which came over to conquer Scilly in 1798, and was very properly driven ashore by the sea which owns allegiance to Britannia, and all hands lost, so that the Frenchmen captured no more than their graves, which now lie in a triumphant row on St. Agnes. On Maiden Bower he placed, I know not with what truth, the wreck of the Spaniard which gave Armorel an ancestor. On Mincarlo he remembered the loss of an orange-ship on her way from the Azores. On Menovaur he had seen a collier driven in broad daylight, and broken all to pieces in half a day, and of her crew not a man saved. Other things, similarly cheerful, he narrated slowly while the sunshine made these grey rocks put on a hospitable look and the boat danced over the rippling waves. With his droning voice, his smooth face with the long white hair upon it, like the last scanty leaves upon a tree, he was like the figure of Death at the Feast, while Armorel—young, beautiful, smiling—reminded her guest of Life, and Love, and Hope.

They sailed round so many of these rocks and islands: they landed on so many: they lingered so long among the reefs, loth to leave the wild, strange place, that the sun was fast going down when they

hoisted sail and steered for New Grinsey Sound on their homeward way.

You may enter New Grinsey Sound either from the north or from the south. The disadvantage of attempting it from the former on ordinary days is that those who do so are generally capsized and frequently drowned. On such a day as this, however, the northern passage may be attempted. It is the channel, dangerous and beset with rocks and ledges, between the islands of Bryher and Tresco. As the boat sailed slowly in, losing the breeze as it rounded the point, the channel spread itself out broad and clear. On the right hand rose, precipitous, the cliffs and crags of Shipman's Head, which looks like a continuation of Bryher, but is really separated from the island by a narrow passage—you may work through it in calm weather—running from Hell Bay to the Sound. On the left is Tresco, its downs rising steeply from the water, and making a great pretence of being a very lofty ascent indeed. In the middle of the coast juts out a high promontory, surrounded on all sides but one by the water. On this rock stands Cromwell's Castle, a round tower, older than the Martello towers. It still possesses a roof, but its interior has been long since gutted. In front of it has been built a square stone platform or bastion, where once, no doubt, they mounted guns for the purpose of defending this channel against an invader, as if Nature had not already defended it by her ledges and shallows and hardly concealed teeth of granite. To protect by a fort a channel when the way is so tortuous and difficult, and where there are so many other ways,

is almost as if Warkworth Castle, five miles inland, on the winding Coquet, had been built to protect the shores of Northumberland from the invading Dane: or as if Chepstow above the muddy Wye had been built for the defence of Bristol. There, however, the castle is, and a very noble picture it made as the boat slowly voyaged through the Sound. The declining sun, not yet sunk too low behind Bryher, clothed it with light and splendour, and brought out the rich colour of grey rock and yellow fern upon the steep hillside behind. Beyond the castle, in the midst of the Sound, rose a pyramidal island, a pile of rocks, seventy or eighty feet high, on whose highest carn some of Oliver Cromwell's prisoners were hanged, according to the voice of tradition, which, somehow, always goes dead against that strong person.

Roland, who had exhausted the language of delight among the Outer Islands, contemplated this picture in silence.

"Do you not like it?" asked the girl.

"Like it?" he repeated. "Armorel! it is splendid."

"Will you make a sketch of it?"

"I cannot. I must make a picture. I ought to come here day after day. There must be a good place to take it from—over there, I think, on that beach. Armorel! it is splendid. To think that the picture is to be seen so near to London, and that no one comes to see it!"

"If you want to come day after day, Roland," she said softly, "you will not be able to go away to-morrow. You must stay longer with us on Samson."

"I ought not, child. You should not ask me."

"Why should you not stay if you are happy with us? We will make you as comfortable as ever we can. You have only to tell us what you want."

She looked so eagerly and sincerely anxious that he yielded.

"If you are really and truly sure," he said.

"Of course I am really and truly sure. The weather will be fine, I think, and we will go sailing every day."

"Then I will stay a day or two longer. I will make a picture of Cromwell's Castle, and the hill at the back of it and the water below it. I will make it for you, Armorel; but I will keep a copy of it for myself. Then we shall each have a memento of this day—something to remember it by."

"I should like to have the picture. But oh! Roland!—as if I could ever forget this day!"

She spoke with perfect simplicity, this child of Nature, without the least touch of coquetry. Why should she not speak what was in her heart? Never before had she seen a young man so brave, so gallant, so comely: nor one who spoke so gently: nor one who treated her with so much consideration.

He turned his face: he could not meet those trustful eyes, with the innocence that lay there: he was abashed by reason of this innocence. A child—only a child. Armorel would change. In a year or two this trustfulness would vanish. She would become like all other girls—shy and reserved, self-conscious in intuitive self-defence. But there was no harm as yet. She was a child—only a child.

As the sun went down the bows ran into the fine white sand of the landing-place, and their voyage was ended.

"A perfect day," he murmured. "A day to dream of. How shall I thank you enough, Armorel?"

"You can stay and have some more days like it."

WORK.

CARLYLE.

[Thomas Carlyle, one of the most remarkable writers of our own times, was a native of Scotland. His mind had been chiefly formed in the German school of literature and philosophy; but he rose far above the character of a mere imitator. His style is entirely his own—at first repulsive,—but when familiar to the reader, highly exciting. Perhaps this style may occasionally gild over common thoughts; but Mr. Carlyle's thoughts are, for the most part, of a solid metal that require no plating In graphic power of description, whether of scenes or of characters, he had not a living equal. There are passages in his "French Revolution, a History," which can never be forgotten by any reader of imagination. His "Cromwell's Letters and Speeches" is a most valuable contribution to English history. His "History of Frederick the Great," in five volumes, exhibits an amount of patient labour rarely equalled. This great work has necessarily been less popular than many of Mr. Carlyle's other writings, although the intrinsic importance of the subject, in illustration of the modern history of Europe, cannot be undervalued even by those who shrink from minute details of the rise of the House of Brandenburg. Carlyle was born in 1795; died 1881.]

THERE is a perennial nobleness, and even sacredness in work. Were he never so benighted, forgetful of his high calling, there is always hope in a man that actually and earnestly works; in idleness alone is there perpetual despair. Work, never

so Mammonish, mean, is in communication with Nature; the real desire to get work done will itself lead one more and more to truth, to Nature's appointments and regulations, which are truth.

The latest Gospel in this world is, Know thy work and do it. "Know thyself;" long enough has that poor "self" of thine tormented thee; thou wilt never get to "know" it, I believe! Think it not thy business, this of knowing thyself; thou art an unknowable individual: know what thou canst work at, and work at it like a Hercules! That will be thy better plan.

It has been written, "an endless significance lies in work;" as man perfects himself by writing. Foul jungles are cleared away, fair seed-fields rise instead, and stately cities; and withal the man himself first ceases to be a jungle and foul unwholesome desert thereby. Consider how, even in the meanest sorts of Labour, the whole soul of a man is composed into a kind of real harmony, the instant he sets himself to work! Doubt, Desire, Sorrow, Remorse, Indignation, Despair itself, all these like hell-dogs lie beleaguering the soul of the poor day-worker, as of every man; but as he bends himself with free valour against his task, all these are stilled, all these shrink murmuring afar off into their caves. The man is now a man. The blessed glow of Labour in him, is it not a purifying fire, wherein all poison is burnt up, and of sour smoke itself there is made bright blessed flame?

Destiny, on the whole, has no other way of cultivating us. A formless Chaos, once set it *revolving*, grows round and ever rounder; ranges itself,

by mere force of gravity, into strata, spherical courses; is no longer a Chaos, but a round compacted World. What would become of the Earth did she cease to revolve? In the poor old Earth so long as she revolves, all inequalities, irregularities, disperse themselves; all irregularities are incessantly becoming regular. Hast thou looked on the Potter's wheel, one of the venerablest objects; old as the prophet Ezekiel, and far older? Rude lumps of clay; how they spin themselves up, by mere quick whirling, into beautiful circular dishes. And fancy the most assiduous Potter, but without his wheel, reduced to make dishes, or rather amorphous botches, by mere kneading and baking! Even such a potter were Destiny with a human soul that would rest and lie at ease, that would not work and spin! Of an idle unrevolving man the kindest Destiny, like the most assiduous Potter without wheel, can bake and knead nothing other than a botch; let her spend on him what expensive colouring, what gilding and enamelling she will, he is but a botch. Not a dish; no, a bulging, kneaded, crooked, shambling, squint-cornered, amorphous botch, a mere enamelled vessel of dishonour! Let the idle think of this.

Blessed is he who has found his work; let him ask no other blessedness. He has a work, a life-purpose; he has found it, and will follow it! How as the free flowing channel, dug and torn by noble force through the sour mud-swamp of one's existence, like an ever-deepening river there, it runs and flows; draining off the sour festering water gradually from the root of the remotest grass blade;

making, instead of pestilential swamp, a green fruitful meadow with its clear flowing stream. How blessed for the meadow itself, let the stream and *its* value be great or small! Labour is life; from the inmost heart of the Worker rises his God-given force, the sacred celestial life-essence, breathed into him by Almighty God; from his inmost heart awakens him to all nobleness, to all knowledge, "self-knowledge," and much else, so soon as work fitly begins. Knowledge! the knowledge that will hold good in working, cleave thou to that; for Nature herself accredits that, says Yea to that. Properly thou hast no other knowledge but what thou hast got by working; the rest is yet all an hypothesis of knowledge: a thing to be argued of in schools, a thing floating in the clouds, in endless logic vortices, till we try it and fix it. "Doubt, of whatever kind, can be ended by Action alone."

And again, hast thou valued Patience, Courage, Perseverance, Openness to light; readiness to own thyself mistaken, to do better next time? All these, all virtues, in wrestling with the dim brute Powers of fact, in ordering of thy fellows in such wrestle, there and elsewhere not at all, thou wilt continually learn. Set down a brave Sir Christopher in the middle of black ruined stoneheaps, of foolish unarchitectural Bishops, red-tape Officials, idle Nell Gwyn Defenders of the Faith; and see whether he will ever raise a Paul's Cathedral out of all that, yea or no! Rough, rude, contradictory are all things and persons, from the mutinous masons and Irish hodmen, up to the idle Nell Gwyn Defenders, to blustering red-tape Officials, foolish unarchitec-

tural Bishops. All these things and persons are there, not for Christopher's sake and his cathedrals; they are there for their own sake mainly! Christopher will have to conquer and constrain all these, if he be able. All these are against him. Equitable Nature herself, who carries her mathematics and architectonics not on the face of her, but deep in the hidden heart of her—Nature herself is but partially for him; will be wholly against him, if he constrain her not! His very money, where is it to come from? The pious munificence of England lies far scattered, distant, unable to speak, and say, "I am here;"—must be spoken to before it can speak. Pious munificence, and all help is so silent, invisible like the gods; impediment, contradictions manifold are so loud and near! O brave Sir Christopher, trust thou in those, notwithstanding, and front all these; understand all these; by valiant patience, noble effort, insight, vanquish and compel all these, and, on the whole, strike down victoriously the last topstone of that Paul's edifice: thy monument for certain centuries, the stamp "Great Man" impressed very legibly in Portland stone there!

Yes, all manner of work, and pious response from Men or Nature, is always what we call silent; cannot speak or come to light till it be seen, till it be spoken to. Every noble work is at first "impossible." In very truth, for every noble work the possibilities will lie diffused through Immensity, inarticulate, undiscoverable except to faith. Like Gideon, thou shalt spread out thy fleece at the door of thy tent; see whether, under the wide arch of

Heaven, there be any bounteous moisture or none. Thy heart and life-purpose shall be as a miraculous Gideon's fleece, spread out in silent appeal to Heaven; and from the kind Immensities, what from the poor unkind Localities and town and country Parishes there never could, blessed dew-moisture to suffice thee shall have fallen!

Work is of a religious nature: work is of a *brave* nature; which it is the aim of all religion to be. "All work of man is as the swimmer's." A waste ocean threatens to devour him; if he front it not bravely, it will keep its word. By incessant wise defiance of it, lusty rebuke and buffet of it, behold how it loyally supports him, bears him as its conqueror along. "It is so," says Goethe, "with all things that man undertakes in this world."

Brave Sea-captain, Norse Sea-king—Columbus, my hero, royalest Sea-king of all! it is no friendly environment this of thine, in the waste deep waters; around thee mutinous discouraged souls, behind thee disgrace and ruin, before thee the unpenetrated veil of night. Brother, these wild water-mountains bounding from their deep bases (ten miles deep, I am told) are not entirely there on thy behalf! Meseems *they* have other work than floating thee forward:—and the huge Winds that sweep from Ursa Major to the Tropics and Equators, dancing their giant waltz through the kingdoms of Chaos and Immensity, they care little about filling rightly or filling wrongly the small shoulder-of-mutton sails in this cockle skiff of thine! Thou art not among articulate speaking friends, my brother; thou art among immeasurable dumb monsters, tumbling,

howling wide as the world here. Secret, far off, invisible to all hearts but thine, there lies a help in them : see how thou wilt get at that. Patiently thou wilt wait till the mad South-wester spend itself, saving thyself by dexterous science of defence the while ; valiantly, with swift decision, wilt thou strike in, when the favouring East, the Possible springs up. Mutiny of men thou wilt sternly repress ; weakness, despondency, thou wilt cheerily encourage ; thou wilt swallow down complaint, unreason, weariness, weakness of others and thyself ; —how much wilt thou swallow down ! There shall be a depth of Silence in thee, deeper than this Sea, which is but ten miles deep ; a Silence unsoundable ; known to God only. Thou shalt be a great Man. Yes, my World-Soldier, thou of the World Marine-Service—thou wilt have to be *greater* than this tumultuous unmeasured World here round thee is : thou, in thy strong soul, as with wrestler's arms, shalt embrace it, harness it down ; and make it bear thee on to new Americas, or whither God wills !

. . . . . .

Religion, I said ; for, properly speaking, all true Work is Religion ; and whatsoever Religion is not work may go and dwell among the Brahmins, Antinomians, Spinning Dervishes, or where it will ; with me it shall have no harbour. Admirable was that of the old Monks, "*Laborare est Orare*, Work is Worship."

Older than all preached Gospels was this unpreached, inarticulate, but ineradicable, for-ever-enduring Gospel : Work, and therein have well-being. Man, Son of Earth and of Heaven, lies

there not in the innermost heart of thee a Spirit of active Method, a force for Work;—and burns like a painfully smouldering fire, giving thee no rest till thou unfold it, till thou write it down in beneficent Facts around thee! What is immethodic, waste, thou shalt make methodic, regulated, arable, obedient and productive to thee. Wheresoever thou findest Disorder, there is thy eternal enemy, attack him swiftly, subdue him; make Order of him, the subject, not of Chaos, but of Intelligence, Divinity and Thee! The thistle that grows in thy path, dig it out that a blade of useful grass, a drop of nourishing milk, may grow there instead. The waste cotton-shrub, gather its waste white down, spin it, weave it; that, in place of idle litter, there may be folded webs, and the naked skin of man be covered.

But above all, where thou findest Ignorance, Stupidity, Brute-mindedness—attack it, I say; smite it wisely, unweariedly, and rest not while thou livest and it lives; but smite, smite in the name of God! The Highest God, as I understand it, does audibly so command thee: still audibly, if thou have ears to hear. He, even He, with His unspoken voice, fuller than any Sinai thunders, or syllabled speech of Whirlwinds; for the SILENCE of deep Eternities, of Worlds from beyond the morning-stars, does it not speak to thee? The unborn Ages; the old Graves, with their long-mouldering dust, the very tears that wetted it, now all dry—do not these speak to thee what ear hath not heard? The deep Death-kingdoms, the stars in their never-resting courses, all Space and all Time, proclaim it to thee

in continual silent admonition. Thou too, if ever man should, shalt work while it is called To-day. For the Night cometh wherein no man can work.

All true Work is sacred; in all true Work, were it but true hand-labour, there is something of divineness. Labour, wide as the Earth, has its summit in Heaven. Sweat of the brow; and up from that to sweat of the brain, sweat of the heart; which includes all Kepler calculations, Newton meditations, all Sciences, all spoken Epics, all acted Heroisms, Martyrdoms—up to that "Agony of bloody sweat," which all men have called divine! O brother, if this is not "worship," then I say, the more pity for worship; for this is the noblest thing yet discovered under God's sky. Who art thou that complainest of thy life of toil? Complain not. Look up, my wearied brother; see thy fellow-workmen there in God's Eternity; surviving there, they alone surviving; Sacred Band of the Immortals, Celestial Body-guard of the Empire of Mankind. Even in the weak Human Memory they survive so long, as saints, as heroes, as gods; they alone surviving; peopling, they alone, the immeasured solitudes of Time! To thee Heaven, though severe, is *not* unkind; Heaven is kind—as a noble Mother; as that Spartan Mother, saying while she gave her son his shield, "With it, my son, or upon it!" Thou too shalt return *home*, in honour to thy far-distant Home, in honour; doubt it not—if in the battle thou keep thy shield! Thou, in the Eternities and deepest Death-kingdoms, art not an alien; thou everywhere art a denizen! Complain not; the very Spartans did not *complain*.

ABRAHAM'S OFFENCE AND THE ANGEL OF DEATH.

Sir Edwin Arnold, C.S.I.

[Sir Edwin Arnold, the second son of R. C. Arnold, Esq., a magistrate of Sussex, was born June 10, 1832. He was educated at the King's School, Rochester, and King's College, London, and was elected to a scholarship at University College, Oxford. In 1852 he obtained the Newdigate Prize for his English poem on the "Feast of Belshazzar"—prophetic of his future fame as a poet. Sir Edwin was appointed Principal of the Government Sanscrit College at Poona, in the Bombay Presidency, which office he held during the whole of the Mutiny, and twice received the thanks of the Governor in Council. He resigned this position in 1861, and entered on editorial duties on the *Daily Telegraph*. For the proprietors of that journal he arranged the first expedition of Mr. George Smith to Assyria, as well as that of Mr. Stanley, who was sent by the *Daily Telegraph* and the *New York Herald* to complete the discoveries of Livingstone in Africa. Sir Edwin's works are very numerous; the one which entirely established his fame as a poet was "The Light of Asia," an epic poem, published in 1879. It has passed through more than forty editions in England and eighty in America. For this work the King of Siam decorated him with the Order of the White Elephant, and when the Queen was proclaimed Empress of India a short time previously, her Majesty named him as a Companion of the Star of India. In 1888 he was created a Knight Commander of the Indian Empire. He has written many works, and in 1881 published a volume of Oriental verse entitled "Indian Poetry;" in 1883 the "Pearls of the Faith." Since then he has given us a volume of poems and his fine epic "The Light of the World." From the "Pearls of the Faith" the following extracts have been taken, by the author's courteous and kind permission.]

"Al-Ghaffâr, the 'Forgiver,' praise thereby
Thy Lord who is so full of clemency."

Once, it is written, Abraham, "God's Friend,"
Angered his Lord; for there had ridden in

Across the burning yellow desert flats
An aged man, haggard with two days' drouth.
The water-skin swung from his saddle-fork
Wrinkled and dry; the dust clove to his lids
And clogged his beard; his parched tongue and black lips
Moved to say, "Give me drink," yet uttered nought;
And that gaunt camel which he rode upon
Sank to the earth at entering of the camp,
Too spent except to lay its neck along
The sand and moan.
To whom when they had given
The cool wet jar, a-sweat with diamond drops
Of sparkling life, that wayworn Arab laved
The muzzle of his beast, and filled her mouth;
Then westward turned with blood-shot, worshipping eyes,
Pouring forth water to the setting orb;
Next, would have drunk, but Abraham saw, and said,
"Let not this unbeliever drink, who pours
God's gift of water forth unto the sun,
Which is but creature of the living Lord."

But while the man still clutched the precious jar,
Striving to quaff, a form of grace drew nigh,
Beauteous, majestic. If he came afoot,
None knew, or if he glided from the sky.
With gentle air he filled a gourd and gave
The man to drink, and Abraham—in wrath
That one should disobey him in his tents—
Made to forbid; when full upon him smote

Eyes of divine light, eyes of high rebuke—
For this was Michael, Allah's messenger—
"Lo! God reproveth thee, thou Friend of God!
Forbiddest thou gift of the common stream
To this idolater, spent with the heat,
Who, in his utmost need, watered his beast,
And bowed the knee in reverence ere he drank?
Allah hath borne with him these threescore years,
Bestowed upon him corn and wine, and made
His household fruitful and his herds increase;
And find'st thou not patience to pity him
Whom God hath pitied, waiting for the end,
Since none save He wotteth what end will come,
Or who shall find the light? Thou art rebuked!
Seek pardon! for thou hast much need to seek."

Thereat the angel vanished, as he came;
But Abraham, with humbled countenance,
Kissed reverently the heathen's hand, and spake—
Leading him to the chief seat in the tent—
"God pardon me, as He hath pardoned thee."

Long-suffering Lord! ah, who should be
Forgiven, if Thou wert as we?

THE ANGEL OF DEATH.

"He quickeneth, but He killeth: blessed they
Who may abide in trust that final day!"

Yea! some have found right good to hear the summons of their Lord,
And gone as glad as warriors proud, who take up spear and sword.

At sounding of the song of fight; as light of heart as those
To whom the bride unveileth her mouth of pearl and rose.

Jelalu-'d-'Din, Er-Rumi, the saint of Balkh, the son
Of him surnamed "Flower of the Faith," this was a chosen one,
To whom Death softly showed himself, Heaven's gentle call to give:
For what word is it bids us die, save that which made us live?

Sick lay he in Konya; 'twas dawn; the golden stream
Of light, new springing in the east, on his thin lips did gleam—
Those lips which spake the praise of God all through his holy years,
And murmured now, with faith and hope unchanged, the morning prayers.

Then one who watched beside his bed, heard at the inner gate
A voice cry, "*Aftah!* open! from far I come, and wait
To speak my message to Jelal—a message that will bring
Peace and reward to him who lies the *Fâtihah* murmuring."

Thereat the watcher drew the bar which closed the chamber door,
Wondering and 'feared, for ne'er was heard upon this earth before

Accents so sweet and comforting, nor ever eyes of men
Saw presence so majestical as his who entered then.

Entered with gliding footsteps a bright celestial youth,
Splendid and strange in beauty, past words to speak its truth;
Midnight is not so dark and deep as was his solemn gaze,
By love and pity lighted, as the night with silvery rays.

"What is thy name?" the watcher asked, "that I may tell my lord,
Thou fair and dreadful messenger! whose glance is as a sword;
Whose face is like the Heaven unveiled; whose tender searching voice,
Maketh the heart cease beating, but bids the soul rejoice."

"AZRAEL ANA," spake the shape, "I am the spirit of Death;
And I am sent from Allah's throne to stay thy master's breath."
"Come in! come in! thou Bird of God," cried joyously Jelâl,
"Fold down thy heavenly plumes and speak!—Islâm! what shall be shall."

"Thou blessed One!" the Angel said, "I bring thy time of peace;
When I have touched thee on the eyes, life's latest ache will cease;

God bade me come as I am seen amid the heavenly
host,
No enemy of awful mould, but he who loveth
most."

"Dear Angel! do what thou art bid," quoth Jelâl
smilingly,
"God willing, thou shall find to-day a patient one
in me;
Sweet is the cup of bitterness which cometh in
such wise!"
With that he bowed his saintly brow,—and Azrael
kissed his eyes.

Al-Mumit! "Slayer!" send him thus,
In love, not anger, unto us.

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